A SKETCH OF THE CAMPAIGN IN Portugal.

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A

SKETCH,

&c. &c.

Dec. 1st. 1810.

THE misconceptions which have prevailed, and the misrepresentations which have been circulated, with respect to the campaign in Portugal, have determined me to lay before the public what appears to me a more correct view of this important subject than has hitherto appeared. I confess that I have been additionally urged to this undertaking, by the indignation which I have felt at the unworthy attempts which have been made to undermine the military repu-

tation of the distinguished officer at the head of the allied army in Portugal: attempts which, whether they have proceeded from the violence of political hostility, or the rancour of personal malice, are equally disgusting to the feelings, and inconsistent with the generosity of the British nation.

The first question which suggests itself, in considering this subject, is, What was Lord Wellington's object in the present campaign? I answer, strictly and literally the *defence* of Portugal, involving (exclusively of all political considerations) the consequent occupation of a powerful French army, which would otherwise have been applicable to a variety of important points, and equal perhaps (if not so occupied and opposed) to the

subjugation of the whole peninsula. His plan would, in a mere military point of view, have necessarily been defensive, whether in reference to the numerical inferiority of his force, at least at the opening of the campaign, or to the then state of the Portuguese army, which, being perfectly untried, ought upon no account to have been risked in the field, in the first instance, except under circumstances of peculiar advantage or of absolute necessity.

What, on the other hand, was the object of the enemy? Nothing less than the expulsion of the British army, the conquest of Portugal, and all the momentous consequences on the fate of the peninsula, which these successes would produce. With these objects a

very powerful force was assembled, consisting of the *corps d'armée* of Ney, Junot, and Regnier, under the command of Marshal Massena, one undoubtedly of the best generals in the French service, supported by a staff, whose names are eminently distinguished in all the campaigns of Buonaparté. Massena, in his proclamation to the Portuguese, estimated his army at a hundred and ten thousand men: its real force was probably between eighty and ninety thousand. I have no means of judging accurately of the allied force at the same period, but I should apprehend that it could certainly not exceed, and probably did not nearly amount to sixty thousand men. Indeed, exclusive of the militia, which was divided upon many different points, I cannot, on any information

ation of which I am possessed, carry it higher than fifty thousand regulars. The plan of the enemy was therefore offensive, for his object could not be attained, unless he compelled the British army to evacuate Portugal. Let us see then how far he has attained this object; and let us with that view trace the course of events during the campaign.

Its commencement may be dated from the movement of the French army to invest Ciudad Rodrigo: The force which was assembled for that purpose, consisted of the two corps of Ney and Junot, whilst that under Regnier moved from the neighbourhood of Badajos, to the right bank of the Tagus, where it threatened the frontier of Portugal, along the course of

that river, and communicated with the main body under Massena, through the mountains to the northward of the Vale of Placentia.

In order to oppose this plan of attack, Lord Wellington assembled the main body of the allied army in the neighbourhood of Almeida, and directed General Hill, who watched the motions of Regnier from the vicinity of Elvas, to make a movement to the right bank of the Tagus, and to cover the road to Lisbon by Castello Branco, which was threatened by the corps of Regnier: and a reserve was assembled at Thomar under General Leith. Those who are at all acquainted with military subjects, and above all with the military topography of Portugal, will easily perceive the ability with

which

which this disposition was made. The ground taken up by Lord Wellington himself was so strong as to be secure from any direct attack, and General Hill was enabled from his position at Elvas to anticipate any movement which Regnier might make with a view to turn Lord Wellington's right; which accordingly we find that he actually did; and the moment that the French general entered into direct co-operation with Massena by moving to the right of the Tagus, General Hill, by a corresponding movement, placed himself upon Lord Wellington's right, and thus secured that important point. The position occupied by General Leith at Thomar, enabled him to move either on his left, to the Mondego, to support Lord Wellington, if he retired

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along the valley of that river; to his front to support General Hill; or on his right to maintain the line of the Tagus.

After a siege which cost the enemy many lives, and, what he valued more, much time,—which did great honor to the brave garrison who defended it, and was of considerable ultimate advantage to the Allies by deferring the invasion of Portugal, Ciudad Rodrigo was compelled to surrender.

And here it may be necessary to say a few words in answer to a charge which was attempted to be made against Lord Wellington for not endeavouring to raise the siege of that fortress. In the first place, his force was, as I have stated, numerically

numerically inferior to that of the enemy, particularly in cavalry; and secondly, the Portuguese army had never been under fire, and it was impossible to know what might be the consequences of exposing it to an attack in an open country against a superior force, and exposing it too, in a situation where the advantages to result from success were doubtful, but where even a check might have been attended with all the consequences of an entire defeat. I have no hesitation, therefore, in stating, that if Lord Wellington had moved his army from the mountains into the plain under such circumstances, he would have committed an act of consummate rashness, and risked not only the safety of his own army, but possibly the fate of the whole peninsula:

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and, after all, the object was in no degree worth the risk ; for the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo (however important the place might be in many respects) did by no means involve the loss of the campaign, whereas the loss of a battle in attempting to save it, might, in that *advanced* position of the allied armies, have been found irreparable and fatal. It appears, indeed, by an intercepted letter from Berthier, that the enemy calculated upon the possibility of such an attack, and considered themselves as strong enough to render it ineffectual, and to take the place into the bargain. But this very circumstance is only an additional reason to induce us to conclude that Lord Wellington, instead of deserving censure for not attempting to re-

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lieve that fortress, is entitled to the greatest praise for the skill and foresight, which induced him to forbear. The same reasoning will apply, in a great measure, to the case of Almeida, although undoubtedly from the neighbourhood of that place to Lord Wellington's position, a movement in its support would have been less hazardous than in the former instance; and possibly such an operation might have been attempted, had not its untimely and accidental fall prevented it. It may not be improper, however, to observe, that in this case also, the fortress of Almeida was of much less consequence to the final result of the campaign, than has been generally imagined. It certainly was of importance in so far as it tended to delay the progress of the enemy,

and to procrastinate the campaign; but, I believe, all military authorities agree in considering the possession of it as giving no decisive advantages to an army attacking Portugal. However desirable therefore it might have been to retain it, it was not worth the considerable risk which I think might have been incurred in the attempt to relieve it.

Immediately after the fall of Almeida, the French army began to be more decided in its measures, and Lord Wellington soon ascertained that their object was to turn his left, and that in order to support this operation, the corps of Regnier had moved by its right to the northward, and advanced towards the position occupied by the corps under the immediate

diate command of His Lordship, whilst the remaining divisions of the French army also moved still further to their right; Lord Wellington immediately saw the expediency of retiring; and moving himself along the valley of the Mondego, he directed Generals Hill and Leith to move by their left and to join him on the Alva at the position of the Ponte de Marcella. It is generally understood that at this point he determined to make a stand; and the position was one of such strength (which will be obvious on mere inspection of the map) as to give him every reason to hope for a favourable issue, in case it were attacked. The enemy, however, instead of following the British army along the left bank of the Mondego, crossed over, in preference

ference to the course that would have led him to an attack upon the British, to the right, and took the road to Viseu, which is the very worst road in Portugal, and materially impeded the course of their operations. Their object was to avoid, and by avoiding to turn, without risking an engagement, the position of the Ponte de Marcella, by marching upon Coimbra; by this movement they threatened Lord Wellington's rear on the one hand, and Oporto on the other. But his Lordship penetrating their design, made a rapid and brilliant movement by his left, and placed himself in the powerful position of Busaco, where I believe the enemy never expected to find him, and where, perhaps from ignorance as to the extent of force which had

been

been moved to this point, they made a most rash and fruitless attempt to carry his position. It is needless to enter into any details of this affair, further than to state, that while the enemy's force was considerably weakened, the spirits and confidence of the Allies were infinitely increased by the courage and steadiness displayed by the Portuguese troops.

The enemy, however, having succeeded in turning Lord Wellington's flank by a movement which the intended occupation of Sardao, if it could have been effected in time, might have prevented, or at least considerably delayed, rendered the position of Busaco no longer tenable, and Lord Wellington retired behind the Mondego, upon the re-

inforcements which were marching to join him from Lisbon. This river, notwithstanding the assertions in the Moniteur of the 'superb positions of the Mondego,' affords, as is well known, no position which, considered with a reference to the defence of Lisbon, may not be turned; and consequently, when the enemy evinced an intention of advancing, his Lordship, in pursuance of his previous resolutions, determined to retire before him, and not to attempt to make any serious stand till he had reached those positions nearer to Lisbon, which he had before examined, and had caused to be fortified with great care, and which he conceived to be of such natural and artificial strength, as to justify his determination there to await the collected efforts

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of the enemy, and to contend for the ultimate deliverance of Portugal.

As an additional security, exertions had been made to deprive the country through which the enemy was to pass, and that which he would at last be compelled to occupy, of those resources which otherwise would have been of great advantage to him. It is obvious, that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to render such a measure completely efficacious. But Lord Wellington, knowing that the enemy had advanced without any magazines, and that in pursuance of the arrangements which had been previously made, the enemy's rear would be extremely harassed by the Portuguese militia, felt persuaded that the

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more he could draw the French into the heart of the country, and the longer he could retain them there without exposing his own army to hazard, the more difficult would their situation become, and the more unequal would they prove to subsequent operations.

He therefore most wisely and judiciously, and consistently with all his previous opinions and proceedings, adopted the course which I have described; and, having caused to the French army a loss incalculably greater than that suffered by his own, he has placed himself and the enemy in a situation anxious and critical, it must be confessed, from the importance of the interests at stake, but which, from being greatly misunderstood, has occasioned

sioned much on the one side of unreasonable hope, and on the other of unnecessary despondency.

As soon as it was known that Lord Wellington had retired in security to his present position, and that the enemy, being considerably straitened for provisions, and harassed upon his right and rear, had not ventured to attack the allied army, (which his rapid advance seemed to p omise that he would not have delayed to do,) the most sanguine and extravagant hopes were entertained. It was universally supposed that Massena would either be starved into a surrender, or, at least, compelled by famine immediately to retreat with a dreadful and irreparable loss; and many, who five months before had

prophesied the expulsion, and even the capture, of the British army, were now ready to censure and to vilify its General because he did not (by what means it was to be done those critics did not state) make the French General and his whole army prisoners of war. Now, I think I may venture to assert, that Lord Wellington has never written a single line, or uttered a single word which could justify so absurd and unreasonable an expectation; and I would appeal to the liberal feelings of mankind, whether it be not, at the least, unjust (to speak mildly of it) to charge the disappointment arising from our own high-flown and foolish hopes to the account of a gallant officer, the final effect of whose operations cannot yet be fully ascertained.

Lord

Lord Wellington, it is true, tells us, that, from all the accounts which he receives, the enemy finds considerable difficulty in procuring supplies, and that he is much harassed on his right and rear; but what man of sense, what military man is there, who would thence conclude that the French army was in a state to be starved into surrender? We have on record numberless instances of crews of ships and of extensive garrisons subsisting for a considerable period upon short allowances, and yet retaining their spirits and courage to the last: but such vague notions exist in this country, (which has not for ages been the seat of war,) with regard to what an army can or cannot do, that although we may lament, we cannot wonder at

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any errors which prevail upon these subjects.

It has also been argued, by those who are disappointed, that Lord Wellington is inconsistent, when he says 'that the enemy occupies no more ground than he stands upon;' whereas it appears that in fact he has pushed a corps across the Zezere, and opened thereby a new source of supply. Now Lord Wellington appears to me to be perfectly accurate in his statement; he does not mean to say, nor does he say, that Massena could not have *forced* a communication with other neighbouring districts, but he says, with great truth, that so far from having subdued when he had over-run the country, he could not without

such a direct application of his forces attain such communications; that a hostile population surrounded and even pressed upon the outposts of his armies; that his hospitals were taken, and his sick and wounded made prisoners, within a few leagues of his head-quarters; and that his route through the whole kingdom was marked, not by any acquiescence, either of fear or favour, in his power, but by a most determined and vigorous hostility.

In such a position of the enemy, and in such a state of the country, Lord Wellington's assertion is true in the spirit, and even in the letter; for, admitting that by large detachments Massena is enabled to push to a distant point, and to obtain

tain supplies by mere military power, it is obvious that such an extension of force implies an extension of the ground upon which the army stands: but does it thence follow, that, independent of the presence of the French army, any portion of the country is under their controul?—this point may be thus illustrated; Massena, by pushing a corps across the Zezere, has extended his position, and may draw from the country so occupied the resources which it contains; but still his supplies are limited to *that* extent, and can only be cotemporary with such occupation; whereas in Germany or Italy, where the communications to the French armies have always been free, and where magazines have been formed either previous to or during the course of the campaign,

paign, the order of a mere commissary, without the application of any military force, has been sufficient to procure the necessary supplies, drawn, in some degree at least, from tracts of country not occupied, strictly speaking, by the army, and therefore not forming part of the ground upon which it may be said to stand.

What has been stated with respect to Massena's means of *forcing* a communication for the purpose of procuring provisions, will also apply to his power of retreating from Portugal altogether, if he should find it necessary to do so. No one, indeed, who has studied military history, could have supposed that a great army, conducted by a brave and skilful commander (and such undoubtedly

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are the French army and its general), would suffer itself to be detained in a fixed position, till it was starved into a surrender? a retreat must be almost necessarily accompanied with more or less disaster and loss; but no general, fertile in the resources of war, will suffer his retreat to be entirely cut off, unless the superiority of his opponent's numbers be so great as to render useless the utmost exertion of skill and courage, by opposing to him an equal force on every side to which his course could be directed; and we may be perfectly sure that no such general will ever commence a retreat, and particularly in difficult circumstances, till he finds it indispensably necessary. These observations may, I think, shew, that if we are

finally

finally disappointed in the result of the campaign, as far at least as refers to the capture of the enemy, or to his immediate and total evacuation of the country, it will be in consequence of our own impatient and unreasonable hopes, not in consequence of Lord Wellington's conduct.

It is now necessary to advert to the opinions of those, who, having throughout looked upon the campaign as hopeless, are now disposed to view the situation of the Allies in a still more gloomy light, and to accuse Lord Wellington of having undertaken more than he can execute, in undertaking the defence of Portugal.

It is to be observed that persons of this description are no less severe in

their

their animadversions upon his Lordship's conduct, than those whose dissatisfaction arises from the feeling to which the preceding arguments apply. They admit of course that Lord Wellington has succeeded in effecting his retreat in safety to his position near Lisbon, although they prophesied long since that it could only be effected under the most afflicting circumstances; but they ask, has he effected his object of defending Portugal? Is he not shut up in a *nook* of the country, and compelled to derive all his supplies from Lisbon? Can he prevent the enemy from receiving reinforcements? Are not reinforcements actually on their march to join him? Can he resist them when they are all collected? or even if he can, can he be said to have rendered any service

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to the cause of Spain by his conduct during the campaign? I will endeavour to examine the force of these different questions. To the first, I answer, yes; for as long as he is able to maintain his position before Lisbon, (which, be it remembered, is the spot on which it was always intended to make the final stand for the liberation of Portugal,) the enemy cannot be said to have conquered the country, or to be themselves free from difficulty, or even from danger. I shall presently consider the question with a reference to reinforcements; but in the mean time, I think I am justified in saying, that in the present situation of the French they are harassed on almost every point, nor can they venture, with their present force, to make any strong or permanent detachments

tachments capable of disarming the country, and of clearing themselves from the swarms of enemies which are collected round them. Lord Wellington therefore *has* hitherto succeeded in defending Portugal, and in the way precisely in which the defence was originally planned; and the enemy *has* hitherto failed in conquering it, and failed precisely on account of the obstacles and difficulties which Lord Wellington had foreseen and created to obstruct him.

But secondly, it is asked, is not Lord Wellington shut up in a *nook* of the country, and compelled to draw all his supplies from Lisbon? It is true that the main strength of the allied army is concentrated near Lisbon.

but it is equally true that Lord Wellington's communication is open with every part of the country, except that where the French army stands; that he is at liberty to apply the resources, of every description, from all Portugal, (with the above narrow exception,) to any point or object which he may deem expedient; and that the maintenance of his commanding position near the capital, and the perfect security of the southern provinces, give consistency and confidence to the patriotic spirit and the active operations of all the other parts of Portugal. It is a shrewd observation of those critics, that Lord Wellington is *himself* in but one *nook* of all Portugal; I do not see how it could be otherwise as far as regards his person, and I admit the fact; but it would have been candid

to have added, that the principles and spirit which guide his proceedings, pervade the whole kingdom, and receive co-operation and respect from a unanimous people. Lord Wellington is at Torres Vedras, but what spot of Portugal is it to which his influence does not extend?

With respect to his Lordship's deriving all his supplies from Lisbon, it is neither more nor less than drawing them from his grand magazine; and I am disposed to consider the circumstance of Lord Wellington's neighbourhood to Lisbon as very advantageous with regard to provisioning his troops, inasmuch as the shortness of the distance diminishes in a most important degree both the time and labour requisite for transporting the supplies from

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the magazines to the army; besides which, the resources of the province of Alentejo and the kingdom of Algarve would, in any case, be most conveniently, and I might almost say, necessarily collected at Lisbon, which port, adverting to the complete command which we have of the sea and the mouth of the Tagus, seems, by its situation, calculated to be, in any plan of campaign which could be adopted, the great magazine and depôt of the country.

The enemy, on the other hand, having advanced into Portugal without any magazines, must derive his supplies from the ground which he permanently occupies, or, for that special purpose, overruns; and whoever considers that Portugal does not feed its own

 population

population for above seven months in the year, may easily conceive that these resources must, sooner or later, be exhausted, when applied to the subsistence of a great army, and exposed to the waste which invariably accompanies such an application of the produce of a country. So far, therefore, as the mere question of subsistence goes, it is, I apprehend, quite evident, that, at the present moment, Lord Wellington is in a much better situation than his adversary.

It is, however, argued, that the arrival of reinforcements, whether from the north under Drouet, or from the south under Mortier, may change the face of things, nay, may enable Massena to attack Lord Wellington's position with advantage, and compel his

Lordship to embark; or at all events, enable the French to extend their positions with security, and by occupying a larger portion of the country, to cover the formation of magazines and protect the regular transport of convoys. With regard to the first point, that of attacking Lord Wellington with advantage, I rather conceive that neither I nor those who censure, can speak with any certainty. In order to form a just estimate of the strength of a position, it is necessary to have the most accurate knowledge of its locality; of the number and nature of the roads by which it can be attacked; of the points which constitute its security, whether in front or on its flanks; of the number of men which are necessary for its defence, and of the num-

ber and quality of those actually assembled in it. Upon these points, I cannot pretend to speak with accuracy; but it seems generally admitted, that it is a position of very great strength; and there needs no greater proof of this, than the sudden stop which it has put to the operations of the enemy, and the necessity under which he seems to labour of drawing reinforcements from other quarters: and with regard to the troops which are assembled in it, I think no doubt can exist of their excellent quality, and of their general competency to meet the enemy whenever a fit opportunity may be given them. With the example of Busaco before their eyes, every thing that valour can achieve may reasonably be expected in such a conflict:

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although, of course, the uncertainty which accompanies the events of war in general cannot be removed from this individual case. The reinforcements to which I have alluded, if they either join Marshal Massena or take up such positions in direct communication with him as may enable him to command a more extensive tract of country, will thus far furnish him with various advantages which he does not at present possess: but, unless they are of such strength as to enable him completely to repress the operations of the irregular force by which the French position is now so much harassed, and to drive Lord Wellington from the country, I confess I do not see how the conquest of Portugal can fairly be considered as achieved, and the professed object of Lord Wel-

lington as defeated: and unless they enable the enemy, as before stated, to cover the formation of magazines and protect the transport of convoys, they will not relieve him from his embarrassments in this respect, which, on the contrary, will increase in proportion to the increased number of mouths to consume the existing resources. I shall not enter into a discussion of the more or less probability of Massena's being joined by reinforcements to any great amount, as I am willing to give those, whose arguments I am combating, the full advantage of their supposition upon this head. But it is not to be forgotten, that the supposed march of reinforcements from other quarters, amounts to a distinct admission, that the force originally destined for the conquest

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of Portugal has been found, perhaps I should rather say *made*, unequal to the task; and we are, therefore, justified in concluding, that the calculations upon which Lord Wellington built his opinion of the defensibility of Portugal against that force were rational and sound: and further it is to be observed, that upon the supposition of the necessity of these reinforcements to enable Massena completely to repress the operations of the Portuguese militia and peasantry, and to expel the British, every man, thus added to the French army, must be considered as subtracted from the offensive means of the enemy in Spain, and that therefore the maintenance of Lord Wellington's position will operate as a most important diversion in favour of that part of the peninsula,

sula, by detaining in front of Lisbon, in a state of comparative inactivity, and in a certain degree of deterioration, an immense French army, a large proportion of which might otherwise be employed, either in disarming and reducing to subjection the remainder of Portugal; in occupying and securing the north western provinces of Spain; in reducing the remaining fortresses of Catalonia; in making a decisive attack upon Valencia; or finally in supporting, and perhaps terminating successfully, the siege of Cadiz.

In drawing up this slight sketch of operations of the campaign in Portugal, and in making such observations as have occurred to me upon the subject, I have purposely abstained from entering upon the question of the general

neral policy of employing a British force in the peninsula, or of undertaking to officer and to pay a large proportion of the Portuguese army: these are questions which refer more particularly to the conduct of the government at home by whom they are decided, and, to what may be called, the politics of war. My object has in this instance been to do justice to a great officer, and to rescue his character from the insinuated and sarcastic censure of some, and the direct obloquy of others; and whilst attempting to moderate the extravagant expectations of the sanguine, to discountenance at the same time the apprehensions of the despondent. It is impossible for me to say how far I may have succeeded in these latter objects; but I hope I

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have been able to shew that the conduct of Lord Wellington has been throughout consistent and systematic, that he foresaw, or at least acted as if he had forseen, the course that the campaign would take, and that the relative situations in which the contending parties find themselves, are, with reference to the present campaign, as favourable to the English as distressing and discouraging to the French army.

How long we may be able to maintain a footing in the peninsula, to inspire confidence by our presence, and promote activity by our councils and our example, it is not for me, or I should think for any reasonable man, to venture to predict: but every hour that we do remain, every day by which

the campaign is lengthened, give, I will not say, a greater chance merely, but a ground of more confident hope of final success. Austria was subdued in a month, Prussia in a day. For two years and a half the war in the peninsula has lasted, and Spain and Portugal are yet unconquered: such a contest in such a cause will not, I trust, be abandoned while the power of continuing it, in any degree and in any quarter, remains; and I am convinced that the conduct of Lord Wellington, not uniformly daring or uniformly defensive, but, enterprising or cautious, as the various circumstances require, is that by which the peninsula is to be saved, if its salvation is within human power.

Dec. 8th, 1810.

P. S. The foregoing observations were written before intelligence was received that Marshal Massena had retired from his advanced position in front of Lord Wellington, and had established himself at Santarem. It does not appear to me that this circumstance alters the view which I have endeavoured to give of the campaign; it, on the contrary, confirms (as far as it affects) the statements which I have made; but I do not, in the view which I am at this distance enabled to take of this event, think that I should be authorised in attributing to it such immediate and direct importance as the public feeling seems to have done—it is, perhaps, the commencement of occur-

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rences of great moment and value; but considered as a single portion of the campaign, I can venture to deduce from it nothing more, than that in the views and intentions with which Marshal Massena advanced to his position at Villa Franca, he has been deceived and foiled, and that the prudence and ability of Lord Wellington's arrangements are, to this point, confirmed by experience. The campaign, as at first contemplated, is at an end. Lord Wellington had taken up his position, and Massena, after pushing forward with every demonstration of a resolution to assail it, has not ventured upon the attempt; to this extent, therefore, his rapid advance seems to have been unavailing, and his designs appear to have failed.—What other course of

proceeding,

proceeding, what new measures the French, and, in opposition to them, Lord Wellington may think fit to adopt, we have no means of knowing, and no grounds even of conjecturing; and as to the result, it would be falling into the very error which I have endeavoured to correct, if I were to suffer my entire confidence in Lord Wellington and his army, and my anxious feelings for my country's glory, to betray me into brilliant anticipations and predictions, the value of which, my knowledge of the actual state of the armies, and of the views of their leaders, under these new circumstances, would not enable me to substantiate.

THE END.

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OPERATIONS

OF THE

BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

PREFATORY IDEAS.



WHAT caused the recent expedition to Spain? Rumour. Which averred that the "universal" Spanish monarchy, would take up arms, as one man, to resist the usurpation of Napoleon—Was it thus proved? No!--Then Rumour is a measureless liar, and so far from being often in the right, she is almost ever in the wrong; the mischief she has perpetrated in the parish, is beyond human calculation to ascertain.

What made the late administration send Admiral Duckworth to break his head against the rocks of the Dardanelles? Rumour!—What made them send Mr. Whitelocke to Buenos Ayres, to manifest to our shame, and that he was no soldier? Rumour!—In truth, there is no station wholly free from her baneful sorceries; she infects the atmosphere we breathe, and our faculties are perverted by her malign industry.

Has she not wandered from policy to morals, and tainted the purity of the best orders of men? Had she not the cruel audacity to affirm, that it was a limb of the "Vice Society," who caused the late conflagration at the theatres, in order to catch all the strumpets of the metropolis, as it were, in two traps!—Monstrous insinuation!

In that whirlwind of false clamour, which never stops to pause, we are told, on the arrival of every vessel from the United States, that there is a universal commotion among the people, relative to the embargo, and that the measure must be abandoned; whereas if they would but deign to ponder for one moment, they must know, that although, in Europe, the Governments are every thing, and the people are nothing; in America, the people are every thing, and the Government is nothing; as the electors take the privilege, annually, of naming their representatives, and indignantly cashier those who are not honest in their aims.

We find by Mr. Canning's reply to Mr. Ponsonby, in the House of Commons, on the 28th of February, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not absolutely deny, that the Spaniards had refused to admit English troops into Cadiz; some expectation may therefore be reasonably formed, that the harbour will be opened to the French, although it is shut to us "their magnanimous allies."

It is this egregious, but formidable Lady Rumour, who bewilders the human intellect, by placing *correspondents on the shores of the Bay of Biscay*: who saw every thing, but what occurred, and related every thing, but what was true! She has literary manufactories all over the European Continent, in the wilds of America, on the burning sands of Africa, and among the Gentoos of the Indies. Hence those won-

derful accounts from Washington, Bengal, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Holland, Gottenburgh, Petersburgh, and Kamskatca. From those creative recesses, they poniard princes in Russia, and thrust Bonaparte into the viscera of a crocodile! Emboby armies in the north, and insurrections in the south, without permission of the parties, or the knowledge of a bed-fellow; and by way of amusement, transport a smirking nabob upon the fangs of a royal tiger. From these inflammatory sources issue those astonishing epistles, which are so greedily perused on the Stock Exchange, through patent spectacles, to the satisfaction of the *Bulls*, and the discomfiture of the *Bears;* and what is afflictive to relate, upon such frail testimonials, depends the ascent or depression of the mercury of public opinion!—What a boundless stomach for novelty has honest John Bull?

As Rumour knows there is an extravagant expectation among the vulgar, that Princes should be infinitely more than mortal; she has resolved, by the agency of her slaves, to make them somewhat less than men—Hence have arisen those multifarious charges, which the many have embraced, but which contempt should have destroyed. She has opened a raree show for royal imperfections, in the *Forum*, which every one is compelled to view through the miscroscope of spleen! We can never be the apologists for folly, but we cannot subscribe to partial oppression, for party views.

Mrs. Rumour has now led us into a fabulous illustration about a Cock and a Bull!—He has swallowed two black crows, said Common Report: I informed you it was but one, rejoined Exaggeration: You are wrong likewise, added Curiosity, as I told you merely, it was something as black as a crow!

Thus it is with the Duke of York—he hath participated with a courtezan, in selling comissions of the army, roared Malice, and carried away the money in his coat pocket. That is not correct, added Detraction; I only said, that he participated with his mistress, in the sale of commissions, but not a syllable about the money. You are in error also, concluded Reason, as I simply declared, that his mistress used the semblance of his authority to sell places in Church and State; and thus it continually will be, while our frailties make us subservient to beauty, and the tender passion holds dominion in the heart. He who denies the truth of this position, is an hypocrite: and he who does not feel it, is less than a man.

When the Duke of Cumberland, who was uncle to his Majesty, was held in bondage by the rosy chains of Kitty Fisher, it was notorious that she sold commissions in the army; yet there was no preternatural convulsion of the earth! Madame du Barré used her influence with Louis XV. for the same purpose. The late Countess of Yarmouth, who was the presumed *chere amie* of George the Second, made a market of the

peerage! yet the sun and moon kept on in their due course; nor did Affectation run about the streets, howling *hic niger est!* But it now seems that the public morals are to be instantaneously white-washed by a deputation from the Whig Club, and Corruption is to be sent to Coventry for ever!

If any doubts were ever entertained of the unadulterated public spirit of that phalanx of *Patriots*, to whom the fiery passions are unknown, those doubts were removed on their admission to power. We are offended by the want of disinterestedness in men who have made no boasting on the virtue; but we are insulted and offended, by those who

Hold the promise to our ear,
But break it to our hope!

In the better periods of British history, men argued from their principles; they now argue from their subtlety.

What species of authority is not abused? Where does not the current of vice prevail? I tremble for the fate of my country, when dissimulation assumes the scales of justice!—Is not the standard of Immorality unfurled, and waving in every direction, more horribly portentous than the ensigns of Attila, from the toilette of the countess, to the cabin on the moor? I have witnessed as much repulsion, in demeanour, and blasphemy in speech, from the smock-frocked lurchers of a village, as among the veriest ruffians in the purlieus of St. Giles! The dissolute contagion changes hands in the social dance;

running from the high to the low in *morals*, and from the low to the high in *manners*; in the issue of which, the rustic affects to be a libertine, and the Magnifico a hackney-coachman!--We might as reasonably expect a man to be uninfected in a pestilence, as to seek for undeviating purity in the agency of these times, when the attributes of a GENTLEMAN are sinking, momentarily, into decay!

LORD FALMOUTH AND MR. PULTENEY.

THE lucrative sinecure of Commander of the Troop of *Gentlemen Pensioners* became vacant, in the administration of the Duke of Newcastle, and it was promised to a gallant General, who had no recommendation but what appertained to his military merits, which were of the highest consideration to his country. Before the investiture had occurred, the late Lord Falmouth waited upon the minister, Mr. Pulteney, and the following conversation happened.

Lord FALMOUTH.—Mr. Pulteney, your servant. My services to the country; phsa! it is the administration I mean, embolden me to ask the vacant place of Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners.

Mr. PULTENEY.—His Majesty's Government, my Lord, are perfectly aware of your Lordship's zeal and importance, but the situation in question has been unluckily promised to General ——.

Lord FALMOUTH.—Mr. Pulteney, I am not a

man of many words; but you will recollect that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—I know that his Grace will be distressed beyond measure at being compelled to refuse your Lordship any thing; but the office being already promised to a gentleman who stands so high in the scale of national honor.—(*An interruption.*)

Lord FALMOUTH.—Mr Pulteney, recollect that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—As your Lordship's merits are so indisputable, I will speak to his Grace immediately upon the subject. Almost every other *bonus* of Government is at your Lordship's feet, but this having been so notoriously disposed of to a claimant of virtue.—(*Another interruption.*)

Lord FALMOUTH.—(*In a more emphatic tone.*) Sir, you seem to forget that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—Say no more, my Lord, as I will endeavour to make an arrangement with his Grace.—Here the conversation terminated, and the next day his Lordship had notice of his being appointed to the post of profit.

This happened during the reign of George the Second; and whether the perversion of right is effected by the influence of a mistress, or a rotten borough, we unhappily find that undue influence has ever prevailed, and, we fear, ever will.

We have wandered, in some degree, to resist and explain those pernicious attempts which have

been so loudly enforced to discolour the actions of the higher orders of the State. That our princes and nobles are not precisely what such personages should be, we are willing to admit: but we are disgusted with the continued clamour that aims at their extinction, because they are notoriously frail. It is acknowledged, that the illustrious head of the army is diligent in action, and kind in expression; yet he is to be cashiered, forsooth, because he is not precisely qualified for canonization! Did General Conway or Lord Amherst raise the army higher? Do the increased personal comforts of the soldiers form no recommendation to national gratitude? Do the excellent Military Establishments of Chelsea and Marlow, plead nothing in extenuation of human weaknesses?—If they do not, we may exclaim to the Duke's pursuers, as Jaffier admonished the conspirators—"Then your cause is in a damned way."—Let him who is perfect "throw the first stone." But the rage to degrade is as popular as it is overwhelming; and Mr. Canning was correct when he asserted, that calumny has now assumed a feature of brutality that was unknown in former times, and insignificance forms the only security from its arrows!

Is it in the contemplation of the Whigs and the Sainthood, to restore the Roundheads? If it is, we will take the freedom to declare, that their reliance for resistance to imminent dangers, on the arm of the Spirit, will be illusory. Heroes are derived from a chivalrous mass of virtue and

imperfection combined; and it is not "the New Lights," or "our Lady of Pillau" that can furnish a governing dogma, equal to the exigencies arising from the presence of a Gallic battalion. We see much that requires reform, but we see little that we wish to destroy. It is an easy affair to annihilate the elements of respect, but it would be difficult to restore harmony from chaos. Bonaparte, in the meridian of his wiles, could not have devised a surer medium of ruin to Britain, than has been conjured up by this illegitimate outcry against the Duke of York.

If the emissaries of accusation are permitted to level the battery of reproof against the offspring of fallability, the course of enquiry must be eternal; as objects of reproof will spring up faster than armed levies, from the teeth of Cadmus's dragon. The extravagance of expectation will be succeeded by disappointment; and the nation will eventually sit down, and pant, like Diogenes, on the impossibility of finding a man untainted by error!

> Give every man his deserts,
> And who shall escape whipping?

Nothing is so easy as to excite resentment against those we envy: it is but suggesting an idle story, which has no foundation, and the obloquy shall be disseminated through the hamlet, with the celerity of electric fire! The mean and the unworthy will sit in judgment upon the lie; and the aggrieved party be condemned to igno-

miny, without examination into the substance of the allegation!

Many of our lords and our ladies are so imperfect that it were desirous they should be better. Yet where are nobility to be found, who are actuated by purer motives? We have travelled much, and have not found them.—Is it in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, or Petersburgh, that you would search for their superiors in virtue? if you did, you would search in vain It is lamentable that there is a universal declension of manners. But in actions that demand the sweet effusions of benevolence; when the bosom opens to give affliction shelter, there are no orders on earth who can run parallel with the British nobility! Were the frailties of the *many* placed on a proportionate scale, with the frailties of the *few*, the defection from morals would be more than balanced; but the publicity of rank, makes the exposure partial; and the censor cannot take cognizance when the perpetrator is not known.

Of the Prince, it may be truly said, that

> He is a man,
> More sinned against, than sinning.

We are not prepared to affirm that his Highness is immaculate; but we have the evidence of his life to prove, that he is intelligent, merciful, and noble. He has been doomed, in a long probationary ordeal, to open that volume of bitterness, whose pages may have "an understanding, but

no tongue!" Being too generous for suspicion, and too manly for subterfuge, he was circumvented by hypocrisy, and thrown naked upon his enemies!

Among those who have interested themselves in the cause of Spain, the name of the Duke of Queensberry, stands gloriously conspicuous. This nobleman, who is now descended into the vale of years, has also been prominent for his gallantries. Yet we find, when the tide of goodness flows, that there is none more willing to swell its divine stream with the tribute of charity! His recent offerings flowed in abundance, like manna in the wilderness, to cheer the objects of public bounty. We mean no disrespect to the rigid observer of forms, when we aver, that we should have more sincere reliance on the tender operations of his gay, but feeling heart; than on those puritanic orders, who are so eager to weigh the merits of the claimant, by a severe decorum. In the embers of his existence, we discover those traits of magnanimity which arise and sparkle in the face of heaven; and elevate the donor far above the pretensions of those iron moralists, who would tight-lace the passions, and make our best energies but secondary to the zeal of worldly discretion. Though his Grace may feelingly exclaim with Horace,

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ.

The recollection of his past joys has not soured the channels of his sympathetic soul. We do

not write this as an excuse for meretriciousness, but as a due qualification of the eventual tendencies of a lively nature. Then let the *grizettes* of Piccadilly pass muster without an anathema from hypocrisy, or the Tabernacle.

Thus common rumour is the buttress of malice, the nurse of journalists, and a common liar, from whose malignant influence none are exempt. The honor of a Moira: the courage of a Wellesley; and the heaven-directed philanthropy of a Romilly, cannot secure them from her empoisoned shafts!—She rests her lever, with cruel address, upon the atom of a fact, and moves a world of character from its just basis! She blew her deceptive clarion from the shores of Iberia, and called forth a nation to deeds of profitless adventure, before the premises of the engagement were duly understood!

It is with the view of tearing the mask from the face of misrepresentation, and exhibiting the actual state of the public mind in Spain, that I have published the following irrefragable testimonies. If they should lead to the service of my country, by removing its fatal prejudices, I shall not have bestowed a few hours in vain.

THE

BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN.

DEAR SIR,

You have earnestly requested me to furnish you with as correct a detail of our proceedings in Spain, during the last unfortunate military expedition in that country, as comes within my power: Being attached to an essential department in that armament, I shall candidly lay before you so much as I deem consistent with duty, and individual delicacy; and I shall fulfil this desire with an increased satisfaction, in order to refute many incorrect statements which have been offered to the Public, through the Journals of London, and more particularly the Official Bulletins of the French Government.

We sailed from Falmouth, on Sunday, Oct. 9, 1808, at noon, with a fresh breeze from N.W.—There were 150 transports in company, under convoy of La Loire and Amelia frigates.

We arrived at Corunna, after a rapid and pleasant passage, on Thursday, Oct. 13th —This was considered by all of us as one of the most happy voyages that was perhaps ever made, considering the numbers and extent of the fleet.

As all the Commissariat accompanied the army, we were compelled to suffer many inconveniences and privations, which would not have happened, had a portion, at least, of the Commissariat preceded the expedition.—No rafts having been provided to accelerate the landing of the horses, much confusion and loss ensued. Those noble animals were lifted from the holds of the transports, where they had been nearly suffocated by heat and fœtidity, and dropped into the sea,

"Hissing hot,"

to make the best of their way to the shore: by which sudden immersion many became diseased, and were eventually lost to the service; which would not have occurred, had an authorized person been sent previously to Corunna, to make the necessary arrangements for such a serious debarkation.

Being one, among the very few, who understood the Spanish language, I made it in some sort my business, on landing, to walk among the people of that city, and ascertain, if possible, their real sentiments towards us. I found them reserved, and, generally speaking, unwilling to talk much: it was in vain that I looked for that enthusiasm which had been so loudly insisted upon by some persons in Great Britain. They regarded us very minutely, but this survey seemed to partake less of admiration than envy. The gay and gallant habiliments and plumage of our battalions, formed a

striking contrast with their formal and impoverished costume: and they frequently looked at us, and then at themselves, with no elevated sensations of delight.

But *envy* was not the only motive which impelled them to forget what was due to the laws of hospitality, and the sacred claims appertaining to supplicated alliance. Their *avarice* was a most predominant and disgusting feature in their character:—the attraction of British guineas had so far superseded their consideration for British friendship, that on the second day after our arrival among them, every article of subsistence was raised fifty *per cent.*!

Such was our reception at Corunna! And I have strong doubts whether many of the inhabitants would not rather have seen us in any other place. At any rate, there was no cordial welcome offered, but *tout a contraire;* and those who so warmly invited us to this enterprize, were either not sufficiently warranted in the measure, or else we displayed an eagerness in the undertaking not exactly corresponding with governing prudence, and ran forward with an offering of kindness too precipitately. I fear that the sense of gratitude in the human breast is often proportioned to the difficulty of procuring the favor.

Having discovered, by the 18th of October, that our confidence in the most material resources of Corunna, had far exceeded what it possessed, or rather, *what it was willing to advance,* Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, found it expedient

immediately to detach a confidential person to Oporto, to raise the requisite supplies.*

ROUTE FROM CORUNNA TO OPORTO.

First post—Hervas; distance four leagues; arrived at 7 P.M. Oct. 18.

Second post—St. Jago; distance six leagues; arrived at 8 A.M. Oct. 19.

Third post—Padron; distance three leagues; arrived at 7 P.M.

Fourth post—Ponte Vedra; distance six leagues; arrived at 2 P.M. Oct. 20.

Fifth post—Ponte de St. Paio; distance two leagues; arrived at 7 P.M.

Sixth post—Passed through Redondinho, to Pourinho; distance three leagues; arrived at 11 A.M.

Seventh post—Arrived at Tui, the frontier town of Spain, in Galicia, where they make the whitest and best bread in the world, and crossed the Minho to Valenca, the frontier town of Portugal, in the province of Entre Minho è Douro; and from thence I proceeded to Labruja; distance seven leagues; arrived at 9 P.M.

Eighth post—Arrived at Ponte de Lima; distance two leagues; arrived at 10 A.M.

Ninth post—Came to Barcelos; distance five leagues; arrived at 6 P.M.—Passed through an

* *Quere.*—Would it not have been more efficacious, in every respect, to have sent to England, in lieu of Oporto, to have gained similar advantages, without a heavy discount?

intermediate post, called Casel de Pedra.—There is a solitary inn at this place, where they make up for want of company by extortion, as they charged me two dollars for a breakfast for my servant and myself, consisting of boiled fish and onions, which they call *pescada*, two hard eggs, bread, wine, and fruit.

Tenth post—Arrived at the gallant city of Oporto; which is a dull, heavy, dirty town, with narrow streets, except that where the British Factory is situated, called *Rua das Inglezinhas*, which is broad and handsome.

REMARKS ON THE JOURNEY FROM CORUNNA TO OPORTO.

(By a Confidential Person.)

On my arrival at St. Jago, I presented my passport, and received from the Governor, the most marked civilities, and proffers of service; in grateful return (as he expressed it) for the prompt assistance and generous interference of Great Britain, in favor of the dignity and political independence of Spain: and the fervor of his manner conveyed an idea that he was declaring himself in perfect sincerity of heart.

After my arrival at Padron, I ate a trifling supper and went to bed, but was awakened, at 3 A.M. by a violent shock of an earthquake,

which lasted half an hour. Every person in the inn was violently alarmed, and the practical devotion on the occasion was commensurate with the terrors it had excited.

At Ponte de St. Paio I found the best inn on the road, although bad is the best. It appeared, in the dusk of the evening, somewhat like the neighbourhood of Richmond Bridge, and the similitude led to recollections of the dearest interests.

As I passed the Sierra of Labruga, I was unfortunately benighted, and lost my way for a considerable time. My servant, who accompanied me as a guide, was greatly alarmed on account of the wolves and the superior fear of sleeping on the mountain, in a dismal night, without a supper or bed. At length we stumbled upon a swine-herd's cabin, the humble owner of which led us, at some distance, to a *posada;* which, wretched as it was, we hailed with joy. I presented the peasant with five reals and a pint of wine, for which he was extravagantly grateful. Our host had a fine sleek open countenance, with, apparently, a heart that corresponded with his visage. He was a staunch friend to the English; so, after emptying a measure of wine to the success of the good cause, I retired to rest in confidence under his lonesome roof, and never slept better.

The Governor of Tui, made me many ardent offers of service, and with an apparent sincerity of manner; yet there was a latent something in his eyes and features, which made me doubt him, as to the extent of his professions. His gestures

were too gallicised, and he became so outrageously civil, that I sometimes thought he was labouring to get to the windward of my caution.

The Governor of Valenca was less equivocal; he paid me but little attention, and that little was evidently constrained and repulsive.

The roads in Galicia, as far as Redonhinho, were in excellent order, but the remainder of the way, until I reached the frontier, was very bad and incommodious. That part of the country which is cultivated, and which, agreeably to my observation and information, includes about half the province, was in a fine state of agricultural improvement. I was assured by the public functionaries, and the hosts of the *posadas*, that Galicia produces, annually, more than double the quantity of Indian corn and wheat, than is necessary for the maintenance of its immediate inhabitants.

The general appearance of the people, and their habitations, is so extremely wretched, as to excite not merely disgust, but abhorrence! yet squalid and fœtid as their forms appear, they are gay in manner, and brave in principle. The vindictive spirit which many of them thought proper to manifest against the French, *at that moment*, was remarkable. The common sentiment with some, was, eternal war with France, and no quarter to their soldiers; but peace for ever with Great Britain. If they had been less servile and mercenary, I should have given their professions of attachment, deeper consideration.

The peasantry of Galicia, do not exhibit the same traits of persevering industry, nor are they so well cloathed and agile, as the Galligas, who officiate in Lisbon, as city porters and domestics; but they are nearly similar in bodily strength, and muscular proportions.

ENTRANCE INTO PORTUGAL.

I ENTERED the confines of Portugal on passing the Minho. The roads in this country are dreadfully rugged, particularly the defiles of the Sierra de Labruga, which, for four leagues, are almost impassable. The country people seemed to be animated with some sentiments of gratitude towards the English, and possessed some admiration for our spirit; but on my arrival at Oporto, I found all those bad passions afloat, with which Nature has so strongly gifted the Portuguese. They were in a high state of political fermentation, much of which I am persuaded, had been artificially excited: those among them who were not well affected towards us, had seized the pretext of the unhappy capitulation of Cintra, to vent the most splenetic and outrageous reflections on the British character, and to shew their real disposition towards us. The undeviating protection that we have shewn them, and the streams of blood that we have heroically shed in the defence of their independence, were all obliterated.

or charged to sinister motives on our part; and when I opened the nature of my imperative commission, I soon found that they were actuated by a groveling principle of selfishness which dominated over every other suggestion, and extinguished every sentiment of magnanimity in their narrow hearts.

When the amiable merchants of Oporto found that I had Government bills, they advanced the course of exchange from 68 to 70.—Sir Robert Wilson being in the country, I waited for his return to the city, to open a negociation with the Bishop of Oporto, who had £56,000 sterling, of British money in his possession. On the return of Sir Robert, from the country, he applied to the Right Reverend Prelate for £20,000, with an offer to replace it in specie; but after an ineffectual negociation and consultation of ten days, and a reference to the Junta at Lisbon, he condescended to let us have £10,000 of our own money, and that was all we could procure by argument or intercession. From all these circumstances it may be clearly inferred, that the ruling party in Portugal, were not *too ready* to further our object in Spain.

Knowing the necessity that appertained to the fulfilment of my commission, I was seriously concerned to behold the trifling obstacles which the Bishop threw in my way: but while I remained at Oporto, the Semiramis frigate arrived at Corunna, from England, with a large sum of money for the Spanish Junta; of which, Sir David Baird

took £40,000 for the use of his troops; in consequence of which, I left the £10,000 raised at Oporto for the service of Sir John Moore's army.

November 18, 1808.—After my return from Oporto, strong impressions of what the army would suffer, were forced upon the reflecting mind before we quitted Corunna, by the obvious want of alacrity in the Junta; and the extreme acts of extortion practised by the inhabitants, immediately on the arrival of the troops; proved that it would have been a prudent arrangement to have sent over the Commissariat, and other officers of the Staff, the moment the Expedition had been determined upon by the Government. A double advantage would in fact have accrued by their preceding the army by three weeks or a month; for every requisite preparation might have been made for prompt disembarkation on the convoy's reaching the port, which would have spared our soldiers the disappointment and chagrin they experienced, by remaining on board in the harbour, a fortnight. During which period they were chewing the cud of mortification, and imbibing opinions not very favorable to the zeal or honor of our most magnanimous allies, with whom they were destined to co-operate. And this time might have been employed to the advancement of more precious purposes, and much more to the gratification of our troops, (for never were spirits more ardently inclined to spring to mortal opposition with their country's foes,) and a saving of at least 50 *per cent.* might have been effected on every contract it was

necessary to make, if that is not a point beneath consideration. In some articles this saving might have been much more; as for instance, in the purchases of horses or mules—a week before the English arrived at Corunna, good horses were sold from 25 to 30 dollars each, which ten days after could not be purchased by an *Englishman*, for less than 66 or 70! and mules of 40 dollars value with the Spaniards, were not to be purchased by us, under 100; and from that to 110, 120, 130, 140, and even 150, ascending usually in such proportion as they found the English foible dominate in their customer; and upon which they seemed to calculate with great exactness, as by a settled rule.

Though we might, from this little intercourse, feel inclined to deny them the possession of any positive virtues, candour obliges us to confess, that in systems of craft, we doubt whether the air of Duke's Place could sublime them into keener refinement! When bargaining with them, they exerted all their energies to convince us that they were guided, not only by true disinterestedness, but by the most fervent gratitude to the adored allies whom Heaven had sent to their aid in a moment of severe affliction; and that were it not for their galling poverty they should feel proud in presenting to us, and honored by our accepting, the animals we were willing to buy. They carried this strain of protestation to such an height, that some of us had the sagacity to perceive that

they were sporting with our credulity, while they plundered our purses. As the hyperbolical tendencies of their language and idiom is a strong proof (though the only one they possess,) of their assimilation to the French character, it is to be hoped we shall no longer be outraged by hearing their bombastic effusions characterised by the epithets of nervous diction and refined composition.

It may perhaps not be amiss, by way of illustrating the general propensity to this vile deceit, to submit the perusal of a letter, produced by the following circumstance:—A Gentleman of the Staff, wishing to save time and money in the purchase of a horse, hurried on shore to Corunna, among the first who were permitted to land; he soon met with a Spaniard who had two ponies to dispose of, one of a tolerable size, and which he thought would suit him; the other was so much too small as to have been put at once out of the question of purchase. After a little haggling, a bargain was struck for fourteen dollars; but the gentleman, on applying to his pocket, found he had in his haste to get on "*terra firma*," forgot the grand *desideratum*. The Spaniard, however, (who carried on the business of a sadler and horse-dealer) with much politeness and hospitality observed, "That the matter could be as well arranged on the next day, and that in the mean time the horse should remain in his stable at free bait." The gentleman hugging himself on his *nice bargain*, failed not to return early on the ensuing

morning, in order to pay for his pretty palfrey, and go off in triumph: but mark the sad effects of not dealing for ready money!—The Spaniard, in the course of the preceding evening, had been informed that the market for horses might be much raised, and that in a few days they would fetch any price, as Englishmen had a great deal more money than wit. He therefore took his party, and when Mr. Bull arrived, out of breath, impatiently exclaiming, "Now, Mr. Don what's-your-name, you pink of Patriots, here's your rhino; bring out the high-flyer, and, by St. Patrick, I'm off like a shot." "Si, Senhor, si Senhor," replied the Galician knave, grinning in his face, with that sort of satisfaction which is expressed by the features of our highly-cultivated British youth, when on the point of accomplishing a *grand hoax*—"Si Senhor," continued he, walking very demurely into the stable, and, with all becoming gravity, returned with a substitute for the Englishman's bargain, who roared out—"Why, Don Devilton, or Don Diego, or what's your cursed name, that's not my horse, that's the little one.—Come, Sir, none of your tricks upon travellers; bring out the identical horse, or ———." To cut the story short, the saddle-making Don, had by some fatality acquired so firm a conviction that this little *garron* was the horse he had recently sold, that he swore to the fact by the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints in the calendar; and as there was no making him give up the point, though the insinuating flourishes of a

horsewhip were brought in aid of the argument, Mr. Bull departed highly indignant. Shortly after he had arrived at his lodgings, the following Spanish letter was presented to him:—

(A Literal Translation.)

"Generous Englishman, and
"Magnanimous Ally,

"My soul is deeply wounded by the perception that you have allowed the malign eye of distrust to glance at my honor! I assure you, on the word of a Spaniard!—nay, a Patriot's! that it was not the largest of the little horses, but the smallest of them, on which I affixed the price of 14 dollars; the other is an invaluable horse, notwithstanding his size, he will go 10 leagues a-day, and gallop all the way. I have a friend who wishes to purchase him, he offers me 55 dollars for him, but as I consider the obligation of serving our dear allies, who have crossed the ocean to succour us, as a duty paramount to every other moral tie, he shall be at your service for 50. And as an additional proof of my great veneration for you, I shall beg permission to present you a saddle and bridle, worth 10 dollars at least; so that, by this means, I shall make a sacrifice of 15 dollars, purely to convince you of the wrong I suffered in the suspicion that I could be capable of taking an undue

advantage of the liberal disposition of an Englishman, and what is more, an ally, deserving all my gratitude.

"Noble Sir, I kiss your hands,
"And may you live many years, to be served by,
"Your obsequious servant,
"DON PEDRO VELASQUEZ DE MERIDA."

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Englishman treated this inflated epistle with the contempt it merited; but it may not be quite useless to observe, that Don Pedro had not been much mistaken in regard to the English character, as in a very few days he sold his two ponies for 90 dollars!—When shall we cease to be the dupes of the rest of the world?

Before quitting the subject of horses and mules, it may be proper to relate another instance of British munificence, or ostentation, leaving the public to decide as to its real characteristic:—Lord H—— wished to procure the finest mules in Corunna, to which end, he caused it to be notified in the city, that he would pay any price that might be demanded; in consequence he was charged 300 dollars per mule, for such as he might have had, by doing the thing quietly, for half the money at farthest. This *dash* did a great injury to Government and individuals, as the market could never afterwards be brought down to any thing like a moderate standard. Surely such conduct as

this deserves to be laid open to reprehension, more particularly as his Lordship will, most likely, be one of the first to decry the ruinous expences of the expedition.

On the 16th November 1808, we were ordered to proceed towards Astorga to join head-quarters; we were overtaken at Betanzos by Lord Paget, who directed an officer, (by order of Deputy Commissary-General Coope,) to accompany or precede the first division of the cavalry, consisting of 300 of the 7th Light Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Kerrison.

On the 19th of November, while at Betanzos, Lord Paget arrived, full of anxiety and effort, to press the cavalry forward; his zeal for the cause, induced him to be rather severe on the Commissariat. The people were truly provoking, and in such a state of apathy and indolence, that even money failed in stimulating them to exertion; bluster and violence were the only methods to bring them into any thing like efficient action; but as to exhibiting any signs of friendship towards us, it was assuredly out of the question.

On our arrival at Castilliana, the army began to have a true specimen of winter campaigning in Galicia; as the only quarters for officers and men, at this place, were barns, hovels, and stables, which, having a plentiful number of apertures in the roofs, &c. let in the rain, which then was falling in torrents. The straw on which they slept, was so thoroughly drenched, that every man became eager for the hour of march, to keep his be-

numbed joints in play, with the hope of not losing the use of them, which, however, many of them in the course of a few days did.

An Officer, who arrived late at night, and who, from want of room at the officers' quarters, was put in a hovel with seven dragoons, gives the following sketch of it:—The building was about 40 feet in length and 14 in breadth, occupied at one end by the Spanish family, consisting of three generations, and comprising nine persons, five of whom were children, in almost a state of nature. The others were covered with rags, and much more indebted to the filth with which they were besmeared for keeping them from the inclemency of the weather, than to the texture of their gaberdines. This groupe sat in a semicircle before a blazing fire of wood, made on the ground, the smoke from which ascended on a voyage of discovery among the tiles, to procure egress; but effected it by such slow degrees, that there usually remained enough behind to blind the inmates of the hovel, and keep them in a constant cough: the other portion of the fire-hearth was taken up by the dragoons, who were accommodated with a wooden bench, on which they sat amusing themselves with abusing the French, and drinking the King's health in *vin éventé*. In a nook, near the fire, were three pigs, and the two youngest children had insinuated themselves close up to the animals, and were snoring and sleeping with them.

The other extremity of the hovel served as a stable for the dragoons' horses, and three others, belong-

ing to the officers; a small space in the mid-way remained unoccupied, exactly fronting the door, behind which a poney of the peasant's was fastened, on this spot a luxurious bed of clean straw was made for the officer, who slept very soundly on it, until he was awakened in rather a rude manner, by some one invading his couch; but this little alarm soon subsided, on his finding, by manual scrutiny, (for then all was darkness) that it was only the family poney, who had broken his halter, and stole *to bed to him*; but, as the immortal Shakespear says,

"Necessity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

On the 29th, we arrived at Lugo. This place had been better named "*lodo*," or mud; for never sure was there a more complete receptacle of congregated and obnoxious dirt. The troops were, however, tolerably well off here, both in regard to quarters and provisions, and the officers were well lodged, and treated with much hospitality by several of the most respectable inhabitants. To many of our officers the mention of "*Las de Prado*," will recal grateful recollections; and it is but a just tribute to benevolence and urbanity that the name of this amiable family should be recorded, as pre-eminent in kindness and attention to the British army.

It would have pleased me to have been enabled to pass the same compliment on the Spaniards in general, but it is too well known by the troops, that they have not deserved one eulogium from us For though the conciliating manners wisely

dictated by general orders, were closely adhered to in the commencement, by the troops, and that they evinced the best disposition to act regularly: no bearing (unless accompanied with menace or force,) could induce the Gallicians to bring forward supplies with alacrity, even when paid at the most exorbitant rate for them. They seemed sulky, reluctant, and dissatisfied, when the intreaty was accompanied by an almost limitless offer of money. No wonder then that the soldiers soon departed from a system which exposed them to the privation of every little comfort.

The stupid malignity of the people towards us was such, that, in the march forward, as we approached a wine-house, the host, who was on the alert, would quickly shut it up before we could reach it; and retire with his family into the fields, or out-houses, to avoid the trouble and perplexity of serving us heretics: though sure to be paid at least half as much more as they would receive from their own countrymen! When Buonaparte, in his bulletins, accuses us with pillaging and abusing the peaceable and harmless inhabitants, let him point out what sort of treatment *he* would bestow on such kind and hospitable allies!

As Major ——— was wandering on the skirts of Lugo, he was civilly accosted by an aged Spaniard; when the first salutations had passed, the stranger thus expressed himself:—" I am a native of Leon, where I practised physic; but I have been in England, and was in the *suite* of Prince Massareno. Since that, I went to Paris,

and served that illustrious martyr, Louis XVI. and a kind master he was.

'Chere ombre royal, reçois mon juste hommage,
'De Louis dans mon cœur toujours sera l'image,
'Victime des mechans!'

"In the fever of the Revolution, I returned to Spain, and settled at Madrid. A Revolution, Senhor, is a terrible medium of reformation; all governments should render it unnecessary, by the practice of virtue."

"How did you find the people of England, Sir?"

"I admire the morals of your nation, more than its manners; you preserve the roughnesses of your independence, sometimes at the expence of your civility; but you are naturally brave and generous. Your protection of the unhappy Bourbons will be recollected with admiration; as those who are kind to the unfortunate will ever be the favorites of Heaven!"

"As you resided at the capital, Sir," added the Major, "during the first symptoms of the declension of the Spanish throne, you will materially oblige me by communicating the presumed causes of its overthrow."

"Your question, Senhor Hidalgo, involves so many points, that I cannot duly satisfy your curiosity but in a very cursory way. The decline of the Spanish monarchy, like the decline of Rome, may be traced up to the corruption of the fountain head of government; for, whatever interested persons may affirm to the contrary, it is as clear as

that the night succeeds the dominion of the sun, in progression, that if our rulers are not true to themselves, the people will not be true to them. The examples that we may draw from the page of history, and the recent events in France, where the revolutionary embers are scarcely cold, make this position of thinking no longer paradoxical.

Charles the Seventh, our late King, was intrinsically a good man, though not a wise Sovereign. Louisa of Parma, was a woman of intrigue, who used the ascendancy she possessed over her husband's mind in so unlimited a sense as to render him little more than an ostensible King, who merely breathed to affix the sign manual of his authority, to her instruments of ambition and profligacy. By the aid of Godoy, her minion, she assumed the disposal of church and military dignities; and while they gratified the surreptitious vermin of a court, the deep murmurs of the nation were unheard. Grey-headed subalterns were commanded by beardless colonels, and the sacred claims of gallantry and service were superseded by the warrant of a strumpet or a grandee!

"I am no friend to the Salic law," continued he, laying his hand upon the Major, "but I would have a woman obedient as a wife, and obeyed as a sovereign. When ladies rule a State, they are uniformly governed by men who are generally both wise and honourable, as they are selected to gratify the judgment, and not the passions. When a Monarch is ruled by his wife, she is usually governed by men who make the gratification of her weak-

nesses their paramount consideration. We have had this exemplified in too many instances to doubt its verity.

"Our beloved King, Ferdinand the Seventh, when Prince of the Asturias, evinced such generosity of sentiment and love of justice as naturally made the people regard the heir apparent with affection. Though he had his occasional lapses from the injunctions of a stern propriety, yet he never wandered beyond the barriers of moral honor. A Prince should be something more than a mere son of earth; and though he cannot divest nature of her frailties, it is his bounden duty to make them as little intrusive as possible. A private citizen is responsible for his manners, as well as his opinions; and if he deviates from consistency in either too much, he is justly despised. But a Prince must not feel the whisperings of contempt; he is born for his country, and should be a public blessing; and whenever national scorn approaches him, he may consider it as the precursor of his political death.

"The clergy, who had long subjected Spain with a rod of iron, clung to the Inquisition for sustenance; not from admiration of the establishment, but because it was necessary to protract their power. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, they have been more than ordinarily jealous in all governmental movements, as a monk has seven eyes when the refectory is in danger. The abridgments which the Church had suffered in other Catholic countries, since the sceptre of Napoleon, had shaken Papal supremacy, inspired them with terror for

themselves; and I fear it is to this source, more than any other, that we may ascribe those bursts of resistance to the usurper, which have been manifested in so many districts of Spain; as we have unhappily found in the proclamations of the Juntas, less attention to the improvement of the general condition of the community, than to the continuance of existing wrongs. The only secret to induce a people to defend a government with zeal, is to make it worth defending.

"Our code of laws had ceased to be marked by a due line of demarkation, and were so mutilated and multiplied, that the subject knew not where to tread in perfect security. Similar causes produced different sentences in our highest courts of judicature, and consequently the judges were not sufficiently respected by the nation.---But I am talking to a native of Britain, where character, life, and property are secured by the vigilance of a jury; and those juries must be, unquestionably, wholly independent of the influence of power, as otherwise it would be despotism in masquerade, and a mockery of right. When the organs of the laws become corrupt, and the tribunals cruel in their decrees, it is ominous that the State is sinking under the pressure of its fears.

"The awful occurrences of this epocha, should have their proper weight and bearing in the minds of princes, to reclaim the vicious, and arrest the fool in his career of folly

"And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash!"

"Among the number of the illustrious house of Bourbon, who lie scattered like august wrecks upon the face of Nature; turn your eyes to the amiable Duchess D'Angoulesme; the neice of an emperor, and the daughter of a king, demanding homage from her rank and beauty, and the most respectful attention from her sorrows: for it is not in the nature of fortune to reduce the dignity of virtue—driven from the splendour of a throne, to wander from clime to clime, and exist upon a bounty drawn from alien hands—doomed perhaps, to feel those keen, but undescribable emotions of the heart, which will occur to fallen greatness, when they perceive that the administration even of hospitable offices, loses its tone of delicacy in proportion as they decline into the vale of affliction!

"But enough of that," continued he, wiping a tear from his cheek "And now suffer me to give you a little advice at parting—look well to the discipline of your men; the Spaniards are a sober people, and readily disgusted by acts of intemperate weakness. When your soldiers enter the wine-houses, I trust it will be to cheer their spirits, and not madden the brain. Let the veils of our females be inviolate, and cast no ridicule on the monks, whatever may be your predilection in theology, for the rage of an offended priest never sleeps; and above all, remember, when you may enter our chapels, that you are in the presence of the living God!"

As the army continued to advance, the difficulties which were *thrown* in its way, continued to be augmented; as the true English "*retenue*" revolted at the idea of making requisitions, which, in fact, none but the French would be so rash as to enforce, it is not very surprising that some of our poor fellows should have actually perished for want of proper sustenance; nor is this to be attributed to want of zeal or activity in the Commissaries; for, with the strongest desire to fulfil their duties, and the most laborious attempts towards it; yet, *by not knowing the language*, they were placed in inextricable dilemmas; and though many of them had interpreters, yet, as they were taken mostly from the lower classes, and having but a smattering of our language, their services went a very little way towards smoothing our embarrassments; as some of them, moreover, aimed at collusion with the contractors and petty magistrates, (many of whom, by order of the Juntas, had the furnishing of provisions,) endless delay and vexation took place.

On the 21st of November, we arrived at Constantine and Sobradelo, two wretched villages, skirting each side of the road, towards Villa Franca, at four leagues distance from Lugo. The weather now was rather more temperate, and the troops were coming on in high spirits, in the hope of speedily joining issue with their old foes.

On the 22d of November, we marched to Najolis, four leagues in advance. This is a miserable place, both as to itself and its inhabitants; the

Alcaldi was a most incorrigible scoundrel, and threw every impediment he could devise in the way of the service; he declared there was not an ounce of bread in the place, but being paraded round the village, between two dragoons, with their swords drawn, and carbines slung, by calling at each house, he contrived, in the course of two hours to bring in near 200 loaves;—but if the Commissary had not adopted (in this instance,) a proceeding bordering in summary rigour, on *la mode Francoise*, the troops must have gone forward the next morning without a morsel of bread! It is pleasing to know, however, that this gentleman has repeatedly met with his deserts, for scarcely a party of English passed through, whom his behaviour did not lead to give him a buffeting.

On the 23d, we passed through La Henorias, four leagues forwarder, to Travadelo, two leagues beyond that. The dragoon horses in general were now beginning to get fresh, and to recover from the effects of the voyage, as well as the disorders they acquired by the absurd method of disembarking them at Corunna; but many never recovered the tone of their muscles, which were swelled and stiffened by the sudden chill of immersion; the greater part ot these falling very lame, were shot on the road side. This is a subject particularly exasperating to my memory, as besides the vast expence to the nation, it casts such an odium on our manners.

The highest praise is due to Lord Paget for the

attention which he ordered to be paid to these valuable and interesting animals, and they were not a little indebted to him, I can assure you. They usually performed a march of six leagues a-day, on which they were always halted an hour, and the men never suffered to be mounted for more than one-third of the way; by this careful management many fine horses were brought about, which, had they been forced and goaded on, would never have been effective.

On the 24th, we gained Villa Franca, (two more leagues) 200 French prisoners were brought into this place: the Spaniards, though exulting over these poor captives, still appeared to regard them with a sort of dismay; and on their vociferating "*Viva Fernando Setimo!*" the lively raggamuffins contemptuously returned the cheer, with "*Viva la Merda!*"

The first division of the 7th Dragoons, now pushed on towards Bembibu, on their way to Astorga; but when within a league of the first place, they were met by an express, with orders for them to fall back upon Cacabello, a village, one league and a half in front of Villa Franca; this order evidently produced a strong indignant feeling, in both officers and men; and the farrier, who was just coming up, as the retrograde movement took place, with the forge-cart, was, with much difficulty, made to wheel about, as his spirit swelled to be in action. In his road back, however, Fortune, by way of consolation, threw a poor Franciscan Friar in his path, who was travelling harmlessly to his con-

vent; he seized the trembling priest by the cowl, and dragged him on to the village, swearing by the immaculate J——s, that he was a French spy; and when asked why he was of that opinion, he said it was because he had seen the friar stop to examine the troops as they passed by: the poor ecclesiastic (who, certainly was in a terrible panic,) being recognized by the Alcalde of Cacabello, was of course set at liberty: and though he had been brought at least five miles out of his road, that reflection did not seem to operate as any drawback to the satisfaction he evinced at getting clear from this rough son of Vulcan.

Orders were now given to make arrangements for the retreat, but as the Spaniards had betrayed so much repugnance to assist us, it was thought prudent to keep them ignorant of this movement as long as possible; and the informations concerning the resources of the country through which the army was to pass, were very properly taken, as if reinforcements were on the point of advancing, instead of the main body being about to retire. This *ruse de guerre* succeeded by keeping the Dons in temper, and leading them to disclose the extent of their stores; and its policy was fully proved when the retreat really took place, for then they dropped the mask of hypocrisy, and kept no terms with us.

However, some days after this, it was again determined to advance, and the plains of Benavente were destined to afford a slight harvest of laurels to cheer the spirits (almost worn down with long

expectation) of our gallant dragoons. It was here that Lord Paget acquired the adoration of his men, in heroically leading them to glory: in the phraseology of Bonaparte's bulletins, "that affair of 200 English to 500 French, does the former great honor," though this business has been very *modestly* omitted in the Parisian publications.

The following Narrative contains the official account of the victorious Action near Astorga.

DOWNING-STREET, JANUARY 10, 1809.

Dispatches, from which the following are extracts, were, on the 8th instant, received at the Office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces employed in Spain.

Benevente, December, 1808.

SINCE I had the honor to address you upon the 16th, from Toro, the army has been almost constantly marching through snow, and with cold that has been very intense. The weather, within these few days, has turned to rain, which is much more uncomfortable than the cold, and has rendered the roads almost impassable. On the 21st, the army reached Sahagun; it was necessary to halt there in order to refresh the men, and on account of provisions. The information I received was, that Marshal Soult was at Saldana with about 16,000 men, with posts along the river from Guarda to Carrion.

The army was ordered to march in two columns at eight o'clock on the night of the 23d, to force the bridge at Carrion, and from thence proceed to Saldana. At six o'clock that evening, I received information that considerable reinforcements had arrived at

Carrion from Paléncia, and a letter from the Marquis de la Romana informed me, that the French were advancing from Madrid, either to Valladolid or Salamanca. It was evident that it was too late to prosecute the attempt upon Soult, that I must be satisfied with the diversion I had occasioned, and that I had no time to lose to secure my retreat.

The next morning, Lieutenant-General Hope, with his own division, and that of Lieutenant-General Fraser, marched to Majorga. I sent Sir David Baird, with his division, to pass the river at Valmira, and followed Lieutenant-General Hope on the 25th, with the reserve and the light brigades, by Majorga, Valderas, to Benevente. The cavalry, under Lord Paget, followed the reserve on the 26th; both the latter corps entered this place yesterday. We continue our march on Astorga. Generals Hope and Fraser are already gone on; Sir David Baird proceeds to-morrow from Valencia; and I shall leave this, with the reserve, at the same time; Lord Paget will remain with the cavalry, to give us notice of the approach of the enemy; hitherto their infantry have not come up, but they are near, and the cavalry is round us in great numbers; they are checked by our cavalry, which have obtained, by their spirit and enterprise, an ascendancy over that of the French, which nothing but great superiority of numbers on their part will get the better of.

The diversion made by our march on Sahagun, though at great risk to ourselves, has been complete; it remains to be seen what advantage the Spaniards in the South will be able to take of it; but the march of the French on Badajoz was stopped when its advanced guard had reached Talavera de la Reine, and every thing disposeable is now turned in this direction.

The only part of the army which has been hitherto engaged with the enemy, has been the cavalry, and it is impossible for me to say too much in their praise. I mentioned to your Lordship, in my letter of the 16th, the success Brigadier-General Stewart had met with in defeating a detachment of cavalry at Rueda. Since that, few days have passed without his taking or killing different parties of the French, generally superior in force to those which attacked them. On the march to Sahagun, Lord Paget had information of six or seven hundred cavalry being in that town. He

marched on the night of the 20th, from some villages where he was posted, in front of the enemy, at Majorga, with the 10th and 15th Huzzars. The 10th marched strait to the town, whilst Lord Paget, with the 15th, endeavoured to turn it. Unfortunately it fell in with a patrol, one of whom escaped, and gave the alarm. By this means the French had time to form on the outside of the town before Lord Paget got round. He immediately charged them, beat them, and took from 140 to 150 prisoners, amongst whom were two Lieutenant-Colonels and eleven officers, with the loss on our part, of six or eight men, and perhaps twenty wounded.

There have been taken by the cavalry from 400 to 500 French, besides a considerable number killed:—this since we begun our march from Salamanca. On his march from Sahagun, on the 20th, Lord Paget, with two squadrons of the 10th, attacked a detachment of cavalry at Majorga, killed twenty, and took above 100 prisoners. Our cavalry is very superior in quality to any the French have; and the right spirit has been infused into them by the example and instruction of their two leaders, Lord Paget and Brigadier-General Stewart.

Astorga, December 31, 1808.

I arrived here yesterday. Major-General Frazer, with his division will be at Villa Franca this day, and will proceed on to Lugo. Lieutenant-General Hope, with his division, stopped yesterday two leagues from this, and proceeds this morning, followed by Sir David Baird. The two flank brigades go by the road to Penferada. I shall follow, with the reserve and cavalry, to Villa Franca, either this night or to-morrow morning, according as I hear the approach of the French. The morning I marched from Benevente, seven squadrons of Bonaparte's Guards passed the river at a ford above the bridge. They were attacked by Brigadier-General Stewart, at the head of the piquets of the 18th, and 3d German Light Dragoons, and driven across the ford. Their Colonel, a General of Division, Lefebre, was taken, together with about 70 officers and men.

The affair was well contested. The numbers with which Brigadier-General Stewart attacked were inferior to the French; it is the corps of the greatest character in their army; but the supe-

riority of the British was, I am told, very conspicuous. I inclose, for your Lordship's satisfaction, Lord Paget's report of it.

Benevente, December 29, 1808.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that about nine o'clock this morning I received a report that the enemy's cavalry was in the act of crossing the river at the ford near the bridge. I immediately sent down the piquets of the night, under Lieutenant-Colonel Otway, of the 18th. Having left orders that the cavalry should repair to their alarm-posts, I went forward to reconnoitre, and found four squadrons of the Imperial Guards formed, and skirmishing with the piquets and other cavalry in the act of passing. I sent for the 10th Huzzars, who, having arrived, Brigadier-General Stewart immediately placed himself at the head of the piquets, and, with the utmost gallantry, attacked. The 10th Huzzars supported in the most perfect order.

The result of the affair, as far as I have yet been able to collect, is about 30 killed, 25 wounded, 70 prisoners, and about the same number of horses.

It is impossible for me to avoid speaking in the highest terms of all those engaged. Lieutenant-Colonel Otway and Major Bagwell headed the respective night piquets. The latter is slightly wounded. The utmost zeal was conspicuous in the whole of my Staff; and I had many Volunteers from head-quarters, and other Officers of your army.—Amongst the prisoners is the General of Division, Lefebre, (who commands the cavalry of the Imperial Guard) and two Captains. Our loss is, I fear, nearly 50 men killed and wounded. I will send a return the moment I can collect the reports.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) PAGET, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-General Sir J. Moore, K.B.

I have forwarded the prisoners to Baniza. On the other side of the river the enemy formed again, and at this instant three guns of Captain Donovan's troop arrived, which did considerable execution.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEFEBVRE,

By —— Grisdale, a Private in the 10th Dragoons.

About one hundred and fifty of the 10th dragoons, and the dragoons of the 7th, were suddenly opposed to about twelve hundred of the enemy's cavalry, chiefly composed of Imperial Guards, well mounted, and commanded by Lefebvre. The town of Benevente was at a short distance in the rear. As the British had the sagacity, in this instance, to destroy the bridge, the enemy were forced to wade through the river, which they did, with great alacrity, for the purpose of compelling the British detachment to surrender. They advanced in one solid and compact line against the British force, to salute them with a general volley from their carbines. The British, who were led on by Major Quintain of the 10th, resolutely awaited their approach, and received their fire, which, happily, did but little execution. The volley was no sooner given, than an order was issued for the British to charge, which they did with that order and impetuosity which insured success. They cut their way completely through the enemy's line, and then shewed a broad front to him in the opposite direction. The French, in the interim, having faced about, closed their ranks, and put themselves again in good order for the contest. A second charge was then made by the British, which was more successful than the former, for the French were thrown into confusion, and the carnage which

followed was terrible. It was at this time that Grisdale beheld the French Commander, accompanied by two trumpeters, hurrying from the field of action, and followed by two privates of the 7th, in hot pursuit. The French Commander's horse outstripped those of the trumpeters, as did Grisdale's those of the 7th ; so that, as the General lost the companions of his flight, Grisdale had the good fortune to pursue him single-handed. The General fled along the serpentine margin of the river, and thereby lost much ground, of which Grisdale took advantage, and by cutting across from angle to angle, he at length, after a rapid chace of two miles, succeeded in getting in his front. The General now, from necessity, checked his horse; but betraying symptoms of resistance, Grisdale instantly levelled, and discharged his carbine, the ball of which slightly wounded his adversary on the cheek. Thus unsuccessful in his aim, Grisdale was preparing to defend himself with his sword, (his pistols having been previously discharged) when, to his surprise, he beheld Lefebvre throw his sword away, as a token of surrender. This gave Grisdale time to re-load his carbine, which having done, he advanced to the General, took the pistols from his holsters, the sash from about his waist, and having dismounted, snatched up the cast away sword ; then re-seating himself in the saddle, he turned the rein of the General's bridle over the horse's head, and so conducted him to the British army: the main body of which, at that time, was coming up. Grisdale had too much honest pride

to demand the General's watch and money, but a private of the 7th, who was less scrupulous and exalted in his ideas, did the General that *favor* before he reached the British lines. Grisdale gave the sash, sword, and pistols, to his Colonel, (Leigh) to have them transmitted to his beloved Commander, the Prince of Wales. Grisdale has recently been raised to the rank of corporal, as the first step only of more considerable promotion.—He is an exceedingly well made, well looking man: his countenance is ruddy and expressive, and strongly indicates that he possesses that intrepid spirit which should, at all times, distinguish the Briton and the soldier. He is a native of Gracestock, in Cumberland; his age is twenty-four. He has a mother living, to whom he is most affectionately attached; and where filial piety exists, we seldom look for human courage in vain.

Notwithstanding this *coup d'eclat,* it seemed destined that our retreat should be attended with every possible disadvantage that Nature could throw in our way. The weather was so inclement, that the oldest Galician living, does not remember so severe a season. Wind, rain, and even hail, pelted around us; and to add to our distresses, the greater part of the officers had lost their cloaks, great coats, and linen, as the muleteers to whose care they were confided, had all scampered to the mountains on the approach of the French cavalry, and left 200 of their mules to be quietly plundered by the enemy! Now, whether this mishap arose from the suggestions of fear,

or hatred, or knavery, is yet undetermined. Some of our dragoons endeavoured to drive those independent animals forward, but even the stroke of the sabre had no effect, when their masters had forsaken them. Unhappily, they were not linguists, like Balaam's appendage, and could not, or would not, comprehend the British word of command. Between Benevente and Astorga, and Villa França; and Lugo, the retreating army were literally compelled to cut a passage through the snow!

THE SPANISH LADIES.

The Spanish ladies, in general, are *petite*, but lively, and by no means subject to those ungenerous restrictions in social agency that they were in more remote times.—Their conversation is witty and agreeable, and their eyes both black and brilliant, yet the *contour* of the face is not peculiarly striking; their similitude to the Portuguese is very apparent.

Coming out of the church of Astorga, where I had been to witness the celebration of High Mass, I perceived a *bona Dea* of more than ordinary interest, tripping gracefully on a narrow path that meandered through the ordure of the streets, in blue satin *pantoufles*; she was followed by an old attendant, or duenna, who carried a large rosary on her arm, and looked as devout as

Saint Ursula, in penance. The younger female appeared to be made of "metal more attractive," and not wholly unwilling to be a sinner in ambush—ever and anon, she lifted up the angle of the veil that concealed her beauty, and seemed to reconnoitre my person from under the pent-house of her eye; when she darted a glance of such fierce captivation, as might fascinate a trout in the stream.

On her fair breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews *might* kiss, and Infidels adore.

Having some leisure, I slipped two pistorines into the old woman's hand (which appeared to open, and receive the *douceur*, as it were by instinct). She understood my meaning, and allured me with her fan, to follow her: I obeyed her signals, until we arrived at a house in a narrow street, which I saw my charming *incognita* enter, as light as a fairy: the ancient lady continuing her silent instructions, I followed them up stairs, into a spacious, but comfortless apartment: decorated with the portraits of an adust *Bruno*, and a noviciate nun: a few chairs, an immense marble slab, with massy gilt feet, a sofa, a chafing dish with the *residuum* of coals, yet warm, and a crucifix, and *Salvator Mundi* affixed in a niche of the wall.

I made my apology to the lady, in French, which luckily she understood perfectly well; and after desiring me to be seated, spoke thus, before the duenna:—"Senhor, you are a stranger, and a friend, and in such characters you are en-

titled to my respect; but as I perceive, by the *non-chalance* of your manner, that you may be inclined to think too lightly of my decorum, I must inform you that I have limits to my civilities: although I am not a sworn enemy to refined gallantry (here the duenna gave me a nod of encouragement); were there no fools enamoured of beauty, female reputation would not have suffered in the contemplation of the moralist; by giving them the custody of what they are unable to appreciate, their vanity becomes paramount, and the world hears that *faux pas,* which adds not to the health of the listener, while it abridges the circulation of joy. Discretion is the attribute of man, and although it is made but a minor virtue in the catalogue, it is frequently the guardian of all the rest; with it, the sensibilities of love are never outraged; but without it, the finer threads of the heart become unravelled, and all its delicate texture falls to ruin!

"I have often pondered on the declaration of the French Censor—'*Sans la discretion, la société civile n'est qu'une fatigue et un embarras; car il faut etre toujours attentif sur soi, pour ne rien laisser echapper devant des personnes indifferentes, qui en pourroient faire un mauvais usage, soit en relevant ce qu'on leur confie, ou en y ajoutant de leur chef des circonstances a quoi l'on n'a jamais pense*'

At the conclusion of this polished quotation, she gracefully beckoned the ancient Sybil from the *viranda,* to retire, and prepare some chesnuts and Malaga for the Cavalier. As the she-dragon of reputation receded, she gave me a kind of flying

courtesy, or Parthian salute: signifying, by the movement of her head, a species of congratulation at my excellent good fortune.

"You may be surprised, Senhor," continued the *Donna,* "at this condescension; but I view you in the light of a national deliverer!—You are a soldier and an Englishman, and must be noble and liberal by inheritance; (here I bowed my head, and, I believe, blushed.) I am a widow: my late husband was a Knight of the Holy Ghost—a Castilian by birth, and his honor was as spotless as Alpine snows! How proud he would have been to have congratulated a magnanimous ally within his own walls!—That is a charming topaz on your ring, Senhor; the Princess of Monaco had its twin-brother.—I think it might fit my finger—with your permission—*bien obligé—Oh! fidon.*"—(Here the MS. was obliterated.)

While quartered at the convent of Sobrado, we had frequently occasion to use the influence of the Monks, in procuring some essential requisites for the sick; and to smooth and further our designs, we often visited the church during mass. On one of these events, a gentleman, attached to the Commissariat, observed an old woman, who was watching him with more than common attention. As the devotees were retiring, she came up to the Officer, and tapping him gently on the shoulder with her fan, enquired, with a look of indescribable archness, "if he was a Christian?" "A Christian, Madam!" quoth he, "certainly. Have you not seen me at mass?" "Ah! Senhor," replied the peery in-

quisitoress, I am a Portuguese, and know the tricks of you Roisterers perfectly well; I fear this awakened piety is merely to bamboozle the Holy Fathers! *Tenho meda qui vos ma ce, faz' isto Sol para contentere los Padres santos!*"

On discoursing at Sobrado, with a contractor for the Alcaldi, he took occasion to observe, by the way of flattery to our Government, that he knew very well most of the English were good Christians, (that is Catholics;) but were forced to deny their conviction, in order to hold places in the Church and State. "King George himself," continued he, in an elevated tone, "is a true son of the church, but he is obliged to acquiesce in heresy, to conform to the desires of the vulgar!"

A short time before we began our retreat to Vigo, I learned with surprise, that the Honorable Captain Percy, of the 26th foot, was confined with an intermittent fever, in the convent of Sobrado, and that he wanted certain comforts: I immediately paid him a visit, and found him in an attic cell, belonging to one of the monks, who was particularly attentive to him, as he had been informed that he was a branch of the illustrious house of Northumberland. While I was sitting by his bedside, the philanthropic monk entered the cell in trembling perturbation, with a pallid countenance, and dishevelled hair; telling us, that the French scoundrels were actually at Lugo; shortly after which, our olfactory nerves were supremely offended by effluvia evidently arising from the

drapery of the affrighted priest! We both laughed heartily at the discomfited figure before us; but as a retreat became immediately necessary, I questioned Captain Percy on his capability of undertaking the fatigues of the march, as the weather was singularly tempestuous; he quickly resolved on accompanying us, but was so weak, that he could not mount his horse, without the assistance of his servant, and a muleteer. We lost sight of him in the first succeeding night, but afterwards had the good fortune to meet him at a small village, called Saint Gregorio, which is half way between Sobrado and St. Jago de Compostella; but before our arrival at Saint Jago, we missed him again, although we had made so sure of his joining us, that we waited dinner for him at a Frenchman's hotel in that city; but we never saw him from that time, and were apprehensive that he must have been so overborne by inconveniences and indisposition as to become a prisoner.

On the 5th of January, General Fraser received an order from head-quarters to regain the Corunna road, instead of retreating to Vigo, agreeably to the first determination. On this they returned to Lugo; but great numbers of the soldiers sunk in the road, through excess of fatigue.

Nothing occurred of moment for several days, but our minds were continually on the alert to ascertain what was necessary for the security of the army.

On the 10th, we sent forward a serjeant of the 1st Royals, to obtain correct information from the

Commanding Officer at Betanzos. On the 11th, having suspicion as to the course of events, we applied to the Alcalda of Sobrado for carts, to convey the sick away, in contemplation of unfavourable news. He at first acceded to the proposition, but came in a short time after, in a state of alarm, and informed us that the peasants would not permit him to fulfil our demand. On this we produced our pistols, one of which I gave to Lieutenant F——, and girded on my sabre; and at my recommendation, he ordered out a file of men, though they were principally feeble and in a convalescent state, and ordered them to load before the mob. Then we proceeded to the fields, and, after a chace of two hours, we procured a sufficient number of bullocks and carts.

The Serjeant returned on the 12th, with an order to proceed as fast as possible to Corunna; but that being impracticable from the position of the enemy, we determined to go forthwith to Vigo, and departed the same day, at 5 P. M.

In consequence of this order, we sent off the sick, in carts, by the direct road to Corunna; deeming it better that they should run the risk of being taken by the French, than perish by the neglect or increasing malignancy of the Spaniards. It should be noted, that when our worthy and faithful allies of Sobrado, found that we were to retreat, they loaded us with the coarsest upbraidings; and we saw this event in perspective so clearly, that we kept it a secret as long as possible.

On sleeping at Caldos, on our way to Vigo, we

took up our quarters at a sorry inn, where they made us pay soundly for a villainous supper, and where I was flea-bitten, in the night, without intermission. On summoning the hostess, early in the morning, to pay her the bill, she had the civil effrontery to ask me, with a smile, if I had not slept well in her *posada*, as it was noted over Spain, for excellent accommodation, by all travellers. I was so provoked by her taunts and sneers at my chagrin, that I shewed her a part of my linen, by way of reply. Having surveyed a portion of my *chemise*, through her spectacles, she calmly observed, that her beds were famous for their cleanliness, but that one flea was as bad as a million!

Sobrado is situated half way between Lugo and St. Jago de Compostella. We must here halt a moment, to make a slight comment upon the verity of the French bulletins; the 31st of which, states, "That General Franceschi entered St. Jago, and found some magazines, and an English guard, which *he took.*"—On the 13th of January we were at St. Jago, where there was a magazine of provisions, but not one soldier to guard it: so that, though the French Government may vouch loudly for the common truth of their bulletins, they must not contend sturdily for their correctness.

On my return to St. Jago, I had full experience of the effects of human instability, so far as it is dependent upon good or bad fortune. On finding that the people of this town, had resisted the Commissary in the act of destroying his stores, having only an opportunity to stave the rum casks, *sub*

silentio, I went to the Governor's to procure the keys, to get provision for a small detachment of men, and to render the rest unserviceable. I demanded them at his gate, in the name of his Britannic Majesty; but it was unavailing, as this heretofore most civil Governor, remained inaccessible! Finding his villainous obstinacy continue, I affirmed that if I did not receive the keys in five minutes, I would break open the doors of the *depôt*, which eventually I did; and after gaining the supplies, marched off for Saint Vigo, as there was no time to be lost on an emergency so pressing.

Hearing by every succeeding courier, that the van of the French army was advancing, we hastened on with little cessation, yet many of our men were so foot-worn and harrassed, that they threw themselves on the ground, and waited the caprice of Fortune! Shortly after we had passed Redonhela, I first perceived, with emotions of gladness, a British seventy-four, riding at anchor, in Vigo-Bay, from which we were about four leagues distant. It is needless to aver, how nimbly we tript over the intervening path. On our arrival at Vigo, we reported ourselves to Brigadier-General Alton, who had then the command of that station.

Vigo is situated on an eminence commanding the harbour, and is the neatest town that I have seen in Spain; it resembles an English sea-port more than any other, though it is irregularly built. The fort is large, but out of repair.

As the conduct of the people of this place was

very equivocal, we deemed it prudent to conceal the actual motives for our embarkation as long as possible, and we found after, that such precaution had been necessary. General Crawfurd's brigade consisted now of about 2800 men.—We were taken on board 24 transports—the Alfred man of war, of 74 guns, and the Hindostan store-ship, acting as convoy.

I have learned since I was at Vigo, that the Bishop of Oporto would not suffer Sir Robert Wilson to get any more recruits, after he had raised 700 Portuguese with infinite assiduity; in pursuance of this treacherous conduct on the part of that wily prelate, Sir Robert marched the men away, that he had thus enlisted, but has not since been heard of! So much for the moral honor of Monseigneur L'Eveque, our holy treasurer, and very good friend; but the wise of other times have said, *monachun non facit cucullus!*



MOVEMENTS OF THE MAIN ARMY

(From the MSS. of another Officer.)

A GALLANT AFFAIR BY THE SEVENTH DRAGOONS.

On the 25th of December, Lieutenant-Colonel Kerrison, of the 7th Light Dragoons, being stationed at Benevente, with a small advanced party of ten men, fell in with a piquet of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of fifteen privates and an officer. Each

party drew up in order to charge, when the two officers singled each other out. The Frenchman made point at Colonel Kerrison, which, by a skilful management of his horse, he avoided, (though his jacket was torn by the blade): and, in the same moment, he gave his antagonist so severe a blow with his sabre, across the forehead, as to bring them both from their horses: the Frenchman from the violence of the stroke, and Colonel Kerrison, from the violence of action. The men, in the mean time, had been warmly engaged, in a slashing conflict, hand to hand; but the French now fled, leaving three dead on the field, and five prisoners, behind them. The Colonel's men now came to his assistance, when, on raising him up, they found his arm had been broken by a blow given by his adversary, with the hilt of his sword; but the French officer lay dead beside him.

The following melancholy anecdote is a striking proof of the high state of discipline in which the Commander in Chief held the army; and, notwithstanding the instance was lamentable, it was deemed supremely necessary, to impress the country people with our determination to uphold a system of severe justice:—

In the march from Astorga, four dragoons, who had not eaten bread for forty-eight hours, entered a merchant's shop to cheapen some, which he refused to sell; when the poor fellows seized a loaf and a bit of bacon, which they ate raw. The merchant followed them to their quarters, and preferred his complaint to Sir John Moore, who,

actuated by a laudable desire to maintain harmony with the Spaniards, told them that one must die. On this, the unhappy men drew straws, and he that drew the shortest was tied to a tree, and shot; after which, all the regiments were marched in succession round his body!

Yet, in despite of the efforts and wise conduct of Sir John Moore and his Staff, such was the flinty and unfeeling conduct of the people towards us, that we were forced to break open many houses in search of those succours for the sick and the weary, that we would gladly have paid for most liberally. But as our men became stragglers, and ventured to snatch provisions in this predatory way, they were generally assassinated by the country people.

I saw many of our soldiers throw themselves down by the road-side, and declare their utter inability to proceed farther; hoping, among the best points of a bad fortune, to be taken prisoners by the French, rather than fall into the superstitious fangs of the enraged boors of Galicia; who became cruel and insolent in proportion as we became embarrassed.

During these transactions the affairs of the main army went on but inauspiciously. Whispers were circulating that Bonaparte had left Madrid, to circumvent our passage to the sea: advices came from Count de la Romana, expressing his apprehension of the vast designs of the enemy, and the absolute necessity of retreating was now admitted by all—but the conviction was somewhat too late.

The campaign now assumed such an aspect of

horror as might have struck the stoutest heart with despair; the French were so close as to be able continually to harrass our rear; the Spaniards in the van, were removing every serviceable thing they could out of our way, with all the alacrity their native indolence would allow. The elements were warring against us with the utmost fury, and without intermission, for near three weeks! Men, women, and children worn out by unceasing fatigue, were lying down by the road side; some with the hope of renovating their strength that they might be able to proceed; others, in a state of desperation, resolved to end their lingering sufferings, by passively awaiting death. But few of either of those distressed beings ever rose again: for those who proposed it, were so completely chilled and stiffened by lying on the wet ground during half an hour, with their clothes already drenched, and still exposed to a torrent of rain; that, after a feeble attempt to rise, they would fall back, and resign themselves to Heaven, without further struggle! In this plenitude of woe, there was no hope of assistance from others, it being a task sufficient for the most hardy and athletic to preserve themselves. To complete the appalling spectacle, the road on each side was lined with dead horses; those poor beasts having been as much exhausted by exertion as the men, were shot, to prevent their falling to the share of the enemy. This was a sorry sight, which the bulletins describe to have been so revolting to Bonaparte! He, who could view, calm and unmoved, fields strewn with

human slaughter—he, whose voice, like the mandate of Bellona, makes carnage unrestricted; found his nature suddenly shocked, and his nerves thrill with tenderness at beholding the dead English horses! It certainly would have been more considerate in us to have left them in return for those of the Imperial Guard which were taken at Benevente; but the English are *savages* and *idotaters*, and have no idea of such civil retribution. Such is the insinuation conveyed to the Spaniards by the spirit of that bulletin, which affects to explain this lamented event: though with the usual French dexterity, those sentiments are given to the Spaniards as their own effusions:—They are made to consider this circumstance as a sort of *religious sacrifice*, to appease Almighty vengeance, and implore safe conduct to our ships. They are made to deduce from it, "very strange and unfavourable ideas of the religion of England." It must be confessed, if there is little grace, yet there is much political science in this manœuvre; for of all the arms he can turn against us, this is the most powerful he can weild, in such countries as Spain and Portugal. Napoleon understands human nature well, and calculates with particular precision on the bigotry and superstition of the people he would cajole.

The military chest, in the retreat of our army, towards Astorga, contained dollars to the amount of £600,000, and about £15,000 in gold coin. It was thrown into rivers, caverns, and over the clefts of precipices to prevent its falling into the hands

of the enemy; and to this circumstance was imputable the loss of our men: many having dropped behind, under various pretences, in the hope of recovering part of the specie so disposed of, who were afterwards unable to regain their respective corps.

According to the Twenty-eighth French Bulletin, 1,800,000 francs of this treasure, have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

It was the opinion of several officers of distinction, that had the hills commanding the passes, between Lugo and Villa Franca, been furnished with artillery; it would have been utterly impracticable for the French, notwithstanding their superior forces, to have penetrated by that route, upon the rear of our army. And this opinion received a sanction so impressive, that mules were actually purchased at Lugo, for the purpose of carrying up light artillery to those eminences; but the measure was abandoned from some unknown cause!

Had those passes been fortified, we should not probably have lost a single soldier at Corunna, at least by the sword of the enemy; but this precaution having been neglected in the advance of our army, it became impossible to effect it during the retreat, as the impulse of consternation was too powerful to admit the intervention of method. All the information that we received respecting the enemy, was false and overcharged; but we had solid reason to know, that all our movements were faithfully conveyed to Madrid.

From the same fatal source of false confidence, arose the capital neglect of not getting the harbour of Ferrol, with the whole of the squadron. The demeanour of the Spaniards did not warrant this excess of complaisance; and the conduct of the peasantry was hostile in the extreme; they even poniarded and hung several of our brave fellows wherever they could find them straggling after food or beverage. Their reproaches were of the most bitter and mortifying nature, and I was often happy that the army did not understand them.—The women and children attached to the expedition suffered inconceivable miseries; and several dashing *elegantes,* who had quitted the safe regions of Mary-le-bonne, to follow the fortunes of the war, with their *dear friends,* were despoiled of their accustomed influence; as those who had captivated so many, were themselves made captives.

It is a fault applicable to a British army, that they generally have too much baggage, but this love of personal comfort, proved of no avail in this unhappy retreat; the baggage of the officers had been mostly left with the mules on the road, and all the minor finery was of course left behind. Ghent ruffles, silk hose, shirts, and shirties fell into Gallic hands; and so reduced were the military gentlemen in the essential points of drapery, that many of them did not change their linen, in a hard passage from Astorga to Plymouth; which, added to the common necessity of sleeping every night, for several weeks, under the canopy of heaven, made their situation unenviable.

When the van of our army arrived at Corunna, they proceeded to embark as fast as possible; but on the morning of the 15th of January, the enemy took such a position in our front, as made it necessary to resist, and a battle took place on the ensuing day.

Official Account of the Battle of Corunna.

DOWNING-STREET, JANUARY 24, 1809.

The Honorable Captain Hope arrived late last night, with a Dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Sir David Baird, to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

His Majesty's Ship Ville de Paris, at Sea,
January 18, 1809.

MY LORD,

BY the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested; to the enclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy, at every point of attack.

The Honorable Captain Gordon, my Aid-du-Camp, will have the honor of delivering this dispatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honor to be, &c.

D. BAIRD, Lieutenant-General.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

His Majesty's Ship Audacious, off Corunna,
January 18, 1809

SIR,

IN compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna, on the 16th instant.

It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front.

This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment, and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest.

I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-Gene-

ral Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 32d regiments, drove the enemy before him, and, in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-General Frazer's division, (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders.

Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our piquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the second battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls; before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the piquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy, who, from his numbers, and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous deter-

mination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation; the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Coruña. The piquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn, with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitted exertion of Captains the Honorable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore, until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light.

The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place; there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced, and completed by three in the afternoon; Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satis-

faction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town, soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harrassing service. The superior numbers, and advantageous positions of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero, afforded the best hope that the South of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain.

You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harrassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me,

in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged, were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck, and Manningham, and Leith; and the brigade of Guards, under Major-General Warde.

To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Craufurd, with their brigades, on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42d, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of Guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General, and the Officers of the general Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade, during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several Officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, 92d regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Winch, 4th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, 59th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, Guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience

of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honor by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

It remains for me only to express my hope that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-General

To Lieutenant-General Sir D. Baird, &c. &c.

At the commencement of the action, Marshal Soult brought two field-pieces and a howitzer to bear upon the van of the British division, which galled the men exceedingly, who were waiting with throbbing pulses, for the signal to attack; which, being given, the 42d, 14th, 95th, and 32d, rushed on the enemy with fixed bayonets, and drove them up an acclivity with great slaughter.

As night alone prevented the continuance of the fight, we made fires on the field of battle to delude the enemy, and retire into Corunna to prepare for immediate embarkation. I saw Sir J. Moore at the time he received his mortal wound; he clung momentarily to the mane of his horse, and then sunk by the right side: various field-officers hurried to assist

their general, but he felt the impossibility of continuing the command; he was carried off by six privates of the gallant 42d, and rested upon a stone, about a mile in distance from the rear of the army; while they remained there, two shells struck the stone.

Sir David Baird lost his arm by a cannon ball, nearly at the same time; he desired to have his shattered limb amputated on the spot, but the surgeons prevailed on him to be conveyed to Corunna.

PARTICULARS OF SIR JOHN MOORE's DEATH.

By an Eye Witness.

"I MET the general on the evening of the 16th Instant, as some soldiers were bringing him to Corunna, supported in a blanket, with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Do not leave me.'—He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me; and at intervals, expressed himself as follows:—The first question he asked was—'Are the French beaten?—which enquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured by all, that the French were beaten, he exclaimed—'*I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do*

me justice. You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother—*(here his voice failed him)*—Hope—Hope—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is Colonel Graham, and are all my Aides-de-Camp, well?—I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will, and all my papers.'

"Major Colborne (his principal Aid-du-Camp,) then came into the room—he spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, '*Remember,* you go to ——, and tell him it is my *request,* and that *I expect* he will befriend Major Colborne—he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then again asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten; and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said it was a great satisfaction in his last moments, to *know he had beat the French.*

"'Is General Paget in the room?'—On my telling him he was not, he said, 'Remember me to him.—I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying: I am in great pain.'

"He then thanked the doctors for their attention.

"Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room, he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his Aides-de-Camp were well. He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

"He said to me, while the surgeons were examining his wound—'*You know I have always*

wished to die this way.'—As far as I can recollect, this is every thing he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture."

The late gallant and much lamented Sir John Moore, was the brother of Captain Graham Moore, of the Marlborough, of 74 guns, and son of the celebrated Dr. Moore. He was about 47 years of age, and had greatly distinguished himself in his profession, particularly in Egypt."

Sir John Moore was buried in his clothes, and without a coffin, in a grave dug by the hands of the officers of his Staff, in one of the bastions of the fort of Corunna: as the superstition of the Chapter would not permit the remains of this gallant gentleman, to be interred in the cathedral. One of his brave companions in arms, might have said indignantly to the Monk, on this occasion,

> I tell thee, churlish priest, he will a ministring
> Angel be, when thou liest howling.

Thus glorious has been the termination of this hero's existence. He died like a Roman, in the best days of her Republic, on the field of battle, and in the service of his country: Cornelia would have wept over the ashes of such a son!

On the 16th January, at Corunna, a young Devonshire lad, who had been wounded, offered a Spanish boatman half a dollar, to convey him on board. The Spaniard insisted on a dollar, which the other promised on his arrival at the ship. Coming alongside, he gave the half dollar, and

was proceeding up the ship's side, when the boatman drew a poniard, and stabbed him aslant the ribs, but not dangerously; on this, a tar, who saw the transaction from the vessel, jumpt into the boat, and threw the cruel ally overboard!

The conduct of Sir Samuel Hood, in accelerating the embarkation, was supremely laudable. By his judicious and spirited arrangements, we saved many men. He received several hundreds on board the Barfleur, and his crew and boats were continually on the alert to render service.

Thus fatally ended an Expedition which has cost the British Government and the Nation twenty millions sterling, and the greater part of 20,000 men, *hors de combat*; that is, in killed, wounded, drowned, and misssing!—The armament was sent forth with the approbation of every unthinking man; and those who thought, were compelled to be silent during the whirlwind of an unfounded preparation.—I knew Spain, and the people well, and prophesied every evil that occurred, without any supernatural pretensions whatever.

It is imperatively essential that a general alteration should take place in the appointment of another *Commissariat*, and in its management, when appointed. Each Administration are bound, by a sacred duty which they owe to their country, to relax in that system of patronage which would make the place suit the agent, and not the agent suit the place. We are not disposed to offend, we are only disposed to do good.—How absurd, how deadly was it to the well-being of the army, to

depute men as Commissaries to Spain, who were ignorant of the language of that nation! How were they to bargain for, and examine stores, who knew not the *nomenclature* of the articles?—Shall the unrazored, untravelled relatives or dependants of a few men in power, be heedlessly thrust into situations of such deep responsibility; as to include, not merely the comforts, but (as it has been proved in this Narrative,) the very *existence* of our brave countrymen, while struggling with difficulties in a foreign land?—Forbid it justice, and forbid it humanity!—It is a system that vitiates the heart's blood of enterprize.—It is an abomination in the scale of authority, and must be reformed altogether.

At the close of a retreat such as this, who would have considered it possible for the British to rally, and repel the enemy with such complete effect? This fact affords a proof, that had they been brought up to the charge while their physical strength was full and ardent, and before the native armies were dispersed; that the epithet of folly would not have been applicable to this expedition, at least to the extent it now is.

Having taken our degrees in the schools of experience and disaster, we ought to listen no more to the ruinous delusions of unaccredited hope. We should rest convinced of the impossibility of our succeeding on the peninsula of the Continent, in offensive or defensive measures. Our manners and language are so distinct as to preclude a chance of cordial co-operation, on any thing like a general

scale; but, above all, the grand and insurmountable obstacle of religion will be ever opposed to such a desirable combination of interests. Away then with the artifices of those who will continue to prattle about the unsubdued enthusiasm of the Spaniards, by way of encouraging fresh efforts, and calling forth fresh sacrifices in a fruitless cause. We have offered victims enough upon the altars of their prejudices, and it is now time that the immolation should cease. If such spirits be honest, they are dangerous deluders, and do not understand the interests of their country.

Let the good people of Britain be assured that this enthusiastic feeling, the fine sense of honour, and the high chivalrous spirit which has been so long attributed to the Spaniards! and made the burden of English ballads for the last twelve-months, exists only in their romances and their conversation; or in that of their partizans here, who are led to assert such shadowy and presumptive ideas from sinister motives. If ever their nation possessed those attributes of sublimated honor, the sacred impulse is now wholly dissipated. They are not only actuated by a grand principle of deception towards us, from sordid motives, but that principle is kept alive, and stimulated by the suggestions of malice, and *the desire of revenge*. Their watch-word against us is, "Remember to return us the four frigates; but how will you return the murdered innocents!" This was *literally* the language they vociferated to cheer us on our retreat, and the more justice there

may be in this requisition, the more dread ought we to have of lending ourselves to a feigned friendship, where we are aware some reason exists to cherish an unforgiving disposition. From the experimental philosophy, which we have so deeply, but disastrously acquired in Spain; and from every consequent reflection that arises on the subject, we must be convinced, (if the power to be convinced is in our system,) that should we have the weakness to offer ourselves again, as the instruments of a Spanish party, nothing but evil and overthrow is to be expected in the issue.

Had General Moore's last dispatches been published by Government, they might have rendered some of these remarks unnecessary, as it is understood that they embraced a most comprehensive view of the various situations in which our army was placed, from the moment of its entrance into Spain, to the time when it became necessary to retreat. They would give an account, by no means flattering, of the means and *disposition*, the character and resolution of the people of Spain.

BROAD HINTS FOR THE TRANSPORT BOARD.

LET deserved censure fall on the masters of the transports, who, for the greater part, betrayed the extreme of ignorance and cowardice; many of them, as I was credibly informed, (and which information has been supported by the public prints,) were so harrowed with terror at the first fire of the French, from the heights, into the harbour of Corunna; that they cut their cables, and having no sail set, run on shore. Five vessels were stranded; two of which, however, by the gallantry and skill of a midshipman and boat's crew of the Barfleur, were manned and brought out, from between the teeth, as I may say, of the French batteries!

For the sake of humanity, the general bad conduct and want of skill of these people, ought to be placed in a true light.—to lead to it in one instance, I shall relate the most striking occurrences of my passage home from Vigo, on board the brig transport, Success, Captain ———. On the morning of the 21st January 1809, at eight P. M. the Alfred, our commodore, made the signal to get under weigh. We were the last to get our anchor up, and before we had got half way down the bay, the Alfred, and all the other transports had brought up at its extremity, under a ledge of high rocks: the wind having suddenly shifted, and was then blowing a gale, nearly in, from the E.S.E. We were on the

starboard tack, and making much lee-way, towards the northern shore, which rounds to the opening of the bay; when finding we could not reach down, the ship was put in stays, but would not go about; in this moment I perceived our captain to be a rank coward, and no seaman; for instead of instantly ordering the vessel to be brought round, he quitted the helm and ran forward, seemingly in a state of distraction, and with his hands clasped, and uplifted, exclaimed, "Good God, what is the matter with the ship!" The mate, however, who, though a very old man, possessed much more presence of mind and knowledge than his chief; he seized the tiller, and got the sails full, just in time to prevent our going on shore!

On pursuing our voyage, I constantly observed, that when any indication of bad weather manifested itself, the captain's countenance would immediately announce the inward perturbation of his mind; and that he usually retired to his state-room, where, having remained some time, he would come forth, evidently much fortified; but as I could not persuade myself that the force of his devotion tended to the security of the ship, I was curious to ascertain the exact nature of it; when watching him narrowly on one of those occasions, I perceived him in the attitude of prayer; with his mouth piously applied to the capacious embouchure of a two gallon stone bottle, which was poised on his sea-chest: and from its contents I found he derived the most spirituous consolation. Fearing, however, that the extremity to which he

pushed this devout exercise, might place us likewise in some danger; with the concurrence of my brother officers, I ordered him forty-eight hours of solitary reflection in his cabin; at the end of which time, having expressed his sincere conviction of his impropriety, we suffered him to resume his functions; by which means we obtained an additional proof of his superior nautical attainments. The next morning, about seven, we made land, when enquiring of him what land he deemed it, he replied, "It is no part of England, sir; *it is an island*; and I rather think, Guernsey or Jersey!" On looking out, about five minutes after, I plainly discovered the Needle Rocks, nearly a-head of us, at about two miles distance; yet what rendered this man's ignorance the more offensive and aggravating, was, his having had the effrontery to find fault with the conduct of the Captain of the Alfred, for steering too far to the eastward; and asserting broadly, that not one in ten of the Captains of the Royal Navy, knew how to keep the ship's way.

After this, shall we affect to wonder that so many of our expeditions are unhappily chequered by shipwrecks: and our shores covered with the dead bodies of our heroes; when the lives of British subjects are entrusted so lightly, not to say wantonly, to creatures of this mould!

Quere. Why do not these men pass a regular examination at the Transport Board, before they are entrusted with the command of a ship in its service?

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Notes of the Moniteur upon General Hope's Letter to Sir David Baird, published in the London Gazette Extraordinary of January 24, 1809.

[We must not be surprized that the facts are perverted, as it is the policy of nations to exaggerate their successes, but not to register their defeats.]

GAZETTE.—"The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire," &c.

MONITEUR.—"The whole of this is false.—Sir John Moore was wounded as he was endeavouring to stop the flight of his troops. The French, at least in their serious attacks, were not repulsed at any one point."

GAZETTE.—"From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls."

MONITEUR.—"This Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls must have been a Rolando, if with *some companies* of the 14th regiment, he had retaken a village which was the principal object of contest. This part of the account certainly did not come from Sir John Hope, it is, doubtless, the production of the same pen that has made Europe acquainted with the details of the famous battle of Ronceval."

GAZETTE.—"Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points," &c.

MONITEUR.—"This is false, most false.—The village was carried and maintained possession of by the French. The English were driven from all their positions; but the action having begun only at three o'clock, and it being dark at five, our sharpshooters, after repelling the enemy, and passing over several walls of the gardens that surround Corunna, were necessarily obliged to halt."

GAZETTE.—"The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit."

MONITEUR.—"You were attacked at three o'clock in the afternoon; you began your embarkation at ten at night, though your squadron had not then completed its water, though you

had not emptied your magazines (a fact proved by the taking of 10,000 muskets, left behind in the establishment of Payosa, your heavy artillery, 500 horses, your clothing, and powder magazines, &c.) and though your wounded remained on the field of battle, where they fell into our hands. We cannot conceive what worse you could have done had you been beaten; but well know what you could and would have done had you been victorious, and had your statement been true. You would have maintained possession of the positions that cover Corunna; you would have employed the 17th in burying your dead, carrying off from the field of battle the bodies of your Generals, Colonels, and inferior Officers; collecting the stragglers, always numerous after an action continued until the approach of night; and in bringing in the wounded, who usually, after an engagement in the night time, scramble into farm-houses and cottages, to wait for the return of day-light. You would have embarked in the night of the 17th, if your view of the general system led you to think yourselves too weak to resist the French troops. Such would have been the result of the most petty advantage; but you have done nothing of all this. You embarked the same evening, pell-mell, and in disorder. You did not take time to evacuate your magazines, to pay the last honours to your Generals, to carry off your wounded, to save your four pieces of cannon, or to protect the retreat of the 300 men who covered your rear, and who fell into our hands in the pursuit.

GAZETTE.—"The whole of the army were embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled."

MONITEUR.—"The expedition with which you embarked is a very equivocal proof of the success you pretend to have had in the engagement."

GAZETTE.—"The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour."

MONITEUR.—"In reading this account, it is easy to perceive, that it is not the production of a military man, or else that it has been submitted to the revision of some of the Clerks in Mr. Canning's office. In fact you wish to make us believe, that you maintained your position, that is, remained masters of the field of battle, and yet you tell us 'the enemy,' &c. What! Sir John Hope! On the 16th you obtained so brilliant a success, and yet, during the night you evacuate 'the heights of St. Lucia, which *command the harbour*,' upon which the French immediately erect batteries that '*command the harbour*,' sink four of your transports, and thus give your fleet a signal to cut their cables and put to sea! Though an officer in the land service,

you have often embarked and disembarked troops. You must have some nautical knowledge, and you ought to have reflected that on the 17th the wind might have changed, (a very common occurrence) and had the wind changed, and your transports been forced to remain in the harbour, under the fire of the French batteries, that had already sunk four of their number, would you not have exposed yourself to reproach for having evacuated 'the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour?' In allowing that the French troops, at day-break, occupied the heights of St. Lucia, you clearly allow that you were then without retreat, and that, if not compelled to give way before a superior force, you must, of your own fault, wantonly, or without reflection, have put to hazard the fate of your army. You allege that you were victorious, the French say you were beaten. The nature of things can alone decide between you; but from the nature of things it results, that you have done the contrary of what you would have done had you been victorious, and that you have acted, in every respect, as if you had been beaten. It follows, therefore, that you have been beaten. This consequence, which you wish to dissemble, demonstratively results from all the details of your own narrative."

Gazette.—"Circumstances forbid us to hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army," &c.

Moniteur.—"This is the manner in which the English people are gulled. The same manœuvre has been employed by the ministry upon all occasions, and it must be granted that it has frequently succeeded. Truth, however, will make its way; but the ministry will have gained time, the anxiety of the public will abate, and the administration, after having deceived them, will find some fresh means of diverting their attention. Heavens grant that the English may gain such a victory every month!"

Gazette.—"The army which entered Spain, amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources."

Moniteur.—"So, at last, you admit that the Spanish armies are dispersed, and no longer in existence, and that you found yourselves left to your own resources! Is it the fault of the Spaniards that you made them wait so long for useless succours? Never did you fit out so powerful an expedition. You ought to thank Providence, that, at least a part of your army has been able to re-embark and effect its escape."

Gazette.—"The advance of the British corps from Duero afforded the best hope that the South of Spain might be relieved."

MONITEUR.—"These hopes were just as well founded as all those which the British Cabinet entertains at this moment."

GAZETTE.—"But this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain."

MONITEUR.—"Why was there not any other regular force there at the time you advanced? It was because you did not advance until the regular force of Spain was destroyed."

GAZETTE.—"The native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous."

MONITEUR.—"Our soldiers did not find any thing so very brilliant in the English soldiers' style of fighting; but they agree that the English Officers conducted themselves with the courage which belongs to men of honour."

GAZETTE.—"The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties."

MONITEUR.—"How the truth forces its way in spite of every effort to conceal it! Mr. Canning's clerk forgot to obliterate this expression of General Hope's. What an oversight! '*The troops in the embarkation*' were '*necessarily much mixed on board*' the transports, because the embarkation was conducted in disorder and confusion. Terror made the soldiers rush with precipitation to the boats, every one losing sight of his colours, and thinking only of his own safety. What must have been the result? That which in fact was the result—'the troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board.'

On General Hope's estimate of killed and wounded, the MONITEUR has the following note:—

"You had 2000 wounded; you left on the field of battle the dead bodies of three of your Generals, and 800 soldiers and officers. We counted them. We took 300 of you prisoners; you did not take a single man of ours. We had not 200 men wounded, and our loss in killed did not amount to 100, among whom there was not a single officer of distinction."

THE END.

J. Dennett, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn.

Simon Fraser

London

1809.

No. 2.

A

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c. &c.

INTRODUCTION

THE writer of the following pages, in the early part of his profeſſional career, entered into the military ſervice of his country, where he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the diſeaſes of the army, which induced him to undertake a work on the ſubject, and on the nature and treatment of gun-ſhot wounds. He had arrived at this part of his treatiſe, when circumſtances, already too well known to require enumeration, ſeemed

about to rekindle in Spain that ſpirit of rational liberty, which, though not extinct, had ſo long continued in ſuch a ſtate of apathy, as to excite an apprehenſion in unreflecting minds that its revival was, if practicable, extremely remote. The Britiſh nation, ever ready to aſſiſt in ſo glorious a cauſe as the emancipation of Europe from the fetters of an inſatiable deſpot, ſympathized moſt cordially with the patriots of Spain; and the ſolicitude to co-operate in their cauſe, ſeemed to pervade all ranks of ſociety in the United Kingdom. The writer, naturally participating in the ſame feelings with the reſt of his countrymen, and actuated by a ſolicitude to obtain that additional knowledge on the ſubject of his profeſſional inveſtigations, which can only be acquired on actual ſervice, reſolved, if poſſible, to accompany the forces which the Britiſh Govern-

ment ſo promptly ſupplied for the aſſiſtance of the Spaniſh patriots: but unfortunately finding the medical department of the firſt expedition was already filled, and his anxiety to witneſs the caſualties of an army engaged in a ſtate of warfare ſtill remaining, being totally uninfluenced by any views of rank or emolument, he immediately made a tender of his gratuitous ſervices to his Excellency the *Comte de Materoſa*, as the accredited repreſentative of the Spaniſh patriots. This nobleman received his offer with the moſt polite attention, but regretted that the nature of his miſſion did not authoriſe his acceptance of the ſervices of any Britiſh ſubject.

Thus diſappointed a ſecond time, the writer determined to proceed immediately to the ſeat of war, merely as a private individual, and without any appointment

whatever.—His Excellency the Britiſh Ambaſſador to Spain kindly intereſted himſelf to promote this intention, and obtained for him the following letter from their Excellencies the Spaniſh Deputies:

AO SOR. DON JUAN DE AREJULA,

MEDICO CIRUGANO DE CAMARA DE S. M. C. Y DEL EXERCITO DE ANDALUSIA, QUARTEL GENERAL.

SOR. DON JUAN AREJULA,

Muy Sor. nueſtro y eſtimado amigo, el Sor. Miniſtro nombrado para Eſpana, por eſte Goviemo, ſe ha intereſado con noſotros para que recomendemos á Vmd. al venemerito Profeſor de Cirugia, Mr. Henrique Milburne, que paſa á eſa con objetos facultatibos; y no dudando del favor de Vmd. que coadyubara á ſus obſervaciones y buenos deſeos, nos tomamos la libertad de recomendarſelo; eſperando de ſu bondad atenderá á eſte ſugeto, en lo que le permitan

ſus facultades, y á que le quedaremos agradecidos.

Nro. Sor. gûe la vida de Vmd. Ms. As.

London, 2 de Oct. de 1808.

B. L. M. de Vmd. ſus mas atentos ſervres.

ADRIAN JACOME.
JUAN RUIZ DE APODACA

(Tranſlation.)

TO SOR. DON JUAN DE AREJULA,

SURGEON OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY. AND OF THE ARMY OF ANDALUSIA, AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

JUAN AREJULA, ESQ.

Dear Sir, and our eſteemed friend, His honour the Miniſter, appointed for Spain by this Government, has uſed his influence with us, in order that we ſhould recommend to you the very deſerving profeſſor of ſurgery, Mr. Henry Milburne, who pro-

ceeds to that place with a profeſſional object; and not doubting, from your kindneſs, that you will contribute aſſiſtance to his obſervations and good wiſhes, we take the liberty of recommending him to you: hoping from your goodneſs you will pay attention to this gentleman, as far as your abilities will allow; and for which we ſhall remain thankful.

May our Lord preſerve your life many years.

London, October 2, 1808.

Your moſt obedient humble ſervants.

JUAN RUIZ DE APODACA.
ADRIAN JACOME.

With this credential, he was on the eve of departing for Spain, when he had the honor to be introduced to Mr. Gordon,*

* This gentleman represents Worcester in the present Parliament, and his donation of 1,000l. to the fund in aid of the Spanish patriots, placed him for some time at the head of the respectable list of subscribers.

the friend of Colonel Murphy, whose patriotic zeal and liberality induced him to raise, clothe, arm, and equip a legion of 2,000 men, at his own private expence—a munificent instance of genuine patriotism which requires no comment.—Colonel Murphy having written to Mr. Gordon to request he would engage a professional gentleman, properly qualified to act as principal Surgeon to his Legion, the writer accepted this appointment without hesitation; and having selected every medical article and surgical instrument, necessary or likely to be useful, proceeded to Portsmouth, and embarked on board the Primrose sloop of war on the 28th day of November, 1808; and on the 10th of December he debarked at Corunna, and was proceeding with all expedition to Madrid, when at Astorga he received intelligence of the captivity of Colonel

Murphy, and met the British army on the memorable retreat which forms the subject of the following Letter:—

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CASTLEREAGH, &c. &c



MY LORD,

HAVING had the honour of stating to your lordship my solicitude to accompany the British army to Spain, and what the objects were which excited my anxiety to proceed to the seat of war, the politeness with which I was honoured on that occasion, induces me to take the liberty of submitting to your lordship a narrative of events of which I was an eye-witness, and each of which, however trivial, must ever be an object of the most lively interest to the British nation.

When I debarked at Corunna, on the 10th of December, I immediately waited on the Junta of Gallicia, from whom I

met the moſt polite reception, and through whoſe mediation I obtained, without delay, a ſpecial paſſport to Madrid, from *Don Joaquin Garcia Morena*, Captain General of that province; and having procured horſes and mules for myſelf and ſervants, I ſet off in company with an eſcort under the command of *Captain Thackwell, of the 15th Light Dragoons, who were conveying ſpecie for the uſe of the Britiſh army. Being entruſted with the care of ſome important papers, and alſo with a valuable ſelection of ſurgeons' inſtruments, intended for the uſe of the Spaniſh army.

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* I am happy in this public manner to express the high sense of obligation I entertain of the very polite attention I experienced from this officer; whose exertions in executing the important duties of the trust reposed him, were exemplary and meritorious in the extreme, as were those of the officers under his immediate command, to whose civilities and kindness in general, I likewise consider myself greatly indebted.

I thought it prudent to continue in company with the escort.

On the 20th Dec. we arrived at the foot of one of the highest mountains in Gallicia, which we were to pass over, in the road from Nogalaz to Villa franca, seven English miles in ascent, in the most severe weather I ever experienced, the cold being intense, and accompanied by a heavy fall of snow; on this occasion, I had an opportunity of witnessing the superior physical strength of the British soldier; for while the native drivers and cattle were exhausted and unable to proceed, some dying, and others actually dead with the severity of the weather, the soldiers who formed the detachment, although principally composed of convalescents, encountered every severity with cheerfulness, and overcame every difficulty with spirit. I cannot here omit an instance of another predominant

trait in the character of my countrymen. A soldier of the 76th Regiment having found a Spanish child almost exhausted in the snow, wrapped it in his great coat, and carried it to a hut nearly at the summit of the mountain, where I was obliged to take refuge in consequence of my mules being unable to proceed, and where I had the satisfaction to see the poor child preserved from premature death by the humane exertions of this *man*.

"All are not *men* who wear the human form."

KOTZEBUE.

On the 27th I arrived at Astorga, and waited on the Junta of Castile, where I had the mortification to learn that Colonel Murphy had fallen into the hands of the French; and that the British army were on the retreat, and hourly expected at Astorga. Finding it impossible to accomplish my original object, of joining Colonel

Murphy's legion, I tendered my professional services to the Spanish government, which were most thankfully received; here I found the hospitals, convents, and many private houses crowded with the sick and wounded of the Spanish army; many labouring under contagious diseases, and all badly accommodated, and in want of almost every medical necessary; the wards were all full, and many who were dying with mortification of the extremities, occasioned by the severity of the weather and scarcity of provisions, were lying on the floors and stairs, some under the piazzas, and others on the cars on which they had been conveyed, there being no room to receive them: this scene of unspeakable distress was aggravated by the want of medical and surgical assistance, many of the wounded whom I dressed having remained for several days in the state in which they had

been brought in. Under all theſe circumſtances, and aware of the danger to which the Britiſh troops would be expoſed on their arrival at a place where the ſick of contagious diſeaſes were indiſcriminately lodged in almoſt every houſe; I thought it a duty incumbent on me to wait on General Fraſer, then commanding the Britiſh troops at Aſtorga, to repreſent the danger to him, and to tender my ſervices in the removal of ſuch part of the ſick as could with propriety be removed, and to mark ſuch houſes as I conſidered improper for the reception of healthy troops.

The General, with his uſual affability, paid every attention to my repreſentation, and addreſſed the following letter to the Junta of Aſtorga.

Astorga, 29th Dec. 1808.

GENTLEMEN,

It being deemed expedient, for the preservation of the health of the British army, that the sick of the Spanish army should be collected in one place, and separated from the former as much as possible, I have to request that you would, without delay, give authority to Professor Surgeon Milburne to remove and dispose of them in such situations out of the town as he may think most proper.

I remain, with respect,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. M. FRASER, Lieut.-Gen.

Commanding H. B. M. Troops at Astorga.

To their Excellencies the

Junta of Astorga.

I had the honor to deliver this letter from General Frafer to the Junta; and, in confequence, orders were immediately iffued, enabling me to carry my intentions into effect, copies of which are as follows:—

Ne fe impida al Profefor, contenido en la antor. Licencia el reconocer los enfermos Efpanoles, y dar la razon que fe le pide.

Junta de Aftorga, Dec. 29, de 1808.

(Accordado)

MOLINA.

Lizdo. Costilla.

(Tranflation.)

Let not the Profeffor named in the foregoing Licence be hindered from examining

the Spanish ſick, and giving the account required of him.

Junta of Astorga, Dec. 29, 1808.

(Granted.)

MOLINA.

The Licentiate Costilla.

Si la Junta tiene facultades para diſponer de los enfermos, que reſiden en el Comisario Ordenador, Don Joſef Orm, Inſpector de los Hoſpitales; diſpondrá eſte miniſtro (ſegun me parece) de que ſe practique eſte reconocimiento, é igualmente reſerbará eſte oficio para ſu govierno.

Astorga, 29 de Diciembre, de 1808.

RAMON ORELL.

(Tranſlation.)

By the Senorio.

If the Junta ſhould have the authority to diſpoſe of the ſick which reſts with the

Commiſſary Ordenador, Don Joſef Orm, Inſpector of the Hoſpitals, let this officer direct (according as appears to me) that this examination have effect; and likewiſe he is to keep this document for his own government.

Astorga, Dec. 29, 1808.

RAMON ORELL.

El Contralor Don Leopoldo Saguete, acompanado del Cirujano Tardio reconoceran los Emfermos aſi de los Hoſpitales como de los Depoſitos con el facultatibo Ingles que cita eſte oficio y le permitiran el examen os todos ellos, aſi de ſus dolencias como del numero de Enfermos que ſobieſe en el dia, inſtruiendole el miſmio Tandio con todas las noticias proprias de ſu profeſſion; y el Contralor conſerbara en ſu poder eſte documento para lo que pudieſe occurir en lo ſubceſibo.

ORTIZ.

The Deputy Accomptant, Don Leopoldo Saguete, accompanied by Surgeon Tardio, is to examine the ſick both in the Hoſpitals and the Depots, with the Engliſh Profeſſor referred to by this document, and they are to allow him the inſpection of the whole of them, as well of their complaints, as of the number of ſick there may be at the preſent time. The ſame Surgeon Tardio is to give him all the information belonging to their profeſſion; and the Deputy-Accomptant will keep in his poſſeſſion this document, in caſe any thing ſhould occur in future.

ORTIZ.

I endeavoured as far as poſſible to carry into effect what I had purpoſed, in removing the ſick and wounded Spaniards from the houſes I had ſelected as proper for the reception of the Engliſh troops; but the

hurry and confusion which unavoidably prevailed, prevented me from being as fully successful as I could have wished.

* On the 29th of December the very

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* The late lamented hero, Sir John Moore, whose memory must be long and fondly cherished in the bosoms of his grateful countrymen; in his official dispatch detailing this affair, concludes in the following words: "The affair was well contested. The numbers with which Brigadier-general Stewart attacked were inferior to the French; it is the corps of the greatest character in their army; but the superiority of the British, was, I am told, very conspicuous." Lord Paget's report on this occasion is as follows: "About nine o'clock I received a report that the enemy's cavalry was in the act of crossing the river at the ford near the bridge. I immediately sent down the picquets of the night under Lieutenant-colonel Otway, of the 17th. Having left orders that the cavalry should repair to their alarm ports, I went forward to reconnoitre, and found four squadrons of Imperial Guards formed and skirmishing with the picquets and other cavalry in the act of passing. I sent for the 10th Hussars, who having arrived, Brigadier-general Stewart immediately placed himself at the head of the

brilliant affair took place, in which the British cavalry, under the orders of Lord Paget, and the immediate command of Brigadier-general Stewart, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves againſt the Imperial Guards of Buonaparte, near Benevente; and a considerable number of priſoners being ſubſequently sent into Aſtorga, I had the ſatisfaction of rendering material aſſiſtance to ſome of theſe poor fellows, by immediately dreſſing their wounds, many of which were extremely deſperate. One in particular, a fine ſtout good-looking young man, muſt have fought very obſtinately, as he had received no leſs than ſix ſevere cuts of a ſabre

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picquets, and with the utmost gallantry attacked. The 10th Hussars supported in the most perfect order."

Among the prisoners taken, was General Lefebvre, who commanded the imperial guards, and two captains.

on thehead and body. He ſtated that he received *all* theſe wounds from *one* of our dragoons, who eventually ſucceeded in diſarming him, by a ſevere cut on the right ſhoulder. I muſt here obſerve, that theſe unfortunate men expreſſed the deepeſt ſenſe of gratitude for my profeſſional attention, and ſpoke in terms of the higheſt admiration of the gallantry and courage of the Britiſh troops, whoſe charge they affirmed was made with ſuch regularity and impetuoſity, that it was impoſſible to withſtand its effect. The commander in chief arrived at Aſtorga on the 30th of December, and on the following day proceeded with the reſerve of the army and the cavalry to Villa Franca, at which place the diviſion under the command of Major-general Frazer had arrived the preceding evening. The gallant and illuſtrious Marquis de Romana entering Aſtorga on the ſame day

with Sir John Moore, I had the honour of an audience, and again on the next day, when hearing that his army were not only in want of medical aſſiſtance, but nearly deſtitute of ſurgical inſtruments of every kind; I made him a tender of my profeſſional ſervices, and the uſe of the very complete ſets of inſtruments which I had in charge. The noble marquis received me with the greateſt politeneſs and condeſcenſion, thanked me in very handſome terms for my offers, and informedme he ſhould be at Pomfeferada on the following day, where he requeſted I would meet him. It was with conſiderable regret that I was prevented from meeting the Marquis, as I fully intended, from the impoſſibility of procuring a conveyance for my baggage, as my mules, from fatigue and want of provender, were utterly unable to travel. The Junta of the town, on my application to them, had

ſent out perſons to endeavour to procure mules for my accommodation, and in the expectation of their ſucceeding in this object, I remained in Aſtorga till late at night.—At this period advice was received that the advance of the French army were approaching, and that ſome of the picquets were actually within the town.—It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the ſcene of confuſion and diſmay which took place, the inhabitants flying in every direction, loaded with bundles of apparel, and other articles, which had been previouſly packed up. In this ſtate of affairs, it being impoſſible for me to expect any aſſiſtance towards conveying my baggage, I loaded my horſe, and commenced my journey towards Villa Franca on foot. About two o'olock in the morning I came up with the Britiſh army, which were halted at a village called Manzanal, fourteen miles from Aſtorga.

On the road between this place and Aftorga, I fell in with a divifion of the army, who were proceeding to Pomfeferada, and alfo with five cars, conveying fome fick men, women, and regimental baggage, following the grand army, on one of which I took the opportunity of placing a cheft of inftruments. Having waited feveral hours in vain expectation of the arrival of thefe cars, I was fo extremely anxious for the prefervation of the inftruments, which were of the utmoft importance, that I refolved to return towards Aftorga, my fervant being from illnefs incapable of the tafk.—After walking about eight miles, I met the cars at the foot of a very fteep hill, not a great diftance from the fpot where I had left them, there not being oxen fufficient to drag them to the fummit, the roads having been rendered extremely difficult from the depth of fnow.

As the French army was rapidly approaching, I advifed the non-commiffioned officer in charge of the party to deftroy two of the cars and their baggage, and to add the oxen belonging to them to the remaining ones, which he did, and was enabled to proceed; and I had the fatisfaction of afterwards feeing them fafe at Manzanel.

When I reached this place again, I found the army had continued its march, with the exception of fome fick, who were obliged to be left behind.—After having refted fome time, the cars before-mentioned proceeded towards Bembebre. A very heavy fall of fnow induced me to take fhelter in a large barn adjacent to the road, half way between that place and the former, where I found about ten Englifh foldiers, and fixty or feventy armed Spaniards. During the period I remained here, an alarm was given that a party of

French chaſſeurs were approaching, and myſelf and ſome others had ſcarcely time to eſcape ere they ſurrounded the barn.—Several ſhots were fired at us, by one of which I was ſlightly wounded. At Bembibre I again came up with the rear of the army, having on the road paſſed a great number of ſtragglers, ſick, women, and children, moſt of whom no doubt fell into the hands of the enemy.*—A moſt diſtreſſing object attracted my notice during this day's march, which powerfully awakened my ſenſibility, and occaſioned deep and ſincere regret that I had not the means of effectually relieving. The object which I allude to was a poor ſoldier's wife, who had been taken in labour, and

* I communicated to the commanding officer of the English picquet the circumstances already detailed, and they had subsequently some skirmishing.

who, with the infant of which ſhe delivered herſelf, were lying by the ſide of the road. All I could do was to render my profeſſional aid; but I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the poor woman and her child placed on a car, by the humanity of a Spaniſh officer, who was eſcorting a party of his ſick and wounded compatriots. I ſhould have previouſly mentioned that I paſſed through a diviſion of the Marquis De Romana's army, in my way from Manzanal to Bembebre, who were purſuing their route to Pomfeferada.

Having marched nearly fifty miles, without reſt or refreſhment, my ſervant's illneſs preventing him from affording the ſlighteſt aſſiſtance, and the accident I had met with on the preceding day becoming painful, rendered it impoſſible for me to proceed farther on foot. In this ſituation, and the enemy preſſing extremely cloſe, I

was unfortunately obliged to abandon the whole of my baggage, leaving it, together with a very valuable aſſortment of inſtruments and medicines, which had been ſelected with particular care at great expence in England, in Bembebre, into which the advance of the French army actually entered before I was out of ſight of the place.—Soon after quitting the town of Bembebre, I came up with the rear of the army, and meeting Captain Thackwell, of the 15th Light Dragoons, with whom I had previouſly the honor of marching to Aſtorga, he ſtrongly adviſed me to puſh on as faſt as poſſible, as, from the force in which the French appeared, and the rapidity of their movements, an immediate attack was apprehended: indeed, immediately afterwards, much ſkirmiſhing took place between the advance and rear of the two armies.

The rear of the army halted at Caballos for ſome hours, and the enemy's cavalry continuing to preſs upon them very much, our dragoons formed on a plain about a mile diſtant, on the right of the town, and offered them battle. Some ſevere ſkirmiſhing enſued, and our troops eventually ſucceeded in compelling the French to retire.

On the 3d of January the whole of the Britiſh army arrived at Villa Franca; and although, from the extreme rapidity of its movements, conſiderable numbers, through exceſſive fatigue, want of ſufficient refreſhment, and other cauſes, remained on the road, and in the different villages in its vicinity: all things conſidered, the retreat to this place was attended with leſs loſs and confuſion than might have reaſonably been expected, where the difficulties to be

ſurmounted were ſo arduous, numerous, and diſtreſſing.

It was expected that the army would have received conſiderable ſupplies of proviſións and other neceſſaries at Villa Franca; but were unfortunately diſappointed, great numbers of the inhabitants having quitted their houſes, taking with them every thing portable; and thoſe that remained were in ſuch a ſtate of terror and confuſion, as to render them apparently incapable of diſcriminating between friends and foes, it being impoſſible for the Britiſh ſoldiers to obtain from them, even by purchaſe, articles which their French viſitors would not have ſcrupled to extort by force.

On the following morning the army recommenced its march towards Lugo, which, although a diſtance of eighteen Spaniſh leagues, or ſeventy-two Engliſh

miles, may with propriety be affirmed to have been performed almoſt without halting, as the ſhort intervals allowed for reſt at Nagolaz and Conſtantine can ſcarcely be conſidered as ſuch.

The fatigues endured by the troops was incredible, labouring under every ſpecies of privation; they had alſo to encounter with extreme inclement weather, and roads intolerably bad. The cavalry horſes in particular ſuffered moſt ſeverely, and many becoming unable to proceed, were ſhot; as were numbers employed in the artillery and commiſſariat departments, and in the conveyance of baggage. Indeed hundreds of horſes and mules were left dead on the road between Nagolaz and Lugo.

Some idea may be formed of what the British dragoons underwent, from the circumſtance of their having performed a march of ſeventy-two miles in twenty-ſix hours,

twenty-four of which they were actually on horfeback. At this period the ftragglers conftantly augmented; and as the enemy's cavalry kept clofe on our rear, numbers of them were either killed or taken prifoners.—Several of the Englifh were feen dead on the road, having perifhed from exceffive fatigue, privations, and extreme cold; as well as many of the Spanifh muleteers. A report having got into circulation that the French inhumanly maffacred all the prifoners that fell into their hands during the march, occafioned additional terror and confufion amongft the fick: the women and children, for many of whom there was no conveyance, and being unable to keep pace with the troops, were unavoidably abandoned to their fate.—The lamentations and cries of thefe unfortunate people, imploring affiftance, which it was impoffible to render

them, were truly diſtreſſing; and perhaps a ſcene more calculated to excite ſympathy and compaſſion never occurred than in the following inſtance:—A poor woman, the wife of a ſoldier belonging to an Highland regiment, exhauſted by hunger and fatigue, ſunk lifeleſs on the road, with two children in her arms, where ſhe remained; and when I paſſed the corps, one of the little innocents was ſtill endeavouring to extract that nouriſhment from its parent's boſom which nature no longer ſupplied.

On the night of the 4th, and in the morning of the 5th of January, the whole of the army arrived in Lugo; and the miſerable and exhauſted condition of men and cattle rendered it abſolutely neceſſary to halt. The arrival of the troops during the night occaſioned the utmoſt confuſion and alarm amongſt the Spaniards, inaſmuch as thoſe who ſtill remained in their houſes

barred their doors againſt our men, which were in conſequence obliged to be forced open. This of courſe occaſioned many quarrels and ſcuffles between them and the ſoldiers; and as, in many inſtances, the Spaniards unfortunately made obſtinate reſiſtance, the former were compelled to oppoſe force by force.

On the 6th of January the enemy's advance approached near the town, and in the afternoon of that day were engaged with our troops, by whom they were repulſed with conſiderable loſs.

From the movements of the enemy after this affair, it was conſidered probable they meditated a general battle, and under this impreſſion I preſume it was that the Commander in Chief took up the poſition, on the 7th, in which he purpoſed to await the attack, having previouſly ſent forward as many of the ſick and wounded, and as

much of the baggage as practicable.—However, no ſuch event taking place, the army proceeded on their retreat towards Corunna.

Notwithſtanding the miſery and confuſion which prevailed on the march from Villa Franca to Lugo, and which I have endeavoured faintly to deſcribe, was extremely great, all theſe circumſtances were now conſiderably augmented; indeed, words are inadequate to depict the ſcenes of diſtreſs which every moment preſented themſelves to notice.

At Lugo and near it a conſiderable quantity of treaſure was obliged to be abandoned, as alſo great quantities of commiſſariat ſtores, and public and private baggage.*

* Major-general Fraser's division having marched seven or eight leagues on the road towards Vigo, was recalled by the

The vicinity of Lugo was peculiarly picturefque and romantic, and near it was a handfome bridge of three very lofty arches, which I underftand was ordered to have been deftroyed as foon as the rear of the army fhould have paffed over; but from fome reafons or other, with which I am unacquainted, this meafure was not effectually accomplifhed.*

The army continued its march through

Commander in Chief, in consequence of his apprehending an attack from the enemy, which occasioned that part of the army to suffer more severely than the other.

* A medical officer of the 51st regiment, who, from particular circumstances, remained in the town till the French had actually entered it, but who escaped at day-light, informed me that the bridge was so far from being rendered impassable, that some of the men in the engineer department were at *that time* employed in removing the loose stones, which had been displaced by the previous explosion of gunpowder.

Vaumondè and Betanzos to Corunna, where, and in its vicinage, they arrived on the 10th and 11th of January.

This retreat, from the diſtance marched, and the numerous difficulties by which it was attended, will long remain a proud and honourable proof of the energy, perſeverance, and valour of the Britiſh ſoldier.*

* As I was not present on the retreat previous to the arrival of the army at Astorga, I cannot possibly resort to information equally accurate as that contained in the official dispatch of the late Lieutenant-general Sir John Moore, of which the following is an extract:—

"On the 21st (December) the army reached Sahagun; it was necessary to halt there, in order to refresh the men, and on account of provisions. The information I received was, that Marshal Soult was at Saldana with about sixteen thousand men, with posts along the river from Guarda to Carrion.

"The army was ordered to march in two columns at eight o'clock on the night of the 23d, to force the bridge at Carrion, and from thence proceed to Saldana. At six o'clock I received

I may venture to aſſert, that it has no parallel in the annals of modern hiſtory,

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information that considerable reinforcements had arrived at Carrion from Palencia, and a letter from the Marquis de la Romana informed me that the French were advancing from Madrid either to Valladolid or Salamanca. It was evident that it was too late to prosecute the attempt upon Soult, that I must be satisfied with the diversion I had made, and that I had no time to lose to secure my retreat. The next morning Lieutenant-general Hope, with his own division, and that of Lieutenant-general Fraser marched to Majorga. I sent Sir David Baird with his division to pass the river at Valencia, and followed Lieutenant-general Hope on the 25th with the reserve and the light brigades, by Majorga and Valderas, to Benevente. The cavalry under Lord Paget followed the reserve on the 26th; both the latter corps entered this place yesterday. We continue our march on Astorga. Generals Hope and Fraser are already gone on; General Baird proceeds to-morrow from Valencia, and I shall leave this with the reserve at the same time. Lord Paget will remain with the cavalry to give us notice of the approach of the enemy; hitherto the infantry have not come up; but they are near, and the cavalry surround us in great number: they are checked by our cavalry, which have obtained, by their spirit and enterprize, an as-

and that it reflects equal honour on the talents of the late lamented hero by

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cendancy over that of the French, which nothing but great superiority of numbers on their part will get the better of.

"The diversion made by our march on Sahagun, though at great risk to ourselves, has been complete; it remains to be seen what advantage the Spaniards in the South will be able to make of it, but the march of the French on Badajoz was stopped, and when its advanced guard had reached Talaviera de la Reine, and every thing disposable is now turned in this direction. The only part of the army which has been hitherto engaged with the enemy has been the cavalry, and it is impossible for me to say too much in their praise. I mentioned to your Lordship, in my letter of the 16th, the success Brigadier-general Stewart had met with in defeating a detachment of cavalry at Rueda. Since that, few days have passed without his taking or killing different parties of the French, generally superior in force to those which attacked them. On their march to Sahagun Lord Paget had information of 600 or 700 cavalry being in that town. He marched on the 20th from some villages where he was posted in front of the enemy at Majorga, with the 10th and 15th Hussars. The 10th marched straight to the town, whilst Lord Paget with the 15th endeavoured to turn it. Unfortunately he fell in with a patrole, one of whom

whom it was conducted, and the ſurviving officers and men who were individually concerned in its accompliſhment.

When the troops arrived at Corunna, the tranſports in which they were to embark had not come round from Vigo; therefore, as the enemy were ſo rapidly advancing, it became neceſſary for the Commander in Chief to occupy the moſt favourable poſitions that preſented themſelves, for the purpoſe of covering the embarkation. The reſerve, under the command of the Hon. Major-general Paget, was ſtationed near the bridge of Burgo, which

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escaped, and gave the alarm. By this means the French had time to form on the outside of the town before Lord Paget got round. He immediately charged them, beat them, and took from 140 to 150 prisoners, amongst whom were two Lieutenant-colonels and eleven officers, with the loss on our part of six or eight men, and perhaps 20 wounded."

had been previoufly deftroyed, but not fo effectually as could have been wifhed.*

Here fome fharp fkirmifhing took place between them and the advance of the enemy.—Sir David Baird's and General Hope's divifions were the fame evening advanced about two miles in front of Corunna, near to which the French had alfo taken a pofition. During this period the Britifh engineers and artillery were bufily employed in affifting the Spaniards in repairing and improving the batteries and fortifications on the land front of the town, which were in a very defective condition.

The guns and carriages moft unfit for fervice were now replaced by others from

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* In carrying the object of destroying this bridge into execution, an officer of the engineers unfortunately lost his life during the explosion.

the citadel; amongſt the former were ſeveral braſs ones of extraordinary large calibre. New mortar-batteries were alſo erected, and the parapets lined with proviſion-barrels, filled with gravel by the artillery-men, for the purpoſe, I imagine, of protecting the gunners from the ſhots of the enemy's markſmen. It is but doing juſtice to the Spaniards to obſerve, that in theſe efforts they were extremely active and aſſiduous; and in a viſit I paid to the batteries I ſaw two young women in male attire, and armed with ſabres, aſſiſting and encouraging the workmen, and ſupplying them with wine and other refreſhments.

On the morning of the 13th, between eight and nine o'clock, a powder magazine, ſituated on the heights about two or three miles from the town, was blown up, to prevent its contents from falling into the hands of the enemy. However, ſeve-

ral hundred barrels of gunpowder had been removed on the preceding day to the citadel; neverthelefs, the explofion was tremendous, the whole of Corunna being convulfed as if by an earthquake; many windows were broken, and even the fhipping in the harbour experienced its effect. The inhabitants not having been apprized of this circumftance previous to its taking place, were thrown into a momentary ftate of confufion and affright.

On the 14th feveral fail of the line and tranfports arrived from Vigo, and the cavalry and artillery commenced their embarkation, with the exception of two or three brigades of guns, and a few dragoons for the duties of the picquet; the fick were alfo fent on board.

On this day I rode confiderably beyond the Britifh lines, as far as the moft advanced of their videttes, and had a full

view of the French army, which at this period occupied the heights on the left, next the ſea, their picquets being ſtationed at a village in the main road leading from Corunna to Betanzos, within a mile of the Engliſh. It occaſioned me no inconſiderable ſurpriſe, from not being perfectly acquainted with military etiquette, to obſerve the Britiſh and French videttes ſo near to each other, as to be within hearing; and I alſo noticed ſeveral riflemen, concealed on the ſide of the road, ready to direct their aim at any of the enemy's officers who might advance to reconnoitre. Two Engliſh officers inadvertently rode paſt their own videttes, and would in all probability have fallen into the hands of the French, had they not been called to by ſome of the ſoldiers, and made ſenſible of their danger, which they eſcaped by returning as quick as poſſible.

The ſame day I ſaw two French officers, apparently amuſing themſelves by picking up ſhells on the ſands of the bay at low water. They might to a certainty have been ſhot by the riflemen, had they been permitted to fire on them, being far within the range of their pieces. On ſeveral parts of the road in this neighbourhood, walls of looſe ſtones were thrown acroſs, for the purpoſe of obſtructing the progreſs of cavalry, which alſo afforded excellent cover for the riflemen to conceal themſelves behind. The houſes and villages on both ſides of the road were completely abandoned by the Spaniards, and of courſe taken temporary poſſeſſion of by the armies. As I was returning to Corunna, I overtook a Spaniard who had juſt made his eſcape from the enemy, and who related an anecdote of two young women, who having remained in a village

disguifed in male attire, were difcovered and feized by a party, confifting of upwards of twenty French foldiers, and treated in a manner too brutal and inhuman for me to defcribe.

During the night the French fires, from their number and extent, evinced their force to be very confiderable, and in the morning it was difcovered they had received a large reinforcement, and that they had moved their pofition to the heights on the right.

On the 15th the advanced guard of the Britifh army, which was ftationed on the heights near a place called Villaboa, was attacked by the enemy, as were the other outpofts, probably with the view of afcertaining with more certainty the nature of their pofition, and the amount of their force. This was confidered as a preliminary meafure to a general battle,

which was confirmed by the events of the following day.

The French this day posted two guns at a detached house on the road, from whence they fired on the British lines. They were soon silenced by two English field-pieces, and obliged to retire with precipitation. The English guns were so extremely well served and pointed, that a shot from one of them was seen to kill several of the enemy, whilst their efforts were attended with little effect, the shots mostly falling short of the objects they were aimed at; indeed, I neither saw nor heard of any mischief done by them, unless the killing of a mule may be considered deserving of that appellation. One shell passed over the advanced post it was directed against, falling near the road amongst several British soldiers, without occasioning any of them the smallest

injury. The whole day was paſſed in continual ſkirmiſhing, during which the cool and intrepid conduct of the Britiſh troops was eminently conſpicuous and exemplary. The late Lieutenant-colonel Mackenzie, of the 1ſt battalion of the 5th regiment, particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his activity and bravery. Having had one horſe ſhot under him, he remounted on another, advanced again to the attack, and unfortunately received a wound from a muſket-ball, which occaſioned his death in a few hours afterwards.— A moſt intereſting ſpectacle preſented itſelf during this day in the movements and operations of the contending parties, being ſufficiently near for me plainly to diſtinguiſh every thing that took place. In one inſtance I noticed a detachment, conſiſting, I ſhould think, of more than a hundred of the enemy, take poſſeſ-

ſion of a houſe on the ſide of a hill, from whence they were ſpeedily diſlodged by the Britiſh artillery, the firſt ſhot from whom penetrated completely through the houſe, compelling them to ſeek ſafety on the height by a precipitate flight.

This day and the preceding a great number of horſes and mules which had been diſabled were ſhot in the ſquare of the arſenal at St. Lucia, near Corunna.

I have already mentioned, that in conſequence of the enemy's movements on the morning of this day, a general battle was expected immediately, but that nothing more took place than a ſeries of ſkirmiſhing. The delay, in all probability, was occaſioned by the reinforcements expected by the enemy not having arrived in due time.

The firing did not entirely ceaſe till the evening, when the outpoſts were relieved,

and the brave Engliſh troops who had been engaged were withdrawn to take that reſt which their vigorous and arduous exertions rendered ſo requiſite. The army in general had been ſupplied with their due proportion of rations ſince their arrival at Corunna, which the uncommon rapidity of the retreat, and the local circumſtances previouſly detailed, prevented their receiving with regularity during their march. Thoſe ſoldiers who required them were alſo furniſhed with ſhoes, ſtockings, and other articles of clothing, and new arms were delivered out, to replace thoſe that had been loſt or rendered unfit for ſervice.

On the morning of the 16th an unuſual degree of buſtle and animation appeared to prevail amongſt the Spaniſh troops and inhabitants, his Excellency the Commandant, *Don Joaquin Garcia Morena,*

having by proclamation and other methods exhorted them to exert their utmoſt efforts in co-operating with their brave allies to repel the aſſaults of the enemy, and to afford them every poſſible facility towards effecting their embarkation, declaring at the ſame time it was his determination to defend the place to the laſt extremity.—This venerable and patriotic officer, though apparently upwards of ſeventy years of age, evinced the utmoſt activity and zeal in the performance of his duties, being the greateſt part of every day on horſeback, perſonally inſpecting the progreſs of the works, and the organization of the volunteers.*

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* The confidence of the inhabitants appeared to be considerably increased by the events of the preceding day. At the house wherein I had apartments, the females of the family, who were in high spirits, amused themselves by dancing to their

I again this morning visited the English advanced posts, which had not altered their position since the preceding day; at this period, every thing appearing perfectly quiet, the soldiers, excepting those on sentry, were resting and taking refreshment, but still in a situation ready to turn out at a moment's notice. The men had erected for themselves huts, formed of boards, straw, and other materials, hastily collected from the buildings in the neighbourhood, there being very few tents.

Notwithstanding the fatigue the English soldiers had already undergone, and the severe conflicts they had recently been engaged in, they appeared in excellent

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castanets, at the same time expressing their admiration of the English, and contempt for the French, who they stigmatized with the appellation of *Piccaroon*.

ſpirits, expreſſing the higheſt confidence in their officers, and ſeemed anxious, by being again oppoſed to the enemy, to bring to a concluſion the object of their illustrious General in Chief, of the favourable iſſue of which they entertained no doubt. It was between the hours of ten and eleven, that I rode to the Engliſh outpoſts.—The morning was extremely fine, and I had a very diſtinct view of the enemy's army. A large body of cavalry and infantry, evidently a reinforcement, at this time were marching up to the heights in front, accompanied by bands of muſic, drums, and fifes. A few ſhots were fired at their rear by the Britiſh, but I believe the diſtance was too great for them to do execution. The extent of the French lines could plainly be aſcertained through a teleſcope, and I could diſtinguiſh engineers and artillery-men buſily employed

in their front, as I imagined erecting a battery. Were I permitted to offer an opinion of the numbers of which the enemy's army consisted, to judge from the extent and depth of their line, I should certainly estimate them at upwards of thirty thousand. Soon after I reached Corunna, where I had business with the Inspector of Hospitals, the French army commenced their attack on the British outposts, which I had just visited.*

* Having settled my business with Dr. Shapter, to whose polite attention I feel myself greatly indebted, I rode back to the scene of action, where I took a station from whence I could see what passed, and also be at hand to afford any professional assistance in my power that might be required. This enables me to offer what I trust may be deemed not altogether an uninteresting detail of events that passed under my actual inspection; and as I subsequently ascertained the names of officers and corps engaged, I hope it will be found tolerably correct.

A heavy diſcharge of artillery took place about one o'clock from the enemy's batteries on the heights in front of the army, which was returned by ſuch of the Britiſh artillery as had not been embarked, a brigade of which had been previouſly ſtationed in the main road, ready to act as circumſtances might require. The commanding poſition of the enemy's guns enabled them to have a ſuperior effect to thoſe of the Engliſh, who were ſo much below them. The principal attack of the enemy was directed to the diviſion under Sir David Baird, which was undoubtedly the weakeſt portion of the Britiſh line, againſt which they advanced three very ſtrong columns. Nothing could poſſibly exceed the intrepidity, firmneſs, and good order with which this diviſion ſuſtained the attack. After a very arduous ſtruggle, the Britiſh ſucceeded in driving the enemy

down from the heights whereon they had attacked them, and charged them with the utmoſt ſpirit and ardour half way up the hill, on the other ſide, which they had before occupied, to the place where they had poſted their guns, which very nearly fell into the hands of the Engliſh, and were only preſerved by being haſtily withdrawn.

A village to the right of General Baird's diviſion became an object of obſtinate conteſt between the two armies. It was ſituated at the foot of a hill, and crowded with French troops; theſe were gallantly attacked by the Engliſh no leſs than three ſeveral times, who at length ſucceeded in carrying the place, after an immenſe ſlaughter of the enemy. The fiftieth regiment and the Guards were chiefly concerned in this affair, during which I am informed they loſt two field

officers, and three ſubalterns, and about one hundred men killed, and a conſider-able number were wounded.

The fifty-ſecond light infantry, and the ninety-fifth rifle corps, alſo particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves near to this place, being engaged on the right of the village, and actually purſued the French up the hill, who fled before them with confuſion and diſmay.

During this attack, Lieutenant-general Sir David Baird, who throughout was moſt ably ſupported by Lord William Bentinck, and the brigade under his command, received a very ſevere wound, which obliged him to be taken from the field, and the Commander in Chief, who was near this diviſion, ſhortly afterwards alſo fell by a cannon-ſhot.

This portion of the Britiſh army it was that ſuffered the moſt ſeverely, and parti-

cularly Lord William Bentinck's brigade; the left was ſo ſtrongly poſted, that the enemy did not conſider it prudent to hazard an attempt at forcing them, contenting themſelves with directing at them a very furious cannonade. Towards the evening, however, the fourteenth regiment of infantry, who formed part of the left of the line, were detached, and who executed a moſt gallant and glorious enterprize. A very numerous body of the French troops having occupied a village at a conſiderable diſtance in their front, they were ordered to diſlodge them. This they ſucceeded in effecting at the point of the bayonet, but not without ſuſtaining ſevere loſs, as the French diſputed the poſſeſſion of the place with determined obſtinacy and perſeverance, the conflict only ending with the flight.

Notwithſtanding the immenſe ſupe-

riority of the enemy in point of numbers, and the advantages of the commanding poſition they poſſeſſed, they were completely and decidedly foiled in every one of their reiterated attempts to turn the right of the Britiſh army, and their loſs in killed and wounded was certainly infinitely greater than thoſe whom they attacked.

A great deal of the ſucceſsful oppoſition to theſe attempts muſt in juſtice be attributed to a judiciouſly-timed and well-concerted movement of the Honourable Major-general Paget's, who marched the reſerve under his command from their cantonments, in ſupport of the right wing of the army, and by a moſt vigorous and effective attack, completely defeated his intention. The extremely judicious ſtation occupied by Lieutenant-general Fraſer's diviſion, ſtill further added to the

ſecurity of the right of the army, and diſappointed the enemy in his hopes of ſucceſs in that quarter, compelling him at length totally to abandon his purpoſe. At ſix o'clock in the evening the firing on both ſides ceaſed, the advance of the Britiſh army remaining upwards of a mile beyond the poſition they had occupied previous to the commencement of the action, ſo that they may with juſtice and truth be pronounced the conquerors on this memorable occaſion.

The exact number of the killed and wounded during this conflict has not, and perhaps may never be aſcertained; but from the beſt information I have been enabled to procure on the ſubject, I ſhould imagine did not amount to one thouſand, whilſt that of the French muſt have been nearly double.

The Britiſh army commenced its retreat

for embarkation about eleven o'clock, taking with them as many of their wounded as were in a condition to be moved; the remainder they were under the painful neceſſity of leaving on the field along with thoſe of the enemy. The order in which the troops marched from their poſitions was ſuch as to reflect high credit on the character and diſcipline of Britiſh ſoldiers, the artillery taking the lead. The picquets, however, remained at their reſpective poſts until between four and five o'clock on the morning of the 17th, when they were likewiſe withdrawn, without any movements of the enemy having taken place indicative of their being acquainted with what was paſſing; although it is more than probable, from paſt experience, he felt no inclination to offer any obſtruction to the execution of their plans, until they were too far removed

to have it in their power to recriminate.

The Commiſſioner and Captains of the Royal Navy* exerted themſelves in the moſt ſtrenuous and praiſe-worthy manner in co-operating with the commanders of the land forces, in effecting the embarkation, which was accompliſhed with a degree of expedition perhaps never equalled upon any ſimilar occaſion.

The brigades under the command of Major-general Hill and Major-general

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* Commissioner Bowen.

Captains---The Hon. H. Curzon.

——— Gosselin.

——— Boys.

——— Rainier.

——— Saret.

——— Digby.

——— Carden, and Mackenzie.

Beresford received directions to remain on shore, as a rear-guard, and to watch the motions of the enemy. The remainder of the army got safely on board the transports before day-light. The brigade of Major-general Hill was stationed on the promontory at the rear of the town, and that commanded by Major-general Beresford took post on the inland front of Corunna.

Nothing could possibly exceed the gallantry and resolution displayed by the British soldiers under the very trying circumstances in which they were placed; by which, in defiance of every difficulty, in the face of an enemy's army of far superior numbers, they were enabled to effect the object of embarkation, without any other loss than what had previously taken place in the field of battle.

No further movements of the French

army was perceptible till the morning of the ſeventeenth, when they appeared to be again in motion, and between eight and nine o'clock a conſiderable body of their light troops took up a poſition on the heights near St. Lucia, which in ſome meaſure commanded the inner harbour of Corunna. However, it was not apprehended that the enemy could derive any very material advantage from the occupation of this poſition, at leaſt not that would enable him to impede the operations of the Britiſh troops in effecting their embarkation; and as the Spaniards evinced every inclination to ſupport and zealouſly co-operate with their allies, and certainly did exert themſelves to the utmoſt; the commanding officer, Lieutenant-general Hope, it appears, did not conſider the rear-guard as in any danger of being forced. Therefore, the brigade under

Major-general Hill, ſtationed on the promontory at the back of the town, was ordered to be withdrawn, and its embarkation to commence immediately. This object was completely accompliſhed between the hours of three and four in the afternoon.

It ſhould here be mentioned, that towards the middle of the day the enemy commenced a cannonade on the ſhipping, which occaſioned conſiderable confuſion, obliging them to ſlip their cables, and get under weigh with all poſſible diſpatch.

In doing this, ſeveral of the tranſports ran on ſhore, and unfortunately three or four were ſo ſituated that they could not be got off again, and were conſequently left behind; the troops, however, were removed, and put on board other veſſels.

From the unavoidable confuſion and

uncertainty which muſt ever attend all the operations of an army during the night, it was impoſſible to pay that regard which would have been deſirable towards effecting the embarkation with preciſion and regularity, and therefore it happened that the regiments became completely intermixed, the troops getting on board any of the ſhips that could receive them, without paying the ſlighteſt regard to their original deſtinations. This circumſtance occaſioned the ſick and wounded in many inſtances to be deprived of the requiſite medical and ſurgical aſſiſtance, as on board many of the tranſports there were no profeſſional men, whilſt in others there were ſeveral. It was intended to have remedied theſe inconveniencies the firſt fine day that ſhould occur after the ſailing of the fleet, which, however, the uncommon quickneſs of their paſſage to

England prevented being accompliſhed, and fortunately became a matter of leſs importance.

The boats belonging to the men of war rendered the moſt important ſervices, being employed during the whole of the embarkation; and were it not for the wonderful intrepidity and exertions of their crews, for which Britiſh ſailors are proverbially remarkable, much greater inconveniencies would have taken place than were actually experienced. The boats continued rowing from the ſhore to the ſhips and back again the whole of the night of the ſixteenth, and during the greater part of the following day, with little intermiſſion; and although it blew a very heavy gale, and the ſea ran extremely high, and was very rough all the morning, theſe gallant fellows, regardleſs of danger, and deſpiſing bodily toil, continued their

meritorious exertions with the utmoſt alacrity and cheerfulneſs, their ſolicitude to render every aſſiſtance in their power to the ſoldiers evincing the moſt ſtriking and honourable proofs of their generoſity, courage, and humanity.* Moſt of the men of war alſo weighed at the ſame time, with the exception of the flag-ſhip, which remained at anchor.

Several of the enemy's ſhots paſſed very near and over the tranſport on which I was embarked, and many fell around

* "In consequence of the good order maintained by the troops, and the unwearied exertions of Commissioner Bowen, the captains, and other officers of the navy, the agents, as well as the boats' crews, many of whom were for *two days without food* and without repose, the army has been embarked to the last man."---Vide the Hon. Rear-admiral De Courcy's dispatch to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated 18th January.

her, without doing the ſlighteſt injury; and I noticed a few which ſtruck other ſhips without doing material damage.

Soon after dark, Major-general Beresford having taken a friendly leave of the Governor, who appeared perfectly ſatisfied with the neceſſity of the Britiſh movements, withdrew his brigade from the land front of the town, and together with the whole of the ſick and wounded who had not been previouſly moved, were embarked by one o'clock on the morning of the 18th of January.

The tranſport* on board which I em-

* Having applied for a passage to England to the Hon. Major-general Broderick, and offered to Dr. Shepter, the Inspector of Hospitals, my professional assistance whilst on board, he was pleased to give me a letter to Staff-Surgeon Taggart, who was in charge of the sick in the Alfred hospital ship, desiring I might be accommodated in her; and I am happy to acknow-

barked was one of the laſt that quitted the harbour, as the maſter, a bold and experienced ſeaman, was determined to preſerve his anchors if poſſible, which he fortunately accompliſhed, notwithſtanding the ſhots were flying about in every direction. The appearance of the ſhipping after dark, from the varied diſpoſition of the lights on the men of war, agent ſhips, and tranſports, was extremely beautiful, and had an intereſting and grand effect, and the enemy's fires on the heights, as well as thoſe of the Britiſh, added conſiderably to the brilliancy of the ſcene.

By order of Admiral De Courcy, the

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ledge this Gentleman's politeness, and to bear testimony to the humane attention with which (though in a bad state of health) he discharged the duties of his station, as did Assistant-Surgeon Roe.

tranſports were directed to get clear of the harbour as ſoon as they had received on board their complement of troops, and then to lay too for further inſtruction. It blowing extremely hard, it was not poſſible in every inſtance to comply with the Admiral's orders.

The wounded men being very uncomfortably accommodated, and deſtitute of every neceſſary their condition required, the maſter of the Alfred, with the concurrence and approbation of the medical officers on board, was induced to make ſail at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived off Plymouth on the twentieth, anchoring in the Sound on the following day.

Having brought my narrative to this point, I hope I may without preſumption add my feeble tribute to the general applauſe that has been beſtowed on the

exertions of the officers and men concerned in the Spaniſh expedition.

That the enemy were ſo ſucceſsfully oppoſed, and finally repulſed, was owing to the incomparable conduct and intrepidity of the Britiſh troops, and that the embarkation was ſo completely effected, may be attributed to the judicious means employed to ſupport and encourage their extraordinary efforts. In regular ſucceſſion from one affair to another, opportunities were given, as they were univerſally employed, to diſplay the ſkill and bravery of the Britiſh military character.

The death of every individual who glorioufly terminates his exiſtence in the ſervice of his country, is in ſome degree a matter of public intereſt and general concern; but when an officer of the high and diſtinguiſhed rank in which the merits of the late Commander of the

British forces in Spain had placed him,* from whose splendid military ta-

* General Moore entered the service early in life, and as he soon displayed his military talents, his rise was rapid. In the year 1801 he was appointed Colonel of the 52d regiment, and rose to the rank of Major-general in 1802. Corsica was the theatre in which he primarily distinguished himself as an officer of superior skill; and on many occasions in that island he gave proofs of his personal bravery and good conduct. He afterwards accompanied the late Sir Ralph Abercrombie to the West Indies, where his conduct was so exemplary as to acquire the unbounded confidence of that excellent General, by whom he was selected to serve under his command in the expedition to Holland in 1799, where he received a slight wound. It was, however, on the Egyptian expedition that he had a more ample opportunity for establishing his character as an officer of the first-rate abilities. He commanded at the disembarkation of the troops on this occasion; and it is reported that even Bonaparte expressed himself in terms of the highest admiration of his conduct, which he affirmed was a master-piece of Generalship, and worthy of the ablest Commander that ever lived. General Moore was severely wounded at the battle of Alexandria at the head of the reserve, which he was leading

lents and those superior endowments which grace a soldier, we might with

forward with his usual gallantry; and, on his return from Egypt, his Majesty in the most gracious manner conferred on him the honour of Knighthood, and invested him with the Order of the Bath. During the whole of the present war Sir John Moore was with little intermission engaged in active service. He commanded at Shorncliffe in Kent, and afterwards succeeded the Honourable General Fox in the command of the forces in Sicily. Sir John was entrusted with the chief command of the expedition to Sweden; and although this was not attended with the satisfactory result which was hoped for, Ministers have unanimously acquitted the General of the slightest misconduct on the occasion.---From all that has been related respecting the character of the late Sir John Moore, he appears to have devoted himself exclusively to the profession of arms. He was in every respect a complete soldier, and a strict disciplinarian; so that the 52d regiment, of which he was Colonel, and which was under his immediate inspection during the time he commanded at Shorncliffe, was generally looked up to as a model in point of manœuvres and discipline. He seems to have possessed all those talents which, had he been invested with a continental command on an extensive scale,

confidence have anticipated future atchievements, adding to the glory, happiness, and honour, not only of this kingdom, but eventually of all Europe, is cut off in the meridian of a brilliant career on the field of battle, and dies in the arms of victory, his fate becomes an object of the deepest regret; at the same time the spirit of national exultation his heroic actions must naturally give rise to, in some degree reconciles us to his fate, and inspires us with an ardent though rational curiosity to become acquainted with the minutest circumstances with which it was attended.

In this point of view, although several

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and during a protracted warfare, would in all human probability have placed him high upon the list of the most celebrated modern Generals.

details have already been preſented to the public, more or leſs correct, I truſt it may not be conſidered altogether irrelevant, if I take the liberty of introducing ſuch accounts of the laſt moments of the hero of Corunna, as I received from an eye-witneſs of unqueſtionable veracity.

It has been previouſly ſtated, that the late Sir John Moore was with the diviſion of Lieutenant-general Sir David Baird, on which the firſt and moſt determined attack was made by three ſtrong columns of the enemy; here, at the head of the 50th regiment, the Commander in Chief was ſtruck by a cannon-ſhot, which ſhattered his arm, and lacerated the muſcles of the left breaſt, ſo materially injuring the parts adjacent, as to preclude every hope of the wound not proving mortal.

The ſhot brought the General immediately to the ground; but ſo far was he

from expressing the slightest concern for himself, or evincing symptoms of the excruciating agony he must have sustained, that I am positively assured he surveyed his wound with rather a smiling countenance, and with the greatest coolness and composure observed, that he was sensible all aid would be useless; desiring the officer who proffered his assistance to go immediately and inform General Hope of the circumstance, on whom the command now devolved, Sir David Baird having been previously wounded, and reluctantly compelled to leave the field. I cannot forbear in this place mentioning a trait in the conduct of Lieutenant-general Baird, which, in my opinion, reflects great honour on his character as a soldier, and on his feelings as a man. Having been wounded (as before stated) in the upper part of his arm, professional assistance was

immediately tendered, when hearing that the Commander in Chief was alſo wounded, he inſiſted on the ſurgeon's immediately leaving him, and going to Sir John Moore; and he himſelf was taken on board the Ville de Paris, where his arm was amputated near the ſocket by the ſurgeon of that ſhip. Six ſoldiers, with tearful eyes, and ſorrowing hearts, conveyed their beloved Commander from the field of battle, in a blanket, to his quarters at Corunna; on the way to which he anxiouſly inquired if the enemy had been compelled to retire: being anſwered in the affirmative, he ſaid, "then I am perfectly happy, and my life or death is of no conſequence whatever," or words to the ſame effect. From the neceſſity there was of proceeding with the utmoſt caution and gentleneſs, the ſoldiers were near an hour in conveying the General to his quarters,

during which he ſpoke very little, and ſcarcely uttered a groan. The ſhort period that this gallant ſoldier continued an inhabitant of *this* world, after he arrived at his quarters was paſſed in giving directions as to the diſpoſal of his papers, and expreſſing his wiſhes relative to the future proſpects of thoſe officers of his ſtaff and friends to whom he was particularly attached. He expreſſed himſelf extremely ſolicitous that his country ſhould approve of the endeavours he had exerted to promote her intereſts, and declared he had ever ſerved with zeal and fidelity, and died in the manner he had always been deſirous of. After this he ſpoke of family concerns, particularly as to what related to his mother; but at this period his ſpeech faltering conſiderably, he was obliged to deſiſt. Sir John thanked his medical aſſiſtants in very kind terms for

their care and attention; and after taking an affecting farewel of his Aid-de-Camps, and the mourning friends by whom he was ſurrounded, his manly ſoul winged its flight to *another* and a better world, eſcaping from its fragile tenement of mortality without one convulſive ſtruggle, about twelve o'clock on the night of the 16th of January.

Between the period of our arrival and the 25th, near two hundred ſail of tranſports came in, but owing to the heavy gales that prevailed, the ſick and wounded were not immediately ſent on ſhore; this, however, took place as ſoon as poſſible, and the ſcene that preſented itſelf was truly diſtreſſing, though I muſt remark that moſt of the deſcriptions that I have met with have been greatly exaggerated. It is but paying a juſt tribute to the diſintereſted humanity of the inhabitants of

Plymouth, to ſtate that nothing could poſſibly exceed their anxiety and exertions to afford every aſſiſtance in their power towards the accommodation of the ſick and wounded officers and ſoldiers, and to alleviate their ſufferings; and the Mayor* and Corporation took the lead in theſe laudable endeavours, in a manner highly creditable to them in their official and individual capacities.†

A tranſcript of the return of the ſick and wounded received on board the Al-

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* William Langmead, Esq.

† I am personally indebted to the attention of Mr. Cleather and Mr. Dunsterville, of the Corporate Body, who at my request were so kind as to procure the attendance of a Physician (Dr. Hemmett) on Assistant-Surgeon Campbell, of the Royal Artillery, for whom I was particularly interested; and who, by the care and skill of that Gentleman, recovered from a very dangerous typhus fever.

fred, on which I took my paſſage, will perhaps afford a more accurate idea of the ſtate of the troops in general on their return from Spain than any deſcription of mine, and I therefore ſubjoin a return of the number of ſick and wounded officers, non-commiſſioned officers, and privates, received on board the tranſport No. 309, at Corunna, January 18, 1809:—

Regiments.	Number.
18th Light Dragoons	2
Guards	39
2d, or Queen's	1
4th Regiment of Infantry	1
5th Ditto	1
9th Ditto	43
14th Ditto	1
26th Ditto	2
28th Ditto	15
36th Ditto	18
42d Ditto	8
43d Ditto	82
50th Ditto	2
51st Ditto	1

Regiments.	Number.
52d Regiment of Infantry	1
59th Ditto	24
71st Ditto	7
76th Ditto	5
81st Ditto	2
Purveyor's Clerks	2
	257

Of the above were ill of

Dysentery	68
Fever	56
Wounded	36
Trifling complaints	20
Convalescents	77
	257
*Officers who were passengers	3

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* These three officers got into a boat with the intention of joining the transport on which their corps was embarked.—After rowing about a considerable time without success, the boat became so leaky as to be in danger of sinking, and they therefore were received on board the Alfred. These Gentlemen were Captain Kelly, Adjutant Jennings, and Assistant-Surgeon Reid, 51st regiment.

Brought forward	260
Servants to attend the sick and wounded officers	5
Medical officers	3
Women	20
Making a total of	283

Who were received on board on account of his Majesty's service.

It has been with a conſiderable degree of regret, that ſince my arrival in this country I have heard a variety of reports in circulation relative to the events attending the expedition to Spain, and particularly of the circumſtances that occurred during the retreat of the army to Corunna, which have not only been very different from the truth, but in many inſtances totally devoid of foundation.—Amongſt other things, it has been aſſerted that great numbers of the ſoldiers compoſing his Majeſty's German Legion had deſerted to the enemy; but in common

juſtice to this excellent and deſerving body, I muſt declare, that whilſt I was on the Continent I never heard of any ſuch circumſtance having taken place; on the contrary, every officer with whom I have converſed reſpecting the King's German Legion (and they have been many), has aſſured me that they behaved on every occaſion with the diſcipline, fidelity, and bravery, which are the characteriſtics of good ſoldiers.*

It gives me great pleaſure to have it in my power thus publicly to contradict a re-

* The third regiment of German Dragoons were part of the troops composing the picquet, in the gallant affair in which Major-general Stewart acquired such well-merited reputation, by the defeat of a large body of French Imperial Guards, and taking prisoner their Commander, General Lefebvre.

port, which could alone have originated in motives the moſt baſe and malignant.

Reſpecting the death of the late Major-general Anſtruther, ſeveral contradictory ſtories having been circulated, the following account, as I received it from a Gentleman of the higheſt reſpectability and unimpeachable veracity, may be relied on as correct; and as it may afford a melancholy ſatisfaction to his ſurviving friends, I hope the introduction of it will not be deemed improper:—

General Anſtruther died of an inflammation of his lungs, brought on by expoſure to the extreme inclemency of the weather, and remaining long in wet clothes.

The gallant General neglecting to uſe the precautions and remedies his ſituation required, continued his praiſeworthy exertions to the very laſt, and did not give up

till his complaint had reduced him to a ſtate evincing his approaching diſſolution, when he became unable to mount his horſe, and was then placed in a carriage and conveyed to his quarters, where he expired the next day, univerſally regretted.

The Spaniards, too, have been accuſed not only of apathy and indifference towards the cauſe of their rightful Sovereign, but of abſolute hoſtility towards our troops, particularly the inhabitants of *Benevente, Toro, Aſtorga, and Villa Franca, &c. I have in a preceding part of this letter adverted to petty diſputes which occaſionally took place between the Britiſh ſoldiers and the inhabitants of ſome of

* I did not perſonally viſit either of the two places firſt mentioned.

the towns through which I paſſed, but they were by no means of a ſerious nature, or deſerving of the appellations with which they have been branded.

It is undeniable, that on many occaſions, where proviſions and other neceſſaries were expected to have been cheerfully and abundantly ſupplied by the inhabitants of towns through which the Britiſh troops marched, that little or none could be obtained on any terms whatever. This, however, did not originate, as has been erroneouſly aſſerted, in any diſlike of the Spaniards to the Engliſh, but merely from the extreme diſtreſs in which they were themſelves involved. Great numbers of the cattle had been driven to the mountains for ſecurity againſt the rapacity of the French; and their ſtores of other proviſions were almoſt exhauſted by ſupplies for their countrymen in arms; and as

the operations in agriculture were in a great meaſure ſuſpended, they had a diſ- mal proſpect to look forward to for future exigencies; theſe circumſtances of courſe rendered theſe poor unfortunate perſons (expoſed to all the calamities of a reſi- dence on the theatre of war, of which an adequate idea can ſcarcely be formed by any one but an eye-witneſs), reluctant to part with the ſlender pittance in their poſ- ſeſſion.

To the above may be added, that the unexpected retreat of the Britiſh army in- creaſed all their apprehenſions in an emi- nent degree, whilſt its ſudden appearance in their towns precluded the poſſibility of the inhabitants ſupplying themſelves from the adjacent country with the articles re- quired. The total ignorance of the Spa- niſh language on the part of the Engliſh ſoldiers, and *vice verſa*, alſo occaſioned

mutual misunderstandings, which were in a few instances attended with disagreeable consequences. Another cause why the expectations of the British army as to receiving requisite accommodations and assistance from the inhabitants were so frequently disappointed, was the immense numbers of their sick and wounded countrymen, who were flocking from the seats of war in the different quarters of the kingdom towards their respective homes, with whom the towns were continually crowded. The situation and wretched appearance of these unfortunate people were truly pitiable; those unable to walk were conveyed on cars, whilst others through hunger, sickness, and fatigue, scarcely able to crawl, were compelled to make their way on foot, almost naked, and generally without shoes or stockings. Even in the Spanish hospitals and other

places ſet apart for the reception of the ſick and wounded, the unhappy patients were nearly deſtitute of every requiſite to ſuſtain exiſtence, not to ſay of the conveniencies and comforts neceſſary for their condition. Some judgment may be formed of their diſtreſſes, from the circumſtance of one poor man, who, according to the interpretation of my native ſervant, aſſerted that he had been fourteen days without any other ſuſtenance than a little bad wine, and ſometimes a ſmall quantity of broth made of vegetables and oil: indeed, his appearance fully eſtabliſhed the veracity of his ſtatement.

In many inſtances the Britiſh ſoldiers, with that liberality, feeling, and generoſity, which are equally their charaćteriſtics as ſpirit, intrepidity, and courage, would ſhare with theſe miſerable objećts their

own ſcanty pittances, the deprivation of which they muſt have felt moſt ſeverely.

I met a great number of ſick and wounded Spaniards on my journey *from* Corunna, particularly between Lugo and Villa Franca, eſcorted by armed men, ſcarcely in a better condition than thoſe under their care. The officers and men exhibited ſimilar appearances of wretchedneſs and intenſe fatigue; and the whole advanced at a rate of not more, on an average, than a mile an hour.* Should this ſtatement require confirmation, I can, with confidence, appeal to almoſt every

* Some of these men on being asked what was the matter with them, replied: "Muchas Enfermos tango hambre, tango mucha sed," which is in English, "very sick, very hungry, and very dry." And on giving them a piece of bread, they expressed themselves thus: "I thank you for it, and may you live many years!"

officer of the Britiſh Army, moſt of whom muſt have witneſſed ſimilar ſcenes during their ſervice in Spain.

As I have often mentioned the great uſe made of the cars drawn by oxen, a ſhort deſcription of them may not be conſidered unintereſting. A more inconvenient, ill conſtructed, clumſy, carriage, cannot be well conceived. The body of the carriage is merely a platform of rough boards, which is placed on two wheels, rather lower than the front ones of an Engliſh waggon, compoſed of pieces of timber, pinned together, and ſecured by others nailed acroſs;—theſe do not revolve on the axle-tree, but are faſtened to it, the whole of which turns in grooves ſometimes ſecured with iron. The pole paſſing between the oxen, is faſtened to a yoke bound to their horns, ſo that the poor animals draw by the head, or rather

it may be ſaid, that they puſh the machine forwards.

The ſhocking inconvenience of ſuch a jolting conveyance for ſick and wounded perſons may be eaſily conceived; added to which, the noiſe they make is the moſt diſagreeable poſſible, the revolution of the axletrees producing a kind of humming, monotonous ſound, ſomething ſimilar to the drone of a bagpipe, which may be heard at the diſtance of a mile, or upwards.

Having accompanied the eſcort who were in charge of the money for the uſe of the army from Corunna to Aſtorga, I had opportunities of obſerving the method adopted for the tranſportation of the military equipage, and which, in my humble opinion, in a great meaſure accounts for the loſs that was ſuſtained, as nothing could be worſe calculated to faci-

litate dispatch. In making this observation, I am far from intending to attach the slightest imputation of neglect on any Gentleman of the Commissariat Department, as I am sensible they had uncommon difficulties to encounter in the discharge of their official duties, and indeed I do not feel myself competent to decide.

I have nevertheless heard, from undoubted authority, that this department of the public service, so material to the successful operations of an army, is conducted on a much superior plan by the French, and it certainly can be no disgrace to profit even by the example of an enemy

Fas est ab Hoste doccre.

Notwithstanding their bigotry and hatred of heretics usually ascribed to the Roman Catholic priests, I with pleasure observed that these persons on all occasions appeared

extremely anxious to do every thing in their power to promote the comfort, and contribute to the accommodation of the ſick and wounded of the Britiſh army.—Many Engliſh officers were greatly indebted to the hoſpitality and kindneſs of Spaniſh monks and friars, who (though by no means in poſſeſſion of an abundance of the good things of this life) were emulous to ſhare their ſtores with the diſtreſſed.

An inſtance of goodneſs and humanity in one of theſe clerical gentlemen, which I am about to relate, will place the ſentiments and conduct of this claſs of men in the moſt favourable point of view. My ſervant being extremely ill, I procured him admiſſion into a room which was occupied by an Engliſh ſerjeant and his family at Lugo; but having neither bedding or covering, a benevolent monk inſtantly offered to ſupply him with his

own, which he accordingly brought from his cell.

I am ſenſible that what I have aſſerted on this ſubject is in direct oppoſition to the ſtatements furniſhed by many Britiſh officers ſince their return from Corunna, who have indiſcriminately accuſed the inhabitants of the peninſula of every denomination, claſs, and profeſſion, as having exhibited the moſt perfect apathy and indifference, not only to the phyſical wants of the Engliſh troops, but towards the cauſe in ſupport of which they viſited their country as diſintereſted and generous allies. But may it not be fairly preſumed, that ſeveral of theſe officers rather withdrew from, than put themſelves in the way of receiving or witneſſing thoſe kindneſſes and attentions that others liberally partook of, and from the reports alone of ſome who perhaps might have indivi-

dual caufe of complaint, have taken occafion to include the whole Spanifh nation as deferving of the reproach which in juftice fhould only attach to a few.

Indeed, the manners, cuftoms, and mode of living in Spain are fo widely different from thofe of England, that every candid and liberal-minded perfon fhould make great allowances for thefe circumftances, in forming an eftimate of the fentiments and difpofition of the inhabitants, more efpecially at a period during which they were expofed to fuch alternations and viciffitudes, privations, and diftreffes, as might rationally be prefumed to have a material influence on the natural bias of their temper, which has ever been allowed to be "*noble*, *generous*, and *humane*."

Englifhmen are fo accuftomed to the enjoyment of every comfort and accommo-

dation in their own country, that they feel more ſenſibly than the inhabitants of other nations the difficulties and inconveniencies to which they are under the neceſſity of ſubmitting in their viſits to the Continent. There is no country in Europe perhaps ſo well calculated to conquer Britiſh prejudices as Spain, the hardſhips and privations the traveller muſt ſuſtain, in a ſhort period, inuring him to the patient endurance of what cannot poſſibly be avoided. The paſſados or inns, except a few in the principal towns, are, generally ſpeaking, little better than Lovels, affording ſhelter from the inclemency of the weather, but ſcarcely any thing elſe. The beds are commonly nothing more than heaps of ſtraw, uſually well ſtocked with inhabitants of a ſable hue; and in lieu of ſheets, blankets, and quilt, the traveller muſt depend on his own cloak or cloth-

ing for covering during the period of his repose.*

As to their cookery, nothing can possibly be more disgusting to an English palate, most of their favourite dishes being seasoned with articles, amongst which, garlic and rancid oil generally compose

* The difference of travelling post in Spain and in England, is very striking, and I cannot but feel surprized, that the Spaniards, who are naturally extremely intelligent and acute, should not have profited by the inventions of their neighbours in this particular. The Post Carriages are exactly similar, at this period, to those described by the ingenious Author of Gil Blas; clumsy and inconvenient. They have only two wheels, and have some resemblance to an old-fashioned English one-horse chaise, with curtains in front. Mules are generally used for drawing these carriages. In one particular, the Spanish posting possesses a decided preference to that in England, as there is no possibility of the traveller being imposed upon. The rates are fixed by the Government, and heavy penalties annexed to a deviation from them.

the principal ingredients. Cuſtom, however, eaſily reconciles theſe matters to a perſon poſſeſſed of a common portion of energy and fortitude of mind, and he is amply recompenced by the intereſting and ſublime ſcenes which the traverſe of any part of the peninſula affords him numerous opportunities of contemplating.

Immenſe bodies of armed men marching through the country in every direction, and the glorious and important ſtruggle in which they are engaged, for the preſervation of every thing that is or ought to be dear to humanity, at the preſent momentous æra, renders Spain an object peculiarly intereſting.

Every ſympathizing mind muſt feel ſenſibly hurt that their exertions in oppoſing the lawleſs and unprecedented pretenſions of an overbearing and inſatiable tyrant have hitherto been unſucceſsful; but

ſtill hopes of ultimate ſucceſs ſhould never be abandoned, whilſt there exiſts a cauſe which, as founded in juſtice, and having freedom for its object, never ſhould be conſidered as deſperate. Many people in this country are of opinion that the animation and ardour ſtated to exiſt amongſt the Spaniards on behalf of their legitimate ſovereign, is merely imaginary, and only to be found in the higher claſſes of ſociety; and indeed it is certain that nothing could be more artful and judicious than the means adopted by Bonaparte to reconcile the lower orders to the change of government he propoſed. The abolition of the inquiſition, feudal rights, and unequal taxation, were the rewards he offered to the community at large for their ſubmiſſion to the authority of Joſeph Napoleon; and therefore it is by no means ſurpriſing that ſome of the common people, who ſeldom

reafon upon circumftances but as they immediately affect themfelves, fhould be induced to look with indifference upon the operations of the Corfican ufurper.* I am, however, inclined to believe that nine-tenths of the Spaniards are ftill loyal to the unfortunate Houfe of Bourbon; and out of forty provinces of which the kingdom of Spain is compofed, no more than three have been accufed of lukewarmnefs in the caufe of Ferdinand the Seventh. As this may be confidered as the true ftate of the cafe, it may be fairly inferred that the caufe of patriotifm in

* "A ruffian, who unites with the treachery, dissimulation, remorseless cruelty, insatiate rapacity, and ungovernable ambition of a Tiberius, the meanness of a pickpocket, and the cunning of a sharper."

Spain is not yet wholly deſperate, and therefore it is to be hoped that the further zealous co-operation of the Britiſh Government will not be withheld, in conſequence of the temporary advantages that have recently been gained by the Gallic deſpot.

There cannot poſſibly be more than one ſentiment, as to the neceſſity and advantage of reſcuing Spain from the graſp of her ſanguinary ambitious uſurper; the juſtice of the meaſure is unqueſtionable. Not only the national honour ſo ſolemnly pledged by our Gracious Sovereign and the Parliament, and the ſympathy which the unmerited ſufferings of the Spaniſh people muſt naturally excite in every humane heart, but even our *intereſt* muſt encourage us to a perſeverance in the moſt vigourous efforts to aſſiſt them. That our intereſt is concerned in perſevering to

lend the Spaniards all the aid in our power, there can be no doubt of, for ſhould Bonaparte ſucceed in his deſigns of ſubjugating all the continent of Europe, the invaſion of Britain would certainly be the next object of his ambition. Although our inſular ſituation, and other incidental circumſtances, have hitherto preſerved us from the viſitation of war, and its concomitant calamities, it is ſtill within the verge of poſſibility that ſuch an event may happen. Many perſons who are averſe to our ſending another armament to Spain, aſſert that an invaſion of this country will ever be impoſſible, from the ſuperiority and vigilance of the Britiſh Navy; but others, more reflecting, entertain a different opinion. Should Bonaparte ſucceed in his deſigns on Spain and Portugal, he will then become unqueſtionably, and bſolutely, the Arbiter of the deſtinies of

the Continent, and all its immenſe reſources will become under his immediate direction.

He will then be maſter of the population of Spain, Portugal, Germany, Italy, and Ruſſia, and in that caſe would, doubtleſs, collect all the ſhipping of thoſe countries, to tranſport his troops, and make uſe of their reſources towards promoting his views of eventually wreaking his vengeance againſt Great Britain, the only remaining ſanctuary of independence and freedom. I ſhould be extremely ſorry that any thing I may have advanced, ſhould be conſtrued into a wiſh of inculcating ſentiments of a gloomy or deſponding nature; ſo far from it, I feel the fulleſt conviction in my own mind, that ſhould ſuch an event take place, the expedition would end in diſgrace and defeat on the part of the enemy, but ſtill the

misery, devastation, and disorder, that it would necessarily occasion, are heartily to be deprecated, and sedulously guarded against. It has been said by a writer of some celebrity, in a recent publication, that the calamitous occurrence of the invasion of this country, must sooner or later take place, should the enemy become uncontrouled master of the Continent, by the conquest of Spain. Admitting this to be a *fact*, we must consequently fix our earnest attention on the occurrences of that country, and however alarming or unpromising may be the present aspect of its affairs, the stronger inducement has the English nation to increase its exertions towards securing the independence for which it struggles.

The advantage of fighting the common enemy on any other ground than our own, is too obvious to require pointing out,

and therefore, although honour and the ſatisfaction derived from the conſciouſneſs of being engaged in the glorious effort of reſcuing juſtice and innocence from the ferocious fangs of villainy and oppreſſion, ſhould be put out of the queſtion, the imperious duty of ſelf-preſervation demands a punctual and ſcrupulous adherence to the engagements which have been entered into with the Patriots of Spain.

In truth, the fate of England appears to be in a great meaſure implicated with that of Spain, and therefore our aſſiſtance ſhould be correſpondent with the conviction. Clothes, arms, and money, muſt be plentifully ſupplied to them, and nothing withheld which can in any degree encourage their hopes, or excite their perſeverance, under the arduous difficulties with which they have to contend. To the ſupport of the Britiſh Government

alone can the patriotic inhabitants of Spain look with confidence for the ultimate ſucceſs of the cauſe for which they are fighting; and notwithſtanding the checks and diſaſters they have recently ſuſtained, there is little reaſon to doubt of their perſeverance ſhould that not be withheld; for their real character is, they are faithful to their engagements, conſtant in their purſuits, and poſſeſſing a ſenſe of honour bordering on romantic.

The retreat of the Britiſh army, the loſſes it unavoidably ſuſtained, and the ſubſequent embarkation at Corunna, which have been more particularly the ſubjects of this letter, have been conſidered by ſome people who are accuſtomed to dwell on the gloomy ſide of the proſpect, as deciſive and convincing proofs of the inutility of endeavouring to render farther aſſiſtance to the Spaniards, by ſending

troops to that country; but so far from this, I trust the observations already made on the sentiments and disposition of the majority of the Spanish nation, will establish the contrary fact.*

* In order to form a correct idea of the retreat, it may not be amiss to state not only the distances, and the names of the villages and towns the British army passed through, but to give a complete route from Madrid to Corunna, viz.

		Leagues.
From Madrid to Abulagas	-	2
To el Puente	- -	2
Galapagar	- -	2½
Guadarama	- -	3
San Rafael	- -	2½
Villacastin	- -	3
Labajos	- - -	2
Adanero	- -	2
Arrevalo	- -	3
Attaquines	- -	3
Medina del Campo	-	3
Carried over		28

Indeed the performance of the arduous and unprecedented ſevere ſervice in which

			Leagues.
Brought over	-	-	28
To Rueda -	-	-	2
Tordesillas	-	-	2
Vega -	-	-	2
Villar de Frades	-	-	3
Villalpando	-	-	4
San Esteban	-	-	2
Benevente	-	-	2
Puente de la Bisana		-	3
La Beneza	-		4
Astorga	-	-	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Manzanal	-	-	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Bembibre	-	-	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Cubillos -	-	-	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Villa Franca	-	-	3
Ruitalar	-	-	4
La Venta de Noceda		-	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Becerrea	-	-	3
Sobrado	-	-	3
Lugo -	-	-	3
Carried forward		-	$84\frac{1}{2}$

the army was engaged in Spain, muſt inſpire the firmeſt conviction, that Great Britain yet poſſeſſes the power of arreſting the career of Buonaparte before he arrives at the acmè of his ambitious deſigns for the complete ſubjugation of the Continent of Europe. The final action in the neighbourhood of Corunna certainly may be conſidered as the moſt honourable diſplay of the intrepidity, valour, and diſcipline of

			Leagues.
Brought forward		.	81½
Valdomar	-	-	3
Guitiriz	-	-	3
Monte Salguero	-	-	2½
Betanzos	-	-	2½
Corunna	-	-	3
Total distance from Madrid to Corunna			98½

the Britiſh troops; and from the inequality of numbers with whom they were engaged, it may with the greateſt propriety be claſſed with the victories obtained over the French in former days on their own plains of Creſſy and Agincourt.

After ſuch an example as this event has afforded to the world at large, and the impreſſive leſſon it has given to the *Emperor* of the French in particular, ſurely no true Briton can recommend a relaxation of the exertions on the part of the Engliſh Government; or, in conſequence of the enemy's ſuperiority of numbers, feel deſirous of adopting a cautious line of conduct, which will not only tarniſh the laurels we have gained, but caſt a mortal damp on the hopes, and depreſs the energies of our noble, brave, though unfortunate and ill-treated allies.

In the different parts of a kingdom ſo

extenſive as that of Spain, it is natural to imagine that a difference of political ſentiment muſt prevail; and it is an admitted fact that the inhabitants of the northern portion of the peninſula never have been conſidered as capable of being made ſuch good ſoldiers, or to be equally adapted to the performance of military duties as their countrymen in the ſouth.

The moſt warlike and the moſt populous provinces of Spain, are ſaid to be thoſe of Andaluſia, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon, and therefore, it might perhaps be the moſt judicious policy to furniſh them with more abundant ſupplies of men, money, and warlike ſtores, than thoſe of the north. In theſe provinces it is ſtated they require only arms and ammunition to render the whole of their inhabitants (not incapacitated by age or

infirmities) soldiers; for I have been assured from unquestionable authority, that the spirit, or rather fury, which prevails against the French amongst every rank exceeds all description. It is therefore presumable, if the people were properly led on, and their resources properly directed and augmented by succours from England, that they would be finally enabled successfully to resist their invaders.

The advantages hitherto gained by the enemy over the Spaniards have in a great measure been occasioned by the treachery of some of their leaders, and serve to prove that they have not been beaten from a deficiency of courage, but betrayed rather than conquered. The firmness and patriotism displayed by the Supreme Junta of the kingdom, though compelled to quit the capital, as declared in the proclamation they published on their arrival

at Seville, affords a noble proof that there ſtill exiſts an energy and ardour in the boſoms of the members of government worthy of the character the Spaniſh nation has ſo long ſuſtained, for incorruptible and heroic loyalty to its ſovereigns.*

* "If the fortunes of war (say the Junta) have compelled us to quit the centre of the kingdom, and to seek a point from whence, actuated by a spirit of patriotism, we may serve the monarchy, and give a new impulse to the common defence; if, for the salvation of the country, and in order to answer the confidence of the Spanish nation—to [illegible] the desires of those provinces which have suggested to the Central Junta the necessity of retiring to a place of safety as the only means of preserving union, avoiding anarchy, and perfecting the great work of liberty, we have endeavoured to avoid the blow aimed against us by the profound subtilty of the tyrant: if our endeavours are incessant in establishing the basis of subordination, and the unity of the Government; if not seeking their own interest or glory, then, as the generous people of Spain

Were it poſſible for eighty or one hundred thouſand Britiſh troops to be ſent into that part of the peninſula wherein the ſpirit of patriotiſm is of the higheſt and moſt decided character, under the command of generals poſſeſſed of equal abilities, ſpirit, and perſeverance, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhing the late lamented

have sworn not to survive their liberties, but freely to follow the impulse of government, the Supreme Junta will never value their own existence any longer than it can be useful to the nation, which has made it the depository of their sovereignty. The Supreme Junta have sworn that they will perish rather than abandon or leave their duties unaccomplished, if the fate of our arms should be adverse: if Providence has resolved in its inscrutable decrees to exterminate the Spanish nation, still let the inhabitants of Seville, and the rest of their countrymen preserve their tranquillity; let them be assured that their representatives, while there remains a foot of ground yielding obedience to our lord and king, to the laws of our

hero of Corunna,* or the conqueror of the newly-dignified *Duc de* Abrantes, the succeſs of the cauſe in which its loyal inha-

country, and to the holy religion of our forefathers not one of us will ever bow to the yoke of the despot

* Notwithstanding the official dispatch of the gallant General who succeeded to the command of the army in Spain (which has justly been considered a master-piece of military arrangement and perspicuity), in consequence of the death of Sir John Moore, and the wound of Sir David Baird, has so long been before the public, it is presumed the introduction of an extract therefrom in this place will not be considered impertinent. Indeed, it is impossible to dwell too long on a subject so interesting, or to repeat too often a publication which reflects equal honour on the head and heart of the accomplished friend and successor of the lamented General by whom it is written:

" His fall (says General Hope) has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow.

" It will be the conversation of every one who loved or re-

bitants are engaged, would be rendered to a certainty successful, and the national

spected his manly character, that after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour, by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served."

The General Orders to the Army issued by Lieutenant-general Hope are equally entitled to admiration, as the foregoing extract from his *Letter* to Sir David Baird; and as they record the particular merits of the Officers and Army during the service on which they were employed in Spain, cannot, with propriety, be omitted.

GENERAL ORDERS.

His Majesty's ship Audacious, January 18 1809.

"The irreparable loss that has been sustained by the fall of the Commander of the Forces, and the severe wound which

fame, reputation, and profperity, of this country, placed on a pinnacle of exalted

has removed Sir David Baird from his station, render it the duty of Lieutenant-general Hope to congratulate the Army upon the successful result of the action of the 16th.

"On no occasion has the undaunted valour of British troops ever been more manifest. At the termination of a severe and harassing march, rendered necessary by the superiority of numbers which the enemy had acquired, and which had materially impaired the efficiency of the troops, many disadvantages were to be encountered.

"These have all been surmounted by the troops themselves, and the enemy has been taught, that whatever advantages of position or of numbers he may employ, there is inherent in the British officer and soldier, a bravery that knows not how to yield, that no circumstances can appal, and that will insure victory when it is to be obtained by the exertion of any human means.

"The Lieutenant-general has the greatest satisfaction in distinguishing such meritorious services as come within his observation, or have been brought to his knowledge.

"His acknowledgments are in a manner particular due to

pre-eminence, unequalled in the annals of the world.

Major-general Lord William Bentinck and the brigade under his command, consisting of the 4th, 42d, and 50th regiments, and which sustained the weight of the attack.

"Major-general Manningham, with his brigade, consisting of the Royals, the 26th, and 81st regiment, and Major-general Warde, with the brigade of Guards, will also be pleased to accept his best thanks for their steady and gallant conduct during the action

"To Major-general Paget, who, by a judicious movement of the reserve, effectually contributed to check the progress of the enemy on the right, and to the first battalions of the 52d and 95th regiments, which were thereby engaged, the greatest praise is justly due.

"That part of Major-general Leith's brigade which were engaged, consisting of the 59th regiment, under the conduct of the Major-general, also claims marked approbation.

"The enemy not having rendered the attack on the left a serious one, did not afford to the troops stationed in that quarter, the opportunity of displaying that gallantry which must have made him repent the attempt. The picquets and advanced

It is greatly to be lamented, that at the commencement, circumstances which no

posts, however, of the brigade, under Major-Generals Hill and Leith, and Colonel Catlin Crawford, conducted themselves with determined resolution, and were ably supported by the Officers commanding the brigades, and by the troops of which they are composed.

"It is peculiarly incumbent on the Lieutenant-general to notice the vigorous attack made by the 2d battalion of the 44th regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Nicholl, which drove the enemy out of the village on the left, of which he had for a moment possessed himself.

"The exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-master-general, and the other Officers of the General Staff, during the action, were unremitted, and deserve every degree of approbation.

"The illness of Brigadier-general Clinton, Adjutant-general, unfortunately deprived the Army of the benefit of his services.

"The Lieutenant-general hopes the loss in point of numbers, is not so considerable as might have been expected. He laments, however, the fall of the gallant soldiers and valuable officers who have suffered.

human forefight could prevent, unfortunately placed the conduct of the affairs

"He knows that it is impossible, in any language he can use, to enhance the esteem, or diminish the regret, that the army feels in common with him for its late commander. His career has been unfortunately too limited for his country, but has been sufficient for his own fame. Beloved by the Army, honoured by his Sovereign, and respected by his Country, he has terminated a life devoted to her service by a glorious death, leaving his name as a memorial, an example, and an incitement to those who shall follow him in the path of honour; and it is from his country alone, that his memory can receive the tribute which is its due.

The following elegant tribute of the illustrious Commander-in-Chief, to the memory of Sir John Moore, by his General Orders of the 1st of February, is truly deserving of record.

GENERAL ORDERS.

" The benefits derived to our army from the example of a distinguished Commander, do not terminate at his death: his virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions

of the Spanish patriots, under the superintendence of the persons previously alluded

" In this view, the Commander-in-Chief, amidst the deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-general Sir John Moore has occasioned, recals to the troops the military career of that illustrious Officer for their instruction and imitation.

" Sir John Moore, from his youth, embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier; he felt, that a perfect knowledge, and an exact performance of the humble but important duties of a Subaltern Officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself, with energy and exemplary assiduity, to the duties of that station.

" In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

" Having risen to command, he signalized his name in

to; men who were incompetent to diſcharge with propriety the arduous duties of military command, and to whoſe incapacity were added the crimes of corruption and treaſon; being biaſſed, not by a ſenſe of honour and patriotiſm, but by avarice, and their own eaſe, ſafety, and riches. Theſe deſpicable creatures of intrigue and favour, however, have been

the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession, obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

" Thus Sir John Moore at an early period obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station, in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

" In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of

unmaſked, and expoſed to the contempt and hatred of which they are ſo richly deſerving from their injured countrymen: and we may now with confidence expect

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climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise. It exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation.

"The life of Sir John Moore was spent among the troops.

"During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the Officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him, the post of honour, and by his undaunted spirit. and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

"His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory; and the Commander

that the disasters or treachery of a *Castanos or a † Morla will soon be counterba-

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in-Chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame by thus holding him forth as an example to the army.

"By order of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief,

"HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-gen

"Horse Guards, Feb. 1, 1809."

* General O'Neil in his dispatch to the brave Palafox, giving an account of what fell under his observation at the battle of *Tuleda*, describes the loss of it as attributable to the misconduct of Castanos, who was the Commander-in-Chief.—He was also accused of treachery, and that he sold the event of the day to *Bonaparte*. After praising the conduct of the other officers, and the different corps under his command, General O'Neil concluded by observing, that had his Division been supported as he expected by the centre of the army, the battle of Tuleda would have terminated most gloriously for Spain.

† The treachery of Don Thomas Morla is too well known to require comment; and his conduct in the surrender of Madrid

lanced by the succesſes and patriotiſm of a *Palafox and a Duke de L'Infantado.†

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in the manner he did, was most contemptible. At the moment he was bargaining away his own honour, and as far as he was capable, the glory of his country, he capitulated for the preservation of their places to those who were in the situation of public functionaries!

This fellow had the consummate impudence to address a Letter to the inhabitants of Cadiz, in December last, exhorting them to submit to the Corsican Usurper, and another to the Supreme Junta, in defence of his infamous proceedings, both of which were consigned to the degradation they deserved.

* The extraordinary abilities and bravery of General Palafox are of the most distinguished kind, and the exertions he has made for the defence of Saragossa, justly entitles him to the appellation of an hero. From 40,000 to 50,000 French, under the command of General Moncey recently sat down before it; and Palafox, by a flag of truce, was offered very advantageous terms of capitulation if he would surrender, he returned for answer, "Never can I capitulate or surrender; talk of that when I am dead." Being farther told that all

There are doubtless also many other noble Spaniards in possession of equal enthusiasm

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Spain was in the power of the French, and that he could have no hope of establishing a communication with any other country, he replied, "My communications are open with every part of Spain, and with the whole world! and if they were cut off, my bayonets would again restore them." He added, that he was not in a situation to apply for a capitulation; "for," said he, "if I had only a fifth part of the soldiers that I actually have, I should still vanquish you, as the plains of Arragon, covered with your bodies, can testify; and being now at the head of a numerous and invincible army, I will endeavour to effect your total extermination.

† The Duke de L'Infantado is an illustrious example of unshaken loyalty and attachment to his sovereign, having, as well as the wise and dignified Don Pedro de Cevallos, resisted every attempt of the usurper at Bayonne to induce him to take part in his designs of placing his brother Joseph Napoleon on the throne of Ferdinand the Seventh. The Duke is said to be about 26 years of age. He commands a numerous division of the centre of the patriotic army.

and ardour which diſtinguiſh theſe great and good men, anxiouſly awaiting a favourable opportunity of exerting themſelves in the cauſe of their country.

The arrival in this country of ſo diſtinguiſhed a character as *Don Pedro Cevallos*, no leſs eminent as a ſtateſman, than amiable for his unſhaken and incorruptible loyalty and fidelity to his unfortunate legitimate ſovereign, inſpires the moſt ſanguine hopes that his Britannic Majeſty's Government is *ſtill* determined not to relax its efforts towards affording effectual aſſiſtance to the patriotic inhabitants of Spain, in the noble and glorious taſk of defending the rights of their beloved monarch, and aſſerting their liberty and independence againſt the uſurpations of a ferocious and inſatiable individual, who, by the Supreme Junta

of the kingdom, has been appropriately ſtigmatized as "*the enemy of God and man.*" *

I have inſenſibly enlarged this letter far beyond the limits originally intended; and I feel that I may (perhaps) have been guilty of too great preſumption, in having taken the liberty to obtrude my humble ſentiments on the public through the medium of an addreſs to one of his Majeſty's Secretaries of State.—On this point, I have only to offer as an apology, the aſſurance that I have been influenced

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* His Excellency Don Pedro Cevallos is Knight of the Grand Cross of the Royal and distinguished Order of Charles the Third, Lord of the Bedchamber, Privy Counsellor and principal Secretary of State, and Ambassador Extraordinary from the Government of Spain to his Majesty the King of Great Britain.

alone by a good intention, and the real and ſincere intereſt I feel in behalf of the cauſe in which the people of Spain are engaged againſt a tyrant, who may with propriety be termed the ſcourge of the univerſe.

I have the honour to be,

With great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant,

HENRY MILBURNE.

London,
March 1, 1809.

Printed by W. Lewis, Paternoster-row.

ERRATA.

Page 59, line 20, for *flight* read night.

72, line 4, for *lay* read lie.

Ibid. for *instruction* read instructions.

JOURNAL

OF A

REGIMENTAL OFFICER

DURING

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN

IN

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN

UNDER

LORD VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.

WITH A

CORRECT PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

" —— quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor!" . . . . HORACE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE contents of the following pages (never intended for the public eye) were hastily noted down amidst the scenes attempted to be delineated; and the author's sufferings from a wound have precluded him the possibility of afterwards correcting them.

This candid statement will, it is hoped, plead for inaccuracies and frivolous incidents; and those persons who are *most able to criticise* will no doubt have the *liberality* to consider the *disadvantages* under which this narrative makes its appearance.

*** The intervening dates omitted throughout the Journal are those only on which there occurred neither change of place nor circumstances.

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 3, for *were* read *are*.
...... 20 ...... 2, for *vintins* read *vintims.*
...... 28 ...... 20, for *buildings* read *Burlings.*
...... 32 ...... 2, dele the word *and* after *generals.*
...... 44 ...... 6, for *Ingeleses* read *Ingleses.*
...... 58 ...... 15, dele the word *of* before *the passage.*
...... 81 ...... 12, for *Astrello* read *Estrella.*
...... 88 ...... 15, for *but* read *and.*

JOURNAL

OF

AN OFFICER, &c. &c.

1808. *November* 19.—LEFT town to join my regiment, which was on the march for Falmouth, and ordered to halt at Exeter and adjacent places. On the 21st arrived at Tiverton, the station of my squadron; where it remained till the 29th, when, agreeably to a route received the preceding evening, we marched as follows:—The above day to Crediton; 30th, to Oakhampton; *December* the 1st, to Launceston; 2d, to Bodmin; 3d, to Truro; and on the 4th arrived at Falmouth, and immediately commenced embarkation from the quay. We were soon on board, and sailed out to the middle of the harbour, to remain at anchor till further orders. The transport (a *ci-de-*

vant collier *) in which it was my lot to be stowed, was about the dirtiest in the fleet, from the slovenly and drunken habits of her master, who, to do him justice, I think approached nearer to the ursine breed than any of his floating fraternity. With this edifying messmate I remained till the 15th; when, at seven A. M., a signal for sailing was hoisted; and at twelve the whole fleet got under weigh with a fair wind. After clearing land, the Commodore made signal that the empty ships attached to our convoy were bound for Vigo, and we for the Tagus. This was the first official intelligence we received of our destination.

17th.—Entered the Bay of Biscay, going at the rate of nine knots an hour.

19th. — Towards five P. M. we had to weather a very severe gale, accompanied with showers of hail, which drove us violently, and considerably damaged our rigging. Towards dusk it rather abated. From

* She was then scarcely sea-worthy; very soon after sprung a leak, and was discharged the service as unsafe.

the darkness and repeated squalls, during the night we lost our convoy. We, however, regained it early in the morning.

20th.—About four P. M. made the Burlings (a cluster of small islands about forty miles from the Rock of Lisbon), when signal was made for lying-to. We there continued beating about till next morning. It blew very hard, attended with an extremely high sea, which made the ship labour so much that it was impossible to stand, or even lie in our births without danger of getting our heads broke. We were rolled from side to side with the greatest violence, and without a moment's intermission. This, together with the continual creaking of the ship, the stifled state we were in by having our dead-lights up and being without air, added to the effluvia and suffocation of a smoking chimney, kept us the whole night in the very *essence of misery.*

21st.—At six A. M. we got under sail, and at twelve came in full view of the Rock of Lisbon. The villages interspersed on the

sides of this grand promontory, with the serrated summits of the rocks, many of which were crowned with churches and towers, form a novel and truly interesting scene. About two we entered the Tagus, with a steady breeze; and having passed the Fort and Castle of St. Julian, the City of Lisbon opened to our view in all its splendour. The day being remarkably fine heightened the beauties of the scene, while the British fleet in the fore-ground gave a finish to the picture. At five came to anchor about half a mile from the town, where we waited for orders.

24th.—At half past four in the afternoon we began to disembark, and it was dusk before we marched off. We proceeded to Belem, a suburb of Lisbon four miles from the Quay.

When we arrived there it was quite dark. The confusion and scramble that ensued in the streets for forage and provision, where neither English nor Portuguese could understand each other, may be easily

conceived. The men went to the barracks at this place, and the officers were served with billets on private houses; but some days elapsed before we could find out the *Dons* on whom our company was to be *inflicted*. In the interim, we were forced to lay down where we could, many officers taking up their quarters under their horses.

This being Christmas eve, I went at midnight to visit the convent of St. Jeronimo. Although no advocate for the pomp and ostentation of popish ceremonials, the service was performed with so much solemnity that it was impossible entirely to withhold admiration. The organ was peculiarly fine, and in very good hands: the friar who played it evinced the greatest skill in his performance of the anthems. The architecture of the convent is considered a master-piece of the kind; but being night, my view was confined to the interior decorations.

28th.—Went to the play at Lisbon. The theatre is in every respect inferior to those

of our own metropolis. The entertainments of the evening consisted of a comedy, which was performed with a great deal of low buffoonery, followed by a ballet. The dancers, both male and female, displayed great agility and strength of muscle; but of the *materials required to captivate* they were certainly not in possession; gracefulness was here very deficient. The scenery was wretched in the extreme. The most I can say in favour of the performance must be bestowed on the orchestra; as the few musicians who composed it played with more attention and expression than our London fidlers, who emphatically call themselves professors of music.

29th.—Rode to the grand Aqueduct, which, with the scenery around, and the extensive prospect it commands, afforded ample gratification for the bad roads and stony hills I had to ascend. The oranges and lemons hung so conveniently, that I had only to pluck them when thirsty, without the trouble of dismounting.

30th.—The army received instructions to march; and our first division was ordered to advance the succeeding morning, on its way to the frontiers; but this was countermanded before night.

31st.—Went to the Italian opera at St. Carlos, which is considered the most fashionable entertainment in Lisbon. The house is good, but in point of decoration is inferior to ours. The orchestra department, consisting of about forty musicians, was most ably conducted; but the singing was far short of what I had been led to expect. The vocal performers displayed *no* execution, and, with the exception of two or three leading characters, were equally deficient in taste and expression. The disciples of Terpsichore, so far as *nature* was concerned, were extremely awkward; and though I allow their dancing to be very good, yet their thick ancles and robust limbs rather excited laughter than admiration. But their *chef-d'œuvre* compensated for all defects: I mean, their style of action in the *ballet*, which was graceful and expressive.

1809. *January* 2d.—This morning I devoted to the inspection of Belem palace, formerly one of the most splendid royal residences in Europe. It has been sadly altered within a few months: the French have not only stripped it of every picture and ornament at all portable, but *mutilated the very walls,* in their rapacious efforts to rob them of all that was valuable. Only two inferior rooms, and a small chapel, remain in any tolerable repair. A variety of packages lay scattered about the hall, which JUNOT, in his hurry, had not time to dispatch: they chiefly contained precious marbles, and sculpture of most excellent workmanship. The Gardens, which are magnificent, and ornamented by masterly pieces of statuary, could formerly boast of one of the finest aviaries. The *building* indeed remains, but its motley-feathered tenantry (collected from every quarter of the globe) are nearly extirpated. The greatest havock was made among them by a puppy named BEAUHARNOIS (of course one of the NAPOLEON dynasty), who resided here some time, and during his stay had the aviary put in re-

quisition, not to gratify his *eye* or his *ear*, but his gluttonous *appetite:* his favourite relish was a *canary*, and he was every morning, for his breakfast, served with about a dozen of these unfortunate finches. It appeared, however, he had a *fellow-feeling* for birds of prey, as the vultures, and the whole of the falcon tribe, have continued unmolested. There are also remaining some wild beasts, which the *French* seem to have treated with *equal respect.*

9th. — Having procured an interpreter, I, with a party, crossed the Tagus. We landed in Port Brandon, opposite Belem Castle. Nearly four miles up the road, there is a tract of wood, about eight leagues in circumference, called the King's Forest. We had made this excursion for a day's sport with the Portuguese game, hearing that the forest abounded with red-legged partridges and woodcocks, and knowing that it formerly was one of the Prince Regent's favourite beats when he went for a *grande chasse.* We, however, found nothing the whole day but a few rabbits, and returned

without getting a shot. In the course of our walk, we passed several plants which had been grubbed up, and discovered many places where wild boars had lately been. Notwithstanding our game-bags were empty, we returned pleased with the excursion, as the scenery made amends for our bad sport.

This wood is entirely composed of evergreens and short aromatic shrubs. The ground being hilly, you sometimes, by getting on an eminence, see over miles of the forest; but your extensive prospect, being over a continued region of firs, is one dark green, gradually fading, from distance, to a dim blue.

10th. — Visited the museum at Belem, which contains an extensive collection in natural history. It was principally founded by the Prince Regent, and has attached to it an excellent botanic garden. This museum is divided into two large apartments: the first contains a valuable collection of minerals, in which the finest specimens of

all the Brasilian and other precious stones are to be found, as well as a great variety of fossils. This leads to the second, which is filled with beasts, birds, insects, and fishes, in high preservation, with a beautiful collection of shells *.

11th.—Our regiment received orders to reimbark; and, on the evening of the 12th, marched for that purpose to Lisbon; where, in consequence of being unable to get the detachment on board, we lay at picquet all night in a stable.

13th.—At seven in the morning we commenced embarkation; and it was above two hours before we were on board, as the vessel lay far off in the harbour, and our horses were conveyed to her in boats.

14th.—The instructions were recalled, and the Nautilus sent off with dispatches:

* Soon after, all these things were packed up, to be sent to the Brazils; it being thought that the British were about to evacuate the country.

we therefore remained at anchor without a commodore, and totally ignorant of our destination.

24th.—Returned on shore, and went with a large party on an excursion to the Rock of Lisbon, which is about four leagues beyond Belem. After being driven in a calêche for near five hours, at the rate of Russell's *Exeter Fly*, we reached the town of Cintra. — I must not forget to revert to the neat appearance of the roads we had passed; which, with the exception of places out of repair, were regularly paved like a street; fenced on both sides with hedges of the most beautiful geraniums; and surrounded, in every direction, by what in England would be considered the choicest exotics.—They are in unison with the paradise to which they lead!

To describe the environs of Cintra would be a task for which I have unfortunately neither time nor abilities. The Rock itself would claim a volume, on the variety of its

ancient monuments; and the views around require the pencil of a first-rate artist.

Having taken some refreshment, and hired asses, we proceeded to the Rock. The structure of the convent of Pina, and the Moorish castle upon the very pinnacle of this stupendous height, add to its scenery the most terrific grandeur; and the serrated summits, shooting up like crystals, are about two thousand four hundred feet, nearly perpendicular, from the sea. The ponderous cliffs stand one upon another with the appearance of every moment falling; and their broken masses threaten destruction to the traveller. An ancient Moorish castle, constructed on this rock, has the same awful look; and is so built, that the walls and towers are carried from one of these massive stones, sixty yards in girth, to another. Having surveyed these, we sallied forth on our Jerusalem poneys to ascend the Passes, and to arrive at the convent and castle.—The safety and agility with which the donkeys climb up the hills

and scramble through the stones is scarcely to be credited.

Having performed our tedious and fatiguing ascent, we reached the convent of Pina, through which we were conducted by an old friar, whose venerable look gave the cloisters additional solemnity. This place is remarkable for its plainness; and the occupiers, unlike most of their monastic brethren, seem to have no earthly treasure to boast of. We saw no one but our guide, although, in the refectory, there were covers laid for fourteen.

The Moorish castle next attracted our attention. Its situation is equally romantic with that of the convent. The structure is rude; but in some of the towers we could plainly discern the remains of paintings on the stones. There are still, in tolerable preservation, a multiplicity of ancient monuments, and many with inscriptions in Moorish characters. We had scarcely finished our inspection, when a very thick

fog came on: indeed we had been some time in the clouds when first we reached Pina, as a mist enveloped us before we had half way ascended the height. We descended by the same pass, and soon reached a clear atmosphere. A grand scene then presented itself in different features, the fog having obscured the greater part of its majestic eminences. Our view was therefore circumscribed by orange, lemon, and other fruit-trees, with which its bases were encircled. Ever-greens of all kinds are seen intersecting the rocks, and shooting from the fissures to their very summits. Aromatic exhalations from various shrubs, and the foliage of innumerable vines, are everywhere presented, and exhibit a vegetation peculiar to this luxuriant garden of nature.

Having thus agreeably passed our time till late in the evening, we returned to the inn, where an excellent dinner had been waiting our arrival. Every thing was served up in the *British style;* as Madam Cavigioli, our landlady, although married to an Italian, was an Irish woman. The

landlord and his brother attended us during dinner, and afterwards amused us cheerfully with vocal and instrumental music. We then returned to our beds, which were the more agreeable from being in the English fashion.

25th.—Waking early in the morning, the prospect from the window even exceeded my expectations; the town of Cintra under our hotel, and the verdure of the plains fading to an air tint, was one of the richest scenes. The clouds gradually uncapping the distant heights, and leaving their purple heads, contrasted with the opening dawn, contributed to the scene more than sublunary beauties. Our party soon sallied forth with their sketch-books, and made the most of this fine opportunity to collect some landscapes. We passed orchards where the boughs were breaking down with fruit, and the lemons dropping into the rivulets that flanked the road: we entered one grove, which, in many places, was ancle deep with the fruit that lay mouldering in the path.

Having been busily employed for several hours, we were compelled to leave this place without thoroughly exploring its beauties. The hour we had to spare was dedicated to the palace of the PRINCE REGENT, latterly the country residence of JUNOT, and the house where the *Convention* of Cintra was signed. The building is modern, and one of the best constructed in Portugal. From the front you look through groves upon the rocks, and the sight is rather contracted; but the back part brings you to a sudden descent, and stands so high above every thing in that direction, as to afford one of the most extensive prospects in the country: the sea appears to the left, and the convent of Maffra far in the back ground to the right.

Finding that we had been tempted to trespass on our time, we hastened to the inn; ordered the vehicles and mules; and reluctantly returned to our floating dungeons.

25th.—The horses having become sickly

from being so long stowed on shipboard, we were ordered to disembark, and take up our former quarters, till further instructions were sent to the Commander in Chief; and on the 28th the regiment was all landed.

February 28th.—Orders were issued for the army to hold itself in readiness to march;—the heavy baggage to be sent on board the store-ships;—and every preparation to be made for advancing towards the frontiers.

March 3d.—Two squadrons of dragoons were ordered to march on the advance; but in the evening a countermand arrived.

4th.—The order of the 3d was renewed; —and on the 5th, the first and fourth squadrons proceeded to Loaires.

The two squadrons of the regiment being divided into four, each troop branched off in a different direction, leaving Loaires for the second and third squadrons, which

marched in on the 6th, and formed the head-quarter division. I went to Bucellas, about a league and a half in front. This was the advanced post, occupied by about eighty dragoons and a half-brigade of German artillery. On our entering this village, we found that the Serjeant who had been sent on for billets had never arrived; and in consequence a regular scramble took place. To complete our difficulties, not a soul in the place could speak any language but his own, in which we were altogether deficient. However, by making signs, with the *assistance of a little main force,* we put up the men and horses. We had then to look out for ourselves, and got into some empty houses without windows; and having had no breakfast, commenced an attack on the produce of the village, which consisted only of musty eggs, ill-cured bacon, and bad cheese. These we washed down with some liquor called wine, which *as vinegar* was certainly *good.* However, when the natives found that *we most unfashionably paid for things,* they produced some real Bucellas, which, as a

summer wine, was excellent. We drank it at two vintins (about three-pence) per quart.

Having noted our arrival, I must revert to our two days' march.

On entering Loaires, we were well received, and tolerably provided for. The above place stands in a flat, and is considered unhealthy: its appearance and situation, however, are pretty; and its soil produces the finest oranges. Being within two leagues of Lisbon, it is (unlike most of the Portuguese villages) supplied with the necessaries of life, and contains several shops, with a good *caza de comer* (or eating-house) —which, by the way, was not discovered till we had made every preparation for cooking our own dinners.

On leaving Loaires half a league, we came to a neat village, called St. Antonio de Tojal, where a great part of the houses surround a large green. This leads to the

convent and gardens, for which this place is celebrated.

On departing from Tojal, you ascend from the valley, and leave a village to the right, passing between two immense chains of hills. Within a mile of Bucellas, the one on the left bears away for Cabeça de Monta Chique; and the other continues farther, and takes nearly an opposite direction; both commanding the low countries, and forming a very strong position. The hills on the right are divided from the pass by a deep ravine, which in the rainy season is so increased, that the water is forced in torrents against its rugged sides, and forms a sort of cascade for several miles.

7th.—A party of us went out with guns, accompanied by a priest, who, as far as we could understand him, promised to shew us plenty of game. We saw nothing all day but one hare *, and returned quite fatigued,

* The hares of Portugal are about the size of ours; their fur is much longer, and in some parts darker: they have a great deal of white in the fore-quarters.

inviting his Reverence to dinner; who so readily agreed to attack our mutton, that I suspect he made the shooting party only with that intention.

11th.—We made a second attempt; and hired a bandy-legged fellow, who was considered the Nimrod of the place, and kept two hounds. These animals were broken-in to draw on birds; and though they never came to a dead point, they gave the shooter plenty of time to get up. We, however, had our usual bad sport. Though we found about twelve brace of partridges, the weather was so stormy, they were the whole day on the run, and, in spite of every manœuvre, we could not even get a snap-shot. —Our *chasse* ended in the destruction of a Portuguese owl, which flew from under a heap of stones. This bird was scarcely bigger than a fieldfare: its eyes were immensely large, and of a fine bright yellow: in plumage it nearly resembled our common brown owl. It ran nearly as fast as a partridge, and flew like a woodpecker.

In the evening we went out with casting nets, but all the stream appeared to contain was a few small fish, like bleak.

April 3d.—The out-posts being relieved, our division marched into Loaires.

6th.—The army received orders to commence its march towards Oporto, which was then occupied by the enemy's troops under Marshal SOULT.

7th.—Rode over to Lisbon, to equip myself for campaigning. Hurried as I was, I had resolved not to take my leave of this place without having seen its greatest curiosity. I allude to the inner chapel of St. Roque's church, of which I regretted not having time to make a regular inspection. The richness of it is a true emblem of Roman Catholic pomp. The pillars, from top to bottom of the chapel, are of lapis lazuli and amethyst, set, apparently, in fine gold. One of the altars is composed of amethyst, alabaster, and coral, combined with the most valuable minerals that an unlimited

expence through the world could procure. There is another, worked in a mass of silver, and carved to represent angels, &c. which the guide informed me cost seven thousand pounds. The candlesticks belonging to it are said to be of double that value. —This temple, instead of common stone, is paved with the choicest *mosaic;* and three large Scripture pieces, which struck me as most valuable and masterly paintings, on my having a ladder brought, and inspecting them, proved to be entirely composed of the mosaic work.

It may perhaps be unnecessary to add, that Mr. JUNOT had had these packed up, for the *grand receptacle of all plunder.* His interception here must have occasioned extreme disappointment, as the *collections* for this church are said to have cost three millions of crusades.

9th. — The regiment commenced its march, and the head-quarter division advanced to Sobral. When the troops entered this place, the confusion exceeded every

thing we had before experienced. The town, which was scarcely large enough to put up half a regiment, was crammed with six thousand infantry, in addition to the staff, and our own two squadrons. The cavalry officers were left adrift, to lie down how they could.—A large party of us walked into a house, where we immediately began *foraging;* and at last made up so comfort-a picnic, that we invited three friends to dinner. We had scarcely sat down, when we were invaded by one hundred and fifty soldiers, who were quartered on the same house. They were all packed into one room over our heads, and we were in momentary expectation of having them through the ceiling. We were, however, soon relieved from our post of danger, by *getting turned out of the billet.* Every one then walked off, with his victuals in one hand and saddle-bags in the other, in search of a floor where he could lie down in peace. I separated from my companions, and got into the hovel of a poor man; the whole of whose mansion consisted of two bad rooms, a little kitchen, and a pig-stye, joined together

under so thin a roof that day-light appeared through in several places.

The troops were directed to remain in Sobral till further orders, and with a fair prospect of *short commons*, as very soon after their first arrival not a bit of bread was to be bought.

11th.—A detachment of our regiment was ordered out to a hamlet called Xam, to make room for the artillery. I had the fortune to be one of those emancipated from head-quarters, and proceeded to this place. It was so small it could only contain the third of a troop; and we were obliged to have the greater part of the men scattered over the country, in straggling huts.

Xam is situated in a green valley. Contiguous to it stands a quinta*, which, of course, we selected for ourselves and myrmidons. The man left in charge of the house, thinking his master's absence a good excuse to refuse us admission, would not

* Gentleman's country seat.

give up the keys, till we had recourse to the *never-failing remedy* of *beginning to storm his doors*. He then very *politely* produced them; and gave us up five rooms and a kitchen, with a good stable; and conducted us to a large garden of fruit and vegetables. Our only difficulty then was, to get at the crockery; as we had scarcely any thing to use, and our *deputy host*, with the usual embraces and palavre of a Portuguese, declared he had produced the whole contents of the house: but, meeting with a large cupboard, and slipping back the bolt with a sabre, we discovered two services of china, with plenty of glass and every thing requisite, besides sugar, honey, and other articles of provision.

12th.—When sitting comfortably down to breakfast, we observed we were *too well off* to remain long in these quarters—though indeed, at the time, we thought the army would not advance for ten days. In a few minutes after, a route came for us to march at one o'clock in the afternoon. We

accordingly took leave of our comforts, and went off to Arneiro.

13th.—Marched to Cadaval and Vermilha, passing Villa Verda. The road here, being among broken rocks, is in many places scarcely passable. In descending the heights, the views are beautiful; and on getting into the valley, the appearance of the rear troops had a pretty effect, from the serpentine direction of the passes they were coming down. On our left was Vimiera and Torres Vedras; and to our right stood a stupendous mountain, which we had seen for three days.

14th.—The army proceeded on the advance. The country in this day's march was dreary and barren, and the views, though very extensive, not so picturesque. We were struck with the majestic appearance of the buildings, against which we could plainly discern the bursting of a tremendous surge.—The town of Obidos, with its ancient Moorish fortifications, had a fine

effect from the hills by which we entered it. The church stood so near the road, we had just time to dismount and run in: it is of a hexagonal form, and, though not to be named after St. Roque's, contained many ornaments of considerable value.

After descending from the strong position of Obidos to a vale, and advancing half a league, we reached Caldos; where the army halted, and awaited the arrival of the Commander in Chief.—Caldos is a very large town, and was certainly the cleanest and neatest of any we had then seen in Portugal. In this place there is a house with several warm baths, which, I was informed, are similar to those at Harrowgate. Here is also a temporary amphitheatre, of many years' standing, which the natives told me was still used for bull-fights.

16th.—Marched for Alcobaça; to which, with the exception of a few rough passes on the sides of hills, we found the road very good, being sandy, broad, and well calculated for the march of cavalry. The sce-

nery around us afforded a pleasing variety. On our arrival in Alcobaça, the inhabitants were drawn up on each side of the street, where men, women, and children, were shouting with exclamations of joy, and crying "*viva, viva!*" accompanied by the ringing of bells, waving of handkerchiefs, and every other mark of exultation.

After getting billeted off, we hastened to the convent of Santo Bernardo, which is the largest in Portugal, and the sepulchre of many kings. The apartments here are very extensive; but, instead of fine pictures, of which they are worthy, they are hung round with daubs that would do little credit to a sign-painter.

The Chapel, though perhaps not intrinsically so valuable as St. Roque's, is apparently far more splendid. This edifice is formed like a cross, and the whole of its inside embellished with the finest carving, which, being entirely covered with gilding, has a most magnificent appearance. There are two organs, opposite each other, which are

decorated with sculpture, and richly gilded, and have pipes made like trumpets, projecting horizontally, so as to throw out the sound and produce a very powerful tone. Among the monuments, there are two of particularly fine workmanship, and each of them is supported by six lions couchant carved in stone.

The Library next attracted our notice. It is sixty paces in length, and fourteen in breadth. The ornaments here display exquisite taste; and, though not so rich as the chapel, this apartment has so light and neat an effect, that we gave it a decided preference. It is paved with a variety of marble; and, before a selection of the most valuable volumes was sent on ship-board, was entirely filled with books.

The next thing to be seen was the Kitchen, which is immensely large, and has a canal running through it. The water is forced by a wheel with great rapidity, for the purpose of more hastily washing the cooking utensils. A grand dinner is dress-

ed here daily for the friars, to which all generals, and staff and field officers, had a regular invitation during their stay; and, indeed, any officer who chose to go was hospitably received.

Having surveyed the convent, we repaired to our billet. We were here extremely fortunate in our host, who received us with the greatest hospitality, and, as well as he could express himself, begged that during our residence in his house we would consider every thing it afforded as our own. He insisted on our coming to every meal at his table, and gave orders for all our servants to be well entertained in the kitchen. Our Don's style of living was sumptuous: we commenced with an elegant dinner, and (*what is not always the case*) continued to partake of one *equally good every day*.—Although our host was unable to converse with us, he contrived to keep us constantly amused; particularly those fond of music: he played the piano and guitar, and had great taste in singing. In order to promote a conference, the apothecary of

Alcobaça, who spoke French, was invited to spend the afternoon, and requested to act as interpreter. This was one of the drollest fellows we had met with: he kept us in a roar of laughter all dinner-time. Indeed, his very look was enough to promote mirth:—he had a constant smile on his face, which was embellished with a nose and chin nearly meeting, though between them he could just *conveniently pass a walnut.* The cut of his coat, and general appearance, was completed by a tremendous periwig; the *summit* of which was capped, *à la pictoresque,* with a triangular cocked hat.—Our landlord seemed so delighted at seeing the party thus entertained, that he gave him an invitation to meet us *every day at dinner,* which *the doctor* most readily *accepted.*

17th, 18th, and 19th.—Our good host gave routs, inviting all his neighbours to meet us. After tea and coffee, we had music, vocal and instrumental; with cards; followed by a pleasant dance; and con-

cluding with a hot supper, where our friend the *doctor* was in great force.

20th.—Walked round the estate of our landlord, and took some luncheon with a friar, at his house in the wood. With other things, he gave us some delicious wine: it had the spirit of Champaign, with the flavour of Burgundy; and we thought it superior to either.

It appeared, however, that all our luxuries were destined to be of short duration: on our return to Alcobaça, we found that orders had been issued to advance the following morning.

21st.—We accordingly bid farewell to our patron, and proceeded to Batalha. This place also contains a large society of holy fathers, who, like their brethren in general, take especial care to keep up good living.—The convent here is, as I heard, so well worth seeing, that to name Batalha without making mention of it, would be quite enough

to condemn a journal. I have therefore to plead for a sad deficiency; but being detained at Alcobaça, I did not arrive with the troops till so late, that *seeing* any thing was totally out of the question, and at break of day on the

22d.—We marched off for Lyreia. We had good roads: they were wide, and like those of a turnpike. The town of Lyreia is very large; though the streets are narrow and bad. Its greatest ornament is the ruin of a Moorish castle, constructed on a height, close to the walls, and commanding the country for several miles in every direction. The beauty of this ruin is completed by being surrounded with orange-groves, having the hill where it stands covered with shrubs, and its walls clothed with ivy. The Castle has several partitions yet standing: among these we could plainly distinguish the remains of six separate prisons.—We then took a peep at the church, which, like all others in the country, is covered with gilding and profusely ornamented. It has two organs and nine altars.

23d.—Advanced to Pombal; where we were poorly provided for and greatly crowded. This town has also contiguous to it a fine old Moorish castle. It likewise contains a square, where there is a large market for corn, poultry, and vegetables.—The country around is supplied with small rivers; and, as you advance towards Oporto, becomes more wooded. The roads, instead of bad and broken pavement, as in the greater part of Portugal, are left like an English post-road; and are thus far more pleasant to travel upon, and not subject to be rendered nearly impassable for want of repairs, which is frequently the case in other parts of the country.

24th.—The dragoons were sent out to the neighbouring villages to make room for other troops. Our squadron took up a little hamlet called Redinha, which appeared to be the grand *depôt* for every description of vagrants and vermin.—On entering my billet (which, by the way, *had a floor and a roof*), I was mobbed by a ragged set of people, who came a great deal *too* near to be *plea-*

sant; and on my sitting down to write, those who were my fellow-lodgers stood round me, staring like savages.

The houses here, like all others in the country of inferior quality, have nothing but square holes, without glass, by way of windows: so that you have your choice of being exposed to the wind and rain, or sitting in total darkness by closing the shutters. *My birth* was on the floor of a room where there were three doors that could not be kept shut, and broken boards to the *light-holes.* These, with a plentiful supply of chinks in the walls, rendered it as airy as being in an open field. Generally speaking, to make a remark respecting the vermin (from which scarcely a bed, from the best to the worst of houses throughout the country, is free) would be like the barber at Lisbon *informing Baretti* that "grapes grew in Portugal;" but *here* the fleas and bugs abounded to a degree worthy of memorandum. They kept me constantly employed nearly all night; and on the welcomed approac of daylight to the crevices,

I sprung out of bed :—but making any *havock* was of no avail : — the bugs were crawling about, and the fleas swarming like ants. I therefore shuffled on my clothes, and bustled to the river; where, on undressing, I found my clothes covered with fleas, and my skin spotted from head to foot. After plunging into a deep hole, and swimming round till I thought my escape from vermin tolerably complete, I put on *fresh* apparel, and sallied forth in search of a new billet.—After beating up the quarters of several Senhors, I removed my establishment to the house of a sulky old fellow, whose *looks*, one would think, must have kept the vermin at bay, as in his *casâ* there was not even a *louse* to be found.

This day (the 25th) we received orders to be in readiness to turn out for a march at the sound of the bugle. After remaining so long prepared that we were fearful some orders might have been accidentally withheld, the squadron marched on the Coimbra road, to where it led to our other quarters, and there waited for several hours,

to see if the troops were coming that way. —During our halt here, each man was regaled with a tumbler of good wine, brought out by the peasants, which, with many *vivas*, they presented as a testimony of their love for the English; but when, finding the advance was countermanded, we went *threes about*, they put on most woful countenances, and all appeared panic-struck. Our return to Redinha created the greatest alarm among the natives, who fancied we had been driven back by the enemy; and we being unable to explain the circumstance, kept them in a state of miserable suspense, until a Senhor Olivera, who spoke English and came to us at dinner, satisfied them with an explanation.

26th.—Instructions were issued, that, in consequence of the arrival of Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the army would remain stationary till further orders.

27th.—Went out on a Portuguese sporting party—that is, with about a dozen shooters; attended by all the rabble of the

village, who are armed with sticks and poles; and followed by an immense pack of dogs, consisting of every description of mongrel that can be hallooed together. This procession is closed by a senhor rat-catcher, who, with his bag of ferrets, brings up the rear; and this *they* call hunting! I was provided with one of their best guns, which, from appearance, one would hardly know whether to prefer firing it off, or being shot at with it. Finding no *other game*, I mustered courage to try a shot at a few small birds, and found it killed tolerably well.—Our *chassc* ended, as shooting *parties* usually do,—in bringing home nothing, and a *set-to* at eating and drinking. We had, however, no great chance of sport; as all we saw were some birds, very wild; and a rabbit, bolted by a ferret in cover.

28th.—Went to a Portuguese funeral. The corpse was laid on the back, with hands crossed, and tied together; the face quite exposed: and the body, covered with nothing but a shroud, was carried on an open bier with a sort of tester; and thrown

into a hole, like a dead dog. Instead of any solemnity at the moment of interment, the fellows around were in argumentative conversation: and one of them jumped into the grave, which was but just deep enough to bury the deceased, covered the face with a cloth, and began filling up the hole with the sculls and bones which were torn up and thrown around in digging it.

By the good management of one of our officers (who is perhaps the best forager, the choicest caterer, and the first amateur cook in his Majesty's service), we had contrived to establish an excellent mess; at which we generally *went through the operation* of entertaining some of the Senhors. On the 29th we invited about two people to each plate, and sat down to a dinner worthy of an English host. Having just sent away the remains of the *second course*, we were in the very act of filling a bumper to "*Sir Arthur Wellesley*," when an express arrived for us to advance immediately. The *Rouse* sounded; and in ten minutes we were all packed up and turned out. We marched to Condexa,

where we did not arrive till night. This town was brilliantly illuminated, and, the night being very dark, it appeared to advantage.—Here the left wing of the regiment halted, and we proceeded to Sarnoche.

30th.—Marched to Coimbra.—The approach of this town is one of the finest prospects in Portugal. The view of the city and the mountainous distances around, with the river Mondago winding through the richest country, is presented from an opposite height. The road then descends in a serpentine direction, leading through an olive-grove to a fine stone bridge, by which you pass into the streets of Coimbra. The buildings cover a mountain, from its very summit down to the water's edge; and the Quintas, among the surrounding groves, extend for several miles.—This is, I believe, the largest town in Portugal, next to Lisbon and Oporto. It much resembles the former in every respect, and is equally deceiving to the traveller; who from distant appearance is led to expect a paradise, and on his

entrance is disappointed with poor, narrow streets, every where poisoned with stink and dirt.

Our arrival was announced by a ringing of bells, which brought out crowds of the inhabitants, who lined the road, bridge, and town, to receive us with *vivas* and *huzzas*; and the troops, while passing, were covered with flowers from all the windows of the Senhoras. At night we had a grand illumination.

Coimbra is celebrated for containing the great university of the kingdom. Here are eighteen colleges, with an extensive library; also a large convent and museum. The greater part of these are connected in a fine range of buildings, which stand on a terrace above the houses, and overlook the whole country.

May 2d.—The greater part of the army were up, and the Commander in Chief arrived.

The illuminations were continued every night during our stay, and with every inducement to tempt us out; as the streets were graced with a charming supply of *Bonitas Senhoras,* who professed "*gustar muito os officiales Ingeleses bonitos.*" We were, indeed, *so cordially received and delightfully entertained,* that it can *hardly* be called vanity to say we believed them *in earnest.*

4th.—Our regiment received orders to march out, and occupy some neighbouring villages, leaving their quarters for the 16th dragoons; and one of our squadrons was attached (with General TILSON's brigade) to the Portuguese army.

5th.—Our division of three troops went to Brefernis; the remainder (three others) to adjacent hamlets. The roads to this place were in most parts cut through solid rocks of stone, with scarcely a crack or juncture; and their surface was ground by the cars into so many ridges, that in several parts we found it difficult to keep our horses on their legs.

Brefernis is a long league and a half from Coimbra; and, for a description of it, I couple it with Redinha, which, by the way, is far the better of the two. We took possession of the most habitable sty it afforded; and, wishing to have a reprieve from vermin as long as we could, we took our dinner under the shade of a large tree in an orange-grove, from which we had our dessert in perfection; and, I may add, with *variety*, as the very *same tree bore two sorts of lemons, with oranges both China and Seville* *.

In the evening we were directed to parade, in marching order, on the following morning at four, and proceed to the sands near Coimbra, where, at six o'clock, the Army was to be reviewed by the Commander in Chief.

6th.—The regiments having formed a line (reaching above two miles), wheeled into column, marched past, and filed to their quarters.

* Perhaps if I do not explain that the tree was grafted, this may appear a bold attempt at *Baron Munchausen*.

7th.—At five in the morning, with no further apprisal than the *Rouse*, we turned out; and, after forming with the remainder of our brigade, proceeded forward about three leagues. The head-quarters of our regiment were at Avelans.

On the 8th we received orders to prepare for a march at five in the morning; but had to halt during that day, to afford time for Marshal BERESFORD, with his army, to reach the Upper Douro.

On the 9th we proceeded* towards the Vouga; and after having crossed the river, picquetted—as was supposed, at the distance of two leagues from the advanced posts of the enemy. On discovering this, our object was, if possible, to take them by surprise; accordingly, rigid orders were issued, that during the day no man should

* In describing specifically the various movements and actions which led to the expulsion of the enemy from Oporto, particular attention would be required as to the nature of the ground, than which none could be more disadvantageous to the operations of cavalry.

mount a bank which touched the flank of the column, for fear of being visible to the enemy; and by night the strictest silence was preserved throughout our lines.

We marched at one on the morning of the 10th; and such extreme caution was observed in whispering the words of command, that our advanced troops moved on without being heard by those in the rear, who (being in such rocky passes, the brigade were only able to march in single file) had to form their junction under some difficulties. These were increased by the utter darkness of the night. Nor was it without danger, as well as impediments, that we got forward over these rough roads, so as, by the aid of a guide, to ascertain our point. We had then arrived in a champaign country, where our brigade advanced, on an open road, in columns of half-squadrons. At five we came in sight of the enemy's *videttes;* formed in line; and were joined by a strong squadron of Portuguese cavalry. This rencontre occasioned as much surprise to the enemy, as we (by the

bye) had felt on the preceding day, at hearing the French were in possession of Albergaria Nova, for which place an officer had been sent forward to procure billets for our troops.

On our skirmishers being thrown out, a kind of signal was made by the French commander to the Brigadier General who headed our party. This caused him to advance; as perhaps he judged this signal to be of a pacific nature: but he was effectually undeceived, by having three shots fired at him; when a general skirmish commenced. We soon formed to attack them in line; but finding ourselves opposed to a strong column of cavalry, we retired to a short distance. Being then reinforced with two three-pounders from General Stuart's brigade, which immediately opened their fire with some execution; and animated by the appearance of our infantry; we again advanced. A partial charge was made by the 16th, so as to occasion a loss to the enemy of seven men killed and a great many wounded. Of this regiment

but few were wounded, and only one was taken prisoner.—We at length succeeded in driving the enemy out of the field*. Their retreat was to Olivera, which they soon abandoned, so as almost immediately to leave it in our possession.

The number of French cavalry here amounted to four thousand: they were supported by small detachments of infantry.—I must observe the beautiful effect of our engagement. It commenced about sun-rise, in one of the finest mornings possible, on an immense tract of heath, with a pine-wood in rear of the enemy. So little

* They were then followed by two regiments of Portuguese infantry, who drove them, in a very gallant manner, through a pine-wood, which surrounded the further end of the ground. After this they had to pass a deep and difficult ravine, which, being obliged to file, they were so long in getting through, that our artillery were there in time to play on their rear-guard, while they were scrambling up the opposite side. Their *fine First Hussars* came in for this: they however escaped tolerably well; they had a few killed, and their wounded were considerable; but they are so dexterous in taking them off (and behind, on their horses, if dismounted) that we are apt in general to under-calculate their number.

was the slaughter, and regular the formations, that it appeared more like a sham-fight on Wimbledon Common than an action in a foreign country.

The conduct of the Portuguese rabble was a disgrace to such a scene: they not only stripped the dead and wounded, but gave their *coup de grace* to every poor wretch who had a vital struggle remaining. The scull of one French officer in particular they broke to pieces, scattering the brains on every side. Vagabonds of this cast are observed to hover near the army during every battle.

The troops being much fatigued, and from other circumstances, halted the remainder of this day.

We were picquetted all night near Olivera; where we were at first rather in tribulation, as the bâtmen whom we had *trusted* with the *prog* had taken good care to keep out of the way. We, who were already exhausted with *fagging*, had to cut

boughs for our huts; our fire-wood to collect, and light; and what little we could pick up, to cook for dinner. I happened to have a leveret, that in the grand scuffle had taken refuge with a poaching farrier, who popped her into his apron. My messmates then mustering a little broken bread, and adding the ribs of a *dead sheep,* we *made out so well* that we invited two friends to dine. After this we lay under our fir-boughs, and passed a very good night.

11th.—At eight in the morning we began our march; and, after advancing about two leagues, came up with the infantry, whom we found sharply engaged, driving the enemy out of a wood. A squadron of the 16th, and another of the 20th, made a charge, with the loss of several men; the road on which they acted being covered with large stones, and flanked by a wood and broad ditches. We then advanced along the main road to Oporto, which was strewed with dead men and horses, and spoils of every description. Among other objects of horror, we observed the bodies of

six Portuguese hanging, besides one which had dropped down, in a state of putridity. Three of the above were suspended from a single tree. We heard that these executions took place in consequence of the murder of SOULT's Aid-de-camp; and that four of the sufferers were priests, who had refused to deliver up the real or supposed criminals.

Our pursuit of the enemy was continued for about a mile beyond Cavallos; when we were compelled to desist, in consequence of the horses being unable to bring forward the guns *. Near the above place the army were *bivouacqued*, with the exception of our right squadron, which remained out on picquet, attached to General MURRAY's brigade. We passed the night without cover; and the dews were falling so heavy as to soak our clothes and be wrung from our night-caps.

* At this I am not surprised, being informed, by an Officer of Artillery, that, out of three hundred horses sent for their service from Portsmouth, there arrived at Lisbon *only eighty that could be called effective.*

12th.—At day-break, General MURRAY ordered out the picquet; and, moving on, with a subaltern and a few men, for the purpose of reconnoitring, left the remainder about a mile in advance from where we had been posted. We soon heard that the French who had engaged us were beyond the Douro, having blown up the bridge, and taken refuge in Oporto. This account being confirmed by the officer of the advanced party, orders were given that the picquet should be taken back, and wait for further instructions.

In a few hours we were informed that Sir ARTHUR intended passing the river that day; and our Major came forward to take command of the right squadron. General PAGET being in our front, with a strong division of Infantry and Artillery, we crossed the Douro about twelve o'clock, accompanied by General MURRAY's brigade, consisting of the whole Hanoverian Legion. Our passage of the river was effected about a league above Oporto: and the other brigades (in line with us to our left) crossed the

river at the same time. On landing, we took our position on a height, where we had an uninterrupted view of the town, and of the direct attack made by General PAGET's division, which by this time had nearly driven the enemy from the suburbs. The remainder of the engagement consisted chiefly in skirmishing among stone walls and broken rocks, with which the country is much intersected.—We could see for several miles in every direction, and distinctly observe the whole of the enemy's cavalry retreating. Orders were then given to make an attempt to cut off some of the rear troops; but these orders were recalled before the squadron had proceeded a quarter of a mile, as the General soon perceived that the enemy's covering party was too strong for us.

After rejoining the German Legion battalions on the height, we descended to the valley, making a flank movement for some distance parallel to the Douro, with a view of advancing as a reserve in the rear of those engaged.—While General MURRAY was making a momentary reconnoitre, a Staff-

Officer came up, with the information that one of our regiments was very hard pressed, and that the Cavalry must advance immediately for its support. On this, we hastened forward as fast as was possible from the nature of the ground; and, after surmounting many impediments among the stone walls, got into the main road, on reaching the outskirts of the town.—Our infantry here extended along the road. We then, forming up in threes, passed all our lines at a full gallop; whilst they greeted us with one continued huzza. After this, going almost at speed, enveloped in a cloud of dust, for nearly two miles, we cleared *our* infantry, and that of the *French appeared.* A strong body was drawn up in close column, with bayonets ready to receive us in front. On each flank of the road was a stone wall, bordered outwardly by trees; with other walls, projecting in various directions; so as to give every advantage to the operations of infantry, and to screen those by whom we were annoyed. On our left, in particular, numbers were posted in a line, with their pieces rested on the wall which flanked the

road, ready to give us a running fire as we passed. This could not but be effectual, as our left men by threes were nearly close to the muzzles of the muskets, and barely out of the reach of a *coup de sabre.* In a few seconds, the ground was covered with men and horses: notwithstanding these obstacles, we penetrated the battalion opposed to us; the men of which, relying on their bayonets, did not give way till we were nearly close upon it, when they fled in great confusion. For some time this contest was kept up, hand to hand; and, for the time it lasted, was severe.

After many efforts, we succeeded in cutting off three hundred, most of whom were secured as prisoners: but our own loss was very considerable. Our squadron consisted of scarcely *forty* file; and the brunt of the action, of course, fell the heaviest on the troop in front: of the *fifty-two* men composing it, ten were killed, eleven severely wounded (besides others slightly), and six taken prisoners: of the *four* officers engaged, *three* were on the wounded list.

For my own part, my horse being shot under me, the moment after a ball had grazed my upper lip, I had to scramble my way on foot, amidst the killed and wounded—among whom the enemy, from the side walls, were continually firing—and thus effected my escape from this *agreeable* situation. On the approach of our infantry, the French brigade was compelled to retire. Our few remaining men, coming threes about, brought with them the prisoners in triumph.

Our commanding officer and squadron had the satisfaction of receiving thanks from the Commander in Chief. On the merits of our charge, the comment of the French General ought not to be omitted: he sent for our men (who had been his prisoners, and afterwards escaped), and declared to them, that, in his opinion, "we must have all been drunk, or mad; as the brigade we had attacked was nearly two thousand strong *."

* On returning, we met our second squadron, about a mile to the rear, which had just passed the river, and was hastening

The town of Oporto, to which we retired*, exhibited a scene of the greatest confusion: the streets were strewed with dead horses and men, and the gutters dyed with blood.—This night the town was illuminated, in honour of our success. The effect, however, could not be very brilliant, as the late exactions of the French had left the poor inhabitants in a state to testify their joy more by good-will than deed.

We were all night, and half the next day, employed in seeking our wounded, who had been taken into different houses on the road.

So wholly unexpected was our forcing of the passage of the Douro on the 12th, that the French were totally unprepared for

to our support, though too late: our third was still on the other side the water: and our fourth being detached, we had only *one squadron* that came into the above action. *Two* were mentioned in the Dispatches.

* Scarcely any farther engagement took place that evening: it was then about five o'clock; and our infantry, taking the advance, remained near the position where our charge was made, being about three miles from the town.

us, and Marshal SOULT was *roused from his dinner* to put his plans of defence in execution: but of how little avail was this defence, and to how short a time protracted!—In his precipitate retreat, the enemy abandoned a large proportion of artillery, with ordnance stores, ammunition, and baggage.

It is but due, to ascribe the brilliant successes of this day, not only to the determined bravery of British troops, but also to the experienced judgment of the Commander in Chief, and the rapidity of his movements.

13th.—The army continued to advance, the infantry being in front. We remained in Oporto, to collect and make arrangements for our wounded. What with the number of men left sick by the enemy, and those taken in since the action, the hospitals were completely filled.—This day the dead were buried, and the streets cleared.—We went to see the remains of the bridge that had been destroyed: it having only consisted of a chain of boats, we

were ill repaid for the difficulty in finding our way through the intricate part of the town which led to it.—Oporto was much deserted by the inhabitants, and had a dismal appearance: some of the best mansions were left well furnished, with closets full of costly china, and almost every household utensil still remaining.

This city being too well known to require the concise description that would fall to its share in a pocket-book, I only observe, that, from its choice buildings and eminent situation, it surpassed, in my estimation, all the towns yet seen in Portugal.

14th.—Our regiment assembled at two in the afternoon, and about three marched for Villa Nova. Fifty campaigns may not produce greater miseries than we had to encounter before we reached this place. We started on a very bad road, in a wet evening; and, by the time we were soaked to the skin, it became so dark, that we could not see our way; of which the guide himself had but an imperfect knowledge, even

by day-light. After crawling on till the horses were knocked up, and the men scarcely able to keep their eyes open, we were cheered with some lights, which indicated our approach to a village. We all thanked our stars that we had *at last* found the quarters.

We had soon, however, the *consolation* to find that we had wandered to the wrong place, and were quite out of our path to Villa Nova. We had then to wait while another guide was pressed; and the hamlet we were in was so crowded with infantry, that not one of us could get under an empty shed. After sitting, benumbed with cold, for near an hour, we proceeded with our new conductor, who was a lame fellow—consequently a very *slow goer*. In a piteous tone he declared it would be *morning* before we could reach Villa Nova, and that he was himself doubtful of being able to find the road. It was so dark we were forced to be every moment hallooing to each other, to avoid being lost; and the men so repeatedly mistook the road, that we had

often to stop and sound the bugle, for half an hour at a time, before we could get them together. We were the whole night without the least shelter, in an incessant pour of rain, scrambling with our horses among the rocks, expecting every moment to be thrown down; and, in places where the safety of our lives required dismounting, we had to wade through deep streams of water, occasioned by the torrents of rain which flooded the passes. We were latterly every now and then dropping asleep on our horses, quite exhausted, and shivering the whole time with cold. After suffering every hardship that could attend upon a mere march, we reached Villa Nova; where we had to remain an hour in the streets; the rain still continuing.—At last, some sheds were provided, and we filed off. It was then past six o'clock, which extended the duration of our drenching to sixteen hours. Our servants were lost; so that we had neither meat, drink, nor clothing. I got into a stable, where, on some dirty straw, I slept, in my wet clothes, till two o'clock in the afternoon.

15th.—The chief part of the army, which had been here, went forward; we were unable to proceed that day.

16th.—Advanced to Braga. We halted to receive forage and rations, and then proceeded to Gregio Novo. The weather was wet, the troops miserably accommodated, and the officers were all bundled into a hovel like a drove of pigs. The infantry were kept on the advance.——No engagement of any consequence had taken place; and the French continued their retreat.

Previously to our reaching Gregio Novo, the advanced posts sent in about fifty prisoners, who were all *kenneled* in a church; in the middle of which they had made a comfortable fire with the *gilded* wood that had decorated the altars.

17th.—Marched to Salamundé, where we passed the army, and went in advance, accompanied by the Guards, who had the preceding evening been skirmishing with

some *success;* for the enemy, finding themselves hard pressed, were constantly throwing away their knapsacks, which they had so loaded with plunder as to be unable to march with them. Every one, therefore, who could lay hands on a Frenchman or his kit, had a fine prize. These marauders had robbed the churches of pieces of gold and silver, which, when we entered Salamundé, we were told our soldiers had taken and melted down. A number of silver forks, spoons, &c., were sold here by regular auction. Some of the most valuable stones were bought at a tenth part of what they were worth ; and the men would rather receive the most trifling sums for their prizes, than be at the trouble of carrying them.

The village of Salamundé was a perfect scene of devastation; and on every road around the French had set fire to the cottages of the peasants: several of these were in flames as we passed. Dead men, horses, cattle, and every thing that could forcibly depict ruin, were here again strewed for leagues

along the road. They had a number of horses and mules, which they deemed it expedient to leave; and in order to render them totally unserviceable, cut the sinews of their hind legs, and left a field full of these hamstrung animals *.

As we were this day not up with the enemy, no affairs of out-posts took place. The Guards kept in front, and our regiment occupied two straggling hamlets to the right. On taking up our quarters (which, like the other houses in this part of the country, were little cabins of loose stones), we found that the few wretched inhabitants who had been left, taking *us* for their former visitors, had precipitately fled to the mountains. In the billet I occupied, they had very kindly left me a large fire, with a pot of soup boiling on it.—It had rained day and night, incessantly, till this evening: the clouds then began to break, and gave us a grand view of the setting sun behind the mountains.

* This barbarous custom is frequently resorted to by a retreating army, when ammunition cannot be spared to shoot them.

18th.—Marched to Monta Legre, a small town on the frontiers, to the left of Chaves, which was our last advance. The pursuit of the enemy was relinquished by reason of Marshal BERESFORD's army being unable, through extreme fatigue, to proceed farther than Chaves; and consequently not being forward enough to cut off their retreat, as was intended.

The French, however, found themselves so hard pressed, they were forced to abandon nearly all their artillery, and, in short, every incumbrance, to facilitate their escape. This forced march rendered their loss, both in men and horses, very considerable: but *Mr. Soult* had taken good care to secure *his plunder*, by sending the train of carts that were loaded with it, well to the rear; and having them always dispatched a day or two before his troops.

Monta Legre had been so despoiled, that the natives were nearly famished, and we had to trust entirely to the arrival of our own short stock of provisions. Nothing

could be found here in the way either of meat, drink, or vegetables; save a few starved goats, bad water, and dead cabbage-stalks.

19th.—The whole army halted.

Being on the borders of Spain, I was desirous of seeing this country, and set out for that purpose; but had to pay *handsomely* for indulging my curiosity.—

After passing a country strewed with French, who had been left to die by sickness and famine, I reached the village of Padreira; which had been stripped of every thing, left in flames, and its inhabitants (nearly naked) in a state of starvation.—Having mounted the hills, a fog came on, and I was lost. Here, without either sword, pistol, or stick, several Portuguese met me, who, I am convinced, suspected me to be a Frenchman: and a constant example was before my eyes of what would be my fate, had they decided on

this mistake; for, in every direction, lay the corpses of stragglers and helpless men whom they had murdered.

Though the fog was *mended* by a heavy rain, I was determined to proceed; being told I was within half a league of Spain. The passes were among low woods on the declivity of mountains; and so bad, that even at a foot-pace they were nearly impassable. The Senhor's *half league* proved about *six English miles;* and just as I reached the borders of Gallicia, my horse was taken with the staggers, and for a long time unable to move. It was then growing dusk, the rain pouring, and I ten miles from my quarters. My mind was decided that neither the old horse nor his master would see *England* again: and indeed the chance was greatly against us; but, most fortunately, General SYLVEIRA's Portuguese army came by in about half an hour after, and, to crown all, was bound for Monta Legre. With these troops I marched, half way up to my knees in mud, lead-

ing, or rather hauling along, my Rosinante; which there was so much difficulty in doing, that the column was all the time gaining ground of me. Several times I expected to be left behind, lost, and (what would of course follow to a *stranger* here at night) put to death; and repeatedly observed the blood-thirsty looks of the savages composing this army, who, so far as I could understand, were holding forth on their suspicions of me. I heard one of them say, "I believe that fellow to be no friend of ours."—It soon became quite dark; and, after having gone about seven miles, my horse dropped dead. I then took my appointments on my back, and could keep up with the best of them; and about eleven at night we reached our destination.

20th.—Our regiment returned to Salamundé by a different route from that by which we had advanced. The road here winds round the great mountains, adhering to immense precipices; and is in many places so narrow, as barely to admit a mule with baggage. You are nearly the whole

day in a chain of mountains, among woods, rocks, and water-falls: the distances that catch the eye between the heights, opposed to this varied fore-ground, present a charming landscape. Every thing has the most wild and romantic appearance; and, amidst the awful roar of surrounding cascades, you may conceive yourself deserted by every earthly creature.

The passes, as every where else, were strewed with dead men; the majority of whom were in the most offensive state of putridity. The French had so many horses precipitated down the heights, that we concluded they must have passed them in the dark. We saw several lying at the bottom, apparently quite mangled by the fall.

22d.—Marched to Botica, where we dined and slept in the gallery of a little chapel, left, like every thing else where the *French* had been, in a state of ruin.

23d.—Proceeded to Braga; leaving, on our left, a castle and other buildings cu-

riously constructed on an immense solid rock. We passed also a valley which contained a great number of huge stones, several of which were forty yards in girth.—We were to halt at Braga till further orders.

Braga, the capital of Entre Minho e Douro, contains many good houses, with broad and commodious streets. This town is well supplied with most of the articles which the country affords. Here are a number of good shops, an excellent market, and mechanics for almost every kind of work.

On the 28th we went to the mass at the Cathedral. In this church there is a gallery, called the Bishop's Chapel, with some of the best carving we had seen. Here are three organs; one in the English style, about the middle of the aisle; and two others, with horizontal pipes, which stand on each side the gallery; to one of these there is a curious figure, which marks time for the music by means of a spring to its

hand. The decorations of this church are so nearly in the style of those in the church of Alcobaça, that it would be needless here to give any description; and as for valuables —— the *French* had been there!

31st.—Marched to Villa Nova.

June 1st.—Re-entered Oporto, where we halted till the 3d. The regiment then left this town, and passed the Douro over a temporary bridge of boats. Here we saw the richest vineyards for several miles down the banks of the river; and the city of Oporto, being built on the declivity of a mountain, appeared to the greatest advantage from the opposite side.—We then marched three leagues on an execrable road, and came to a village called Gregio. By continuing parallel to the sea, we had it in view nearly all day. Between the beach and the above place there is a very large convent, with extensive gardens, and several fine fountains.

From Gregio there is nothing for a

journal, unless I state that seven of us had to inhabit a hovel that would scarcely hold a pair of bullocks, and where, within a slight partition, there was an old woman dying.—This evening the wet weather again returned; and on the 4th, after all getting well ducked, we reached Olivera. The rain *compelling us to hold our heads constantly down*, we had a fine *opportunity* of *inspecting* the variety of *marble* which composed a part of the road leading to the above place.

5th.—We proceeded to Agueda. On my road to this place I experienced the *comforts* of being taken ill on service. My complaint proceeding from a violent cold, our regimental Æsculapians ordered me, on my arrival in quarters, to "go to bed," to "keep quiet, and promote perspiration!!!" —I had a nice opportunity of following this prescription! After shaking like a man with the ague, and waiting for half an hour, a Portuguese bed (that is, a *hard* straw bag on *hard* boards) was provided, with dirty blankets and damp sheets. My room had a thorough draught of air, and the rain kept

pouring in. The savages of the billet refused me a little fire-wood; and had not my *satellites* made a proper use of their *feet*, as well as their hands, I could not have got my broth boiled.—The situation here was as well calculated for "*keeping quiet*," as the ringing of bells, crying of children, barking of curs, and squalling of cats, would admit of. The Portuguese were all day running about the house in their wooden shoes; their *tongues*, as well as their feet, being in perpetual motion.

6th.—I was *alive*, and went through the rain to Alamera, where the troops had arrived. They halted here till the 8th, and then went to Coimbra.—On our return to this town, a great part of the regiment was sent over the bridge. The officers of our squadron were in high luck at the distribution of billets: we were quartered in the house of a Nobleman, which was left in care of his son, a Colonel in the Portuguese service. Here we received the kindest attention, and, having every comfort we could require, established a sumptuous mess; for

which we had an abundance of plate and the best services of china.

This house is very large, with an extensive suite of rooms; and has a lawn before it, with a view of the river and town. We had excellent stabling, and a field to turn out our horses.—Behind the premises there are a fine garden and orange-grove. At the farther end, among the most solitary shades, is a large fountain: hence arose the name of this Quinta,—Casâ da Lacryma *(the House of Tears)*; and which is derived from the following melancholy circumstance:—

Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, having married his son to a Spanish Princess, took this seat, as a villa for the young couple. On coming here to reside they brought their bride-maid, a most beautiful young Spanish lady, to whom the Prince himself evinced a great partiality. The Princess died a few years after; and he became so enamoured of this Donna, that he made her his wife. On the King hearing of this match, and having provided another, in his opinion far

more advantageous, in the moment of his rage he sent two Spanish counsellors to murder the beloved bride of his son. The villains accomplished their horrid act one evening, when she was walking by this fountain. The distracted state of his son's mind, together with the stings of his own conscience, soon brought Alphonso to his grave; and on the Prince ascending the throne, the assassins were executed; the body of his late wife was dug up; the crown of Portugal placed on her head; and she conveyed in state to Alcobaça, where she was re-interred with every tribute of honour and affection.

13th, 14th, and 15th.—We marched to Condexa, Pombal, and Lyreia. This evening we spent agreeably, at the house of a *Don Senhor,* whose lady sent orders to the steward of her *quinta* to provide for our reception the succeeding day.

On the 16th we took up our abode there, and fared luxuriously.

The regiment occupied two small towns —Aldea de Cruz, and Orense. These places are in a wooded and rich country: the latter has a fine Moorish castle.

We had this day *turned off to the left of the great Lisbon road*, on our way to Thomar, where we arrived on the 17th; the head-quarters of the army being then established at Abrantes.

At Thomar we came up with the 1st German Hussars, who marched out soon after our arrival. The army were also reinforced by the 23d Dragoons, and a heavy brigade;—all landed while we were up the country. The four troops of the 20th had left us, to join the remainder of that regiment in Sicily; and our force of cavalry was then six regiments.

Thomar is a fine old Moorish town, prettily situated on the banks of the Naboan, and commanded by an immense height, on which there remains one of the finest castles in Portugal. Contiguous to this stands

a large convent, which, excepting one troop, contained our whole regiment: we had there about five hundred horses.

22d.—Walked up the river, shaded by orchards, where the trees were breaking down with fruit, and every thing around had the richest appearance. While we were in silent admiration contemplating the beauties of nature, a volley of dirt-clods was pelted at us by some Portuguese. What we had done to offend them I know not; but suppose, judging by *themselves*, they thought us *thieves*, and concluded we were planning operations to attack their orchard. Justice herself directed us to give them chase; and, after soundly thrashing those who were not *then in wind for running away*, we proceeded up the river.

Above two miles from the town we came to an artificial water-fall, which filled the whole valley with its echo. Being intercepted by a rising ground, it bursts suddenly upon the view with a majestic appearance. The stream flows over two flights

of steps, regularly built with stone, and forming an obtuse angle in the centre. The fall is near sixty feet, and extends about a hundred yards.—This immense torrent of water is carried off in a winding stream, which, by an increased rapidity when recovered from the force of the cascade, is evidently the whole way on a descent.

During our stay at Thomar, we were civilly treated, and often entertained with musical parties. At these we were sometimes *enchanted, by a pot-bellied fellow,* who was allowed to be the first guitar-player in the kingdom. Paltry as the powers of this instrument may appear, we thought that in his hands it produced one of the finest solos we had ever heard.

July 1st.—Received orders to proceed on the advance for Spain.

2d.—Marched off at four o'clock in the morning; and in the afternoon reached Villa de Rea, where we *bivouacqued.*—This day the mules and calêche of our command-

ing officer had an extraordinary escape. The vehicle, which was loaded with valuable baggage, china, glass, &c., was overturned, and hurled down a precipice for twenty yards. At the bottom of this is a river, from which all was saved by lodging among the rocks. Instead (as we expected) of seeing every thing dashed to pieces, and the mules killed, all we found amiss was, the breaking of the splinter bar and two bottles. By the greatest accident, there happened to be no one in the carriage; and the driver scrambled off when he found his mules giving way.

4th.—Marched for Cortesada, where (after passing a deserted town, and a perfect amphitheatre of mountains) we arrived and picquetted.—Here we had nine horses starved to death, and many others were in a most deplorable condition.

5th.—Proceeded to Larzidas, a large village, so forsaken by its inhabitants that every house was empty but about three or four, in which there remained the families

of a few miserable peasants.—The bullocks* not coming up till late in the evening, we were, as usual, in a bad way for provision; and at this place even *water* was so scarce that we were forced to put a sentry over what could be discovered, and which was very bad.

6th.—Continued to advance, and picquetted near Castello Branco; where we were reinforced by our fourth squadron, which had arrived from General BERESFORD's army, then left in the north.

This day we passed, on our left, the Astrello (or *Star*) mountain, the highest in Portugal; on which we could plainly distinguish the snow, though supposed to be nine leagues from the road.

Our route specified that we were to halt at Castello Branco; but on our arrival we found that it was countermanded; and, in

* It is common, when we come to a *camp touch*, to have our half-starved bullocks up, down, and in the pot, the same day.

our exhausted state, advanced, on the 7th, to Lodoeiro.—The officers were here in little cabins; and about eleven at night a fire broke out, which consumed a great part of them. The inhabitants of this hamlet were in such a state of apathy they never attempted to assist, nor even save their own property, till their very houses were caught by the flames.

8th.—Marched to a wood near Lodoeiro.—The country we had passed appeared to abound with a variety of birds. The eagles and vultures were constantly hovering over the rear of the troops, and several times came within fair shot. —There is also a small species of land tortoise, one of which our men caught in a shed.

9th.—Proceeded on our march.—This being a clear day, we were presented with the grand mountains in our front, and, while so intensely *hot* we could scarcely breathe, we plainly saw the *snow* with which several of their summits were covered.—After ad-

vancing three leagues, we crossed the river Elga, which in that part divides the two kingdoms, and (leaving Salvateira, and a Moorish castle, to our right) entered SPAIN.—The inhabitants of the two countries seem to have no communication with, or knowledge of each other. We surveyed the town of Zarza Mayor, which appeared very little different from those we had seen in Portugal: the Spanish, however, in their houses, seem neater and cleaner than the Portuguese.

This day the regiment came up with the remainder of the brigade, and *bivouacqued* three miles from Zarza Mayor.—In the evening we had to pitch our boughs in a forest, where we were tortured the whole night by gnats, and annoyed with every description of reptile, and by a *concert of toads and frogs*, which were by no means unlike *Portuguese women in a market*.—In the morning, my face was swelled with bites; and the blankets between which I laid would have been a treat to no one but Sir J——— B———. Nothing could well exceed the variety of

insects, with which these blankets would have furnished the *amateur*: he might have obtained the finest specimens of the beetle—the choicest old spiders—and swarms of ants, which in these warm countries are half an inch in length.

After getting up, I bathed in some water near; and, while dressing on the bank, there were around me enough of the large Spanish lizards to supply half the museums in London.—I was afterwards congratulated on neither being sucked by a leech nor bit by a water-snake, both of which are said to abound in this water.

11th.—After halting the 10th, we renewed our march at four o'clock A. M.; and in the evening got to a wood, a short half-league from Morealega.

12th.—We entered Coria; whence we were sent half a league out of our line of march, and picquetted at least a mile from any water. The wood we were in contained a variety of the most curious Spanish birds,

with which the trees were full every where round the camp.—This country, and I believe almost every other in Spain, abounds with game: some of the German Legion, who had brought their guns with them, were out only a few hours, and came home loaded with red-legged partridges.

I rode to Coria, a large town, on a vast eminence. Here is a fine church, through which I was shown by a priest. It has towers, with parapets overlooking the whole country. Its inside, as well as its ornaments, differs little or nothing from the churches in Portugal. An organ it has on so large a scale, that the bellows are blown by means of two boys running hand in hand up and down a see-saw of flat timber. The *holy father* told me, that this was the finest instrument in Spain, and that the pipes were all pure silver. For the latter I have only *his word*; but the organ spoke for itself: I never heard any thing to equal its tone; and the different stops produced a chaste and tasteful imitation of every instrument.——In the town of Coria we had

iced lemonade, frozen with the snow brought, above nine leagues, from the mountain tops.

13th.—Marched; crossed the river Alagon; and picquetted near Galisteia, a town with intricate streets, on a strong position, and fortified by a Moorish wall.

14th.—This day we passed through a country full of game:—an officer and myself, by merely flanking the regiment on the march, with one old gun between us, killed a fine bag of Spanish partridges and wild-pigeons.—About mid-day we entered Placentia, a large town on the Xera, where the army had assembled. We had excellent ground for camp, close to the town: the lines of our brigade were on a green as level as a billiard-table, shaded by large trees; and, by making our huts on the banks of the river, we had only to take a swim and lie down again, whenever we felt it too hot.

17th.—Received orders to advance the next day.

On the 18th we marched about five leagues, and *bivouacqued* in the forest, on the banks of the Tieter.

19th. — Continued to advance through the forest; and, after a fatiguing march of eight leagues, halted for the night near the river. Our position was sheltered by a range of mountains covered with snow, which appeared as if close to us, though at the distance of about twelve miles. The day being clear, we had a distinct view of their summits, the height of which is so immense, that we perceived a few small clouds hanging near them in the sky, without reaching above one third of their stupendous elevation.

After pursuing our march for some time, on the 20th we got clear of the forest, and passed a plain of above three leagues in extent; the dry sand of which strongly reflected the intense heat of the day, without affording us the shelter of a single tree.

Leaving the town of Oropeza to our left,

we picquetted for the night near Lugo-Terra, situated on the same chain of hills. A large pomegranate-tree here saved some of us the trouble of building a hut, and thus made amends for the late barrenness of the sultry plain.—We here received information that five hundred French cavalry, sent on a foraging party, had quitted Lugo-Terra on the day before our arrival.—General ANSON's brigade, with four regiments of infantry, were on the advance.

On the 21st we were passed by the whole of the Spanish army, amounting to at least forty-two thousand. Their infantry, in part only, had a good appearance: but many of their cavalry were in a ragged state, without boots, and some of them literally with bare feet. Their horses, though slight, were in other respects good; yet with bad appointments, ill put on; insomuch, that their stirrups were so long as hardly to be reached with the toe pointed down.

We remained saddled, ready to turn out on the shortest notice.—In the evening we

marched on. Having passed Oropeza, the whole British army was drawn up, for General CUESTA'S inspection, and afterwards picquetted in the contiguous fields. *Our* station was close to a small village, through which we had passed.

We came up with the Spanish troops on the 22d, whom we found engaged in a skirmish on an immense plain. Our army soon supported them in great force, advancing in readiness to give the enemy battle; but they continued to retreat through Talavera, which they evacuated, with the loss of a few men; and fell back to a strong position above a league from it, on the other side of the Tagus. We remained *bivouacqued* between Talavera and the Alberche, in readiness to advance.

This was a fagging day for the troops; for, after being up nearly all the preceding night, we had begun our march at four in the morning; and it was near seven in the evening when we had halted. An hour then elapsed before any provision could be

got; and *that* some of us had to leave to go on picquet, which kept us on the alert all night. — In the interim, we heard that our cavalry in advance near the Alberche (the 23d Dragoons and 1st Hussars of the King's German Legion) had been fired on from a masked battery, near to which they advanced to attack a small body of the enemy, drawn up as if with an intention of resisting. This brigade lost ten horses; but, fortunately, no men were killed. And, we were told, that about the same time Sir ARTHUR had a narrow escape while reconnoitring; having been fired at with a three-pound shot, which cut a bough from a tree close to his head.

On the 23d we received orders to march at five; but these were countermanded, and our advance was postponed till the following day; in consequence, as we were afterwards told, of General CUESTA's unwillingness to go forward — for various reasons — *all beyond the comprehension of those*, to whom the immediate attack promised every success!

In the evening, we heard that the French had occupied a very strong position (according to report, with entrenchments) about a league and a half from the town; and that their army, calculated at nearly thirty thousand, was to be reinforced by twelve thousand more. We had not the smallest doubt but a very severe action would take place, as it was the known determination of Sir ARTHUR to attack them early the following morning.

24th.—After hearing the road in one continued rattle all night, with the marching of artillery, we turned out at two A. M. With the infantry in advance, we moved on, till the approach of day. The cavalry then halted, and dismounted, while the front of the British column, which extended considerably above a league, was fording the river to the left; and the Spaniards, on the right, passing the bridge, under the heights. We expected every moment to hear a tremendous cannonading; till, after waiting some time, uncertain what could occasion the delay of the attack, we received infor-

mation that the French had retreated during the night. In consequence of this, our orders were to return to the environs of Talavera, and there to remain picquetted till further instructions. The Spanish army was in advance.

Talavera is a large town, with rather intricate streets, and was formerly celebrated for its silk-manufactory. Most of the inhabitants have been driven out by the late excesses of the French. Close to our camp were the ruins of a most extensive and beautiful amphitheatre: the rotunda appeared to have been occupied by cavalry. Here also the remains of a large church are added to the general marks of dilapidation.

On the 25th and 26th we remained encamped round Talavera, destitute of almost every article of provision. On the latter day, the advanced guard of General Cuesta was driven from its position near Torrijos, when his army retired to the right bank of the Alberche. After this, all the

movements of the enemy indicated the design of a general action.

At one in the morning of the 27th, the cavalry were ordered to make a patrole. We marched in the dark; and at day-break arrived at the bank of the river Alberche, opposite the spot where the French had been lately encamped. We then halted, waiting for further orders, and hearing various reports:—some asserted that our picquets were driven in by the enemy; others, that the Spanish troops in front, with General MACKENZIE's division, were engaged: but the prevailing opinion was, that the French had entirely retreated, and that we should see no more of them till *we got near Madrid.*

After a suspense of about three hours, we received orders to advance, and cross the river. Before we had marched a league, we met all the baggage of the advanced posts on the return, and the infantry retreating. The division thus pressed was that of General MACKENZIE, which was attacked

by a greatly superior force while falling back on the main body of the army.—General MACKENZIE was posted near the wood on the right of the Alberche, with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry.

Of our combined force, the Spaniards formed the right wing, in front of Talavera; the ground before them (from which they took care not to advance) being covered with olive-groves, and much intersected by ditches. The open ground to the left was the station of the British: as this was commanded by a height, Major-General HILL's division was posted there, in a second line, and had to maintain the position against the repeated attacks of the enemy.—Another position, in the centre of the two armies, was secured by Brigadier-General A. CAMPBELL, with the Guards, supported by our brigade of dragoons and *some* Spanish cavalry.

The enemy's force, which more than twice exceeded ours, was composed of the united corps of Marshal VICTOR and Gene-

ral SEBASTIANI, besides nearly eight thousand of JOSEPH BUONAPARTE's Guards, and the garrison of Madrid.

But, reverting to our first advance. With the Spanish cavalry on our right, we formed on a large plain; where the enemy advanced on us in such strength that we were driven all the way back to Talavera; their *videttes* maintaining a skirmish with ours till within a mile of the town.—We went into camp, but received immediate orders to turn out again, the whole army being under arms, for the support of General MACKENZIE's division, which, with a brigade of six six-pounders, had hitherto sustained the efforts of the enemy.—For this purpose the cavalry re-advanced. We had no sooner reached the plain, than we found ourselves under a heavy cannonade, particularly on the left, from the range of hills, near a wood. We then fell back on the heights to the left of Talavera.

In the dusk of the evening the enemy began a very warm action with the artillery

and infantry, the latter of whom were engaged nearly all night; and a little before dark the enemy made an attempt, with Polish cavalry, to break through the Spanish lines, and enter Talavera. On this the Spaniards opened a fire from right to left, by which these Poles were put to flight.—Our cavalry were then in the rear.

Formed in open column, we laid down, with our horses' bridles round our arms, till midnight, when we were roused by a sharp firing on the left. This was occasioned by an attempt of the enemy to gain possession of the height occupied by the division of General HILL. After an obstinate struggle, and a momentary appearance of success, they were repulsed in a very spirited manner by the bayonet. Whole battalions of the enemy had got into our line; some calling out that they were "Spanish;" and others, that they were "Germans deserting:" our old soldiers, however, soon discovered their "*ruse de guerre*," and gave them enough of coming to close quarters.

28th.—About two o'clock in the morning our attention was again called to a very heavy firing from the wood in front of Talavera. The Spaniards, as we afterwards learnt, had opened their fire on their own *videttes*, whom, from the darkness of the night, they had mistaken for the enemy. Similar mistakes occurred throughout the armies.

During the night-engagements, our battalions, as well as those of the enemy, fought with such determined fury, as frequently to close in, and beat out each other's brains with their muskets.

At half past five A. M. the attack was renewed on General HILL's position, and was again repelled with distinguished bravery.—The two armies then continued sharply engaged till about eleven o'clock, when the attack of the French was suspended. They then rested their troops; and, we heard, cooked their dinners in the field of battle.—We were at the same time cheered with the welcome appearance of

some wine, which, with a little bread, was issued to our troops.

About noon the engagement was renewed, and became general; when the firing of musketry was heard, on all sides, like the roll of a drum, with scarcely a moment's intermission, accompanied by a heavy cannonade; and thus continued during the remainder of the day.—Our infantry could not but suffer most severely during such a general slaughter: several regiments, on both sides, were nearly cut to pieces, many companies being reduced from seventy-five to nine or ten men.—The dragoons on the right did not come forward till the afternoon, when they were called on to support General SHERBROOKE's division. After making our way through a grove of olives in some confusion, we gained the open ground, and had to form under an incessant fire of artillery and musketry; the small shot literally pouring in like a shower of hail.—On the left of the line were the 23d Dragoons and 1st German Hussars, who advanced against some French

columns, which were marching on General HILL's division by way of the valley. This brigade was ordered to charge; but the enemy, having soon formed in two solid squares, were too well prepared for their reception; and, to increase the disadvantages under which this attack was made, there was, between these regiments and the enemy, a large ditch. Notwithstanding the confusion this occasioned, the 23d Dragoons persevered in the charge; and, though with a most serious loss, penetrated the French battalions *.

I here assert, that several of the Spanish cavalry *ran away:* some of whom were *seen robbing* the poor women belonging to the British army, whom they found on the road, crying, and anxiously alarmed for the fate of their husbands. One poor wretch (of our regiment) they not only plundered of every thing in her possession, but took her very clothes, and an ass, on which, from

* The ground where this attack was made, &c., will be seen in the Plan.

her *infirmity*, she was *obliged* to travel. The cruelty practised by some of our *allies* exceeded every thing that can be conceived. I was informed—and I believe it—that, after robbing, stripping, and putting to death, several of our wounded, a party of them had the impudence to appear before our officers, relating their own enormities, with seeming horror, and imputing them to the French. Their guilt appeared manifest, however, from the appointments of the unfortunate sufferers being found in their possession.—Added to this, so completely did the Spaniards in general monopolise every article of provision, that, to the period above described, many of us had been nearly three days without receiving bread, or any kind of sustenance. This may in some measure, perhaps, be attributed to a want of exertion in many of our commissariat.

To return from this digression.—The battle raged, with equal obstinacy on both sides, till the close of day; when, after a most sanguinary contest, the action ceased; each party maintaining the same position.—

During the night the enemy retreated, and crossed the river Alberché in perfect order; leaving us in possession of the field of battle.

Thus the hard-fought action was decidedly gained by the matchless bravery of British troops. Nothing could exceed the valour of our infantry and cavalry during the whole of the above engagements; and our artillery was also highly conspicuous, though labouring under the disadvantage of having no horses in reserve.—The effect of Colonel SHARPNELL's shells was fatally ruinous to the enemy's columns, which by these were frequently broken: but it was lamentable, during the day, to see the fuzes set fire to the grass, by which many of the wounded were burnt.—We had thirty pieces of artillery — viz. nineteen six-pounders, five five-and-half inch howitzers, and six three-pounders. The French had upwards of sixty pieces of cannon, most of which were eight-pounders: and, it must be observed, they were so directed towards the British,

that scarcely a shot was fired at the Spaniards during the whole of the 28th.

In taking further notice of our allies, I much wish that what I have to say of them was at all in their praise. Their numbers amounted to between thirty and forty thousand effective in the field. During the whole of the attack on the 28th (directed entirely against the British line), they remained almost wholly inactive*—except a great number of them whom I, and indeed most of the British officers, saw *running away*.—Throughout the engagement, numbers of the Spaniards were constantly disappearing. We heard of two regiments, in particular, who ran away on the evening of the 27th, frightened by the firing of their own troops on the right; and the posts from

* Feeling myself bound, as well as fully disposed, to make mention of what exceptions I saw, or even heard of, I have to name two Spanish battalions, under General WHITTINGHAM, who came forward to support the Guards; some squadrons of cavalry on our left; with General BASSECOURT's division, and part of their artillery.

which they deserted were occupied, by command of Sir ARTHUR, with troops from the second line.—Piles of Spanish arms were left loaded in the field.

From what I am going to add, it may be ascertained, that the inhabitants of Talavera possessed as little humanity, as the generality of the *heroes* had shown disposition for the combat, whilst posted to our right, for its nominal defence.—About an hour before the close of the last engagement, it was my chance to receive a wound: in consequence, I was carried to Talavera; and, on my arrival, the Spaniards refused to let me come within their thresholds. Thus was I left, bleeding, in the street; surrounded by the most pitiable and horrid objects that can be imagined, who were lying on the pavement, screaming and groaning, without the soothings of compassion or succour of any kind.—At length I proved more fortunate than my fellow-sufferers, through the kind assistance of an officer, who, being on hospital guard, had a billet, and gave me

up his bed—which (we having for nineteen previous nights slept in the fields, and generally without shelter) was rendered a novelty. Here I remained, reflecting, during a sleepless night, on the many who had to endure far worse than myself.

My case, in being refused admission at Talavera, was by no means a singular one. An officer, who *had a billet* there, which he had occupied some time, was brought back to it in a predicament similar to my own: like myself, he was refused the shelter of a roof, and left fainting in the streets, till some soldiers forced open the door.

After the battle, we heard that the French army had consisted of forty-eight thousand (a point since ascertained), and that JOSEPH BUONAPARTE had been descried by one of Sir ARTHUR's staff.—The enemy sustained the loss of more than ten thousand men, with that of twenty pieces of brass cannon, and five standards.—We entered the field eighteen thousand three hundred strong;

and our loss, as will appear by the following returns, fell very heavy, on the officers as well as privates.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
General Staff	5	9	—
Lieut.-Colonels	2	10	—
Majors	1	12	—
Captains	7	53	5
Lieutenants	15	71	3
Cornets and Ensigns	3	34	1
Adjutants	1	6	—
Serjeants	28	165	15
Drummers	4	16	9
Rank and File	735	3537	620
Total	801	3913	653

Recapitulation.

Killed	801
Wounded	3913
Missing	653
Grand Total	5367

The following is an abstract of the total loss of the respective regiments (including officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates) in killed, wounded, and missing, in the battles of Talavera.

General Staff	14
3d Dragoon Guards	3
4th Dragoons	12
14th Light Dragoons	16
16th Ditto	14
23d Ditto	207
1st Ditto (German Legion)	42
Royal British Artillery	34
Royal German Artillery	34
Royal Engineers	2
Royal Staff Corps	2
1st Battalion Coldstream	297
1st Battalion 3d Guards	322
3d Foot	142
2d Battalion 7th Foot	65
2d Ditto 24th	355
1st Ditto 29th	186
2d Ditto 31st	249
1st Ditto 40th	58
1st Ditto 45th	193
Carried forward	2247

Brought forward	2247
1st Battalion 48th	176
2d Ditto ditto	71
2d Ditto 53d	39
5th Ditto 60th	77
1st Ditto 61st	272
2d Ditto 68th	128
2d Ditto 83d	288
2d Ditto 87th	253
1st Ditto 88th	140
1st Ditto 97th	58
1st Ditto Detachments	274
2d Ditto ditto	21
1st Line Batt. German Legion	300
1st and 2d Light Batt. ditto	79
2d Line Batt. ditto	390
5th Ditto ditto	300
7th Ditto ditto	256
Total	5367

Before the morning of the 29th the enemy had effected their retreat beyond the Alberché; and our men were, during the day, busily employed in burying the dead, and conveying the wounded into the town. It is painful to record, that the streets still contained pitiable wretches, who had lain in torture during the night, mixed with the bodies of those who had expired. Some officers, on their return from exploring the field of battle, described the sight of dismembered limbs, embowelled and otherwise mangled bodies, as too horrible for contemplation; and even expressed their regret at having witnessed the scene.

30th.—Though the whole of the preceding day and night had been occupied in removing the wounded, several still remained amidst the slaughter: and their numbers were so considerable, in proportion to the surgeons, that many of those removed had not been dressed; and even several necessary amputations remained inevitably unperformed; whilst other sufferers were brought in throughout the day and night.

By the 31st the French had retreated about two leagues; and our advanced posts were formed by General CRAUFURD's light brigade, and a troop of horse artillery, which had arrived from Lisbon on the 29th.

August 2.—This evening our army received orders to march at four o'clock the next morning; and on the 3d fell back to Oropeza.

Confined to my bed since the 28th, I lost the pleasure of being with my regiment, and am precluded from giving a regular diary of its movements; it is, however, essential, briefly to state what became of the army. Sir ARTHUR, finding that Marshal SOULT was in great force at Placentia, marched to Oropeza, with a view of attacking him; but finding that the *Spanish army*, which were left to cover our sick and wounded, *had also retired* on Oropeza; it was then found expedient to change the route, and cross the Tagus at Puente del Arzobispo, and thus secure a retreat on Portugal.—Notwithstanding our videttes were, at one

time, within a league of the enemy, he suffered them to pass unmolested; and our army effected a steady retreat; having previously sent on about two hundred cars, containing a part of the wounded, which were frequently stopped to throw off those who died on the road.

The army having reached its destination (in an exhausted state, from fatigue, and scarcity of provision), was stationed as follows:—Head-Quarters at Badajos;—General SHERBROOKE's division from Lobau to Merida, with a German brigade of artillery at the former, and the troops of horse artillery, with some cavalry, at the latter place; —the light infantry brigade at Portalegre and Neisa; and some other brigades near Campo Mayor and Albuquerque; — four brigades of artillery encamped near Badajos; and the 40th regiment in the town;— the light dragoons (nearly dismounted) at and near Villa Viçoza.—The sick were sent into hospital at Elvas; to which place the medical staff with the army, and those left at Lisbon, repaired.

3d.—On the retreat of the army from Talavera I was left in bed, and remained uninformed of the circumstance till ten o'clock this day.—Soon after, a Surgeon came, and consoled me by saying the French were not likely to return, and that our army had fallen back for the purpose of getting better supplies during their halt; but that, at all events, *my* attempting to move would be attended with the almost certainty of losing my life.—The Surgeon had not left the room three hours, when my man ran in, to say the French were close to the town, and that every one who was able to stir was making the best of his way to the rear. I had but a short time to take my choice of falling into the hands of the enemy a perfect cripple, or moving at the risk of dying on the road. Preferring freedom to captivity, under any circumstances, I soon decided to attempt a retreat;—was then taken out of bed, and carried down stairs; and, with pillows fixed to the saddle, was just able to support myself on a horse,—my man leading him at a slow walk, under a broiling sun, towards Oropeza.—Before proceeding

far in the town, I was informed that Calera was the point to which the sick were ordered: accordingly my march was directed for that place; whither there was little difficulty in finding my way, the road being soon crowded with wounded men. After having travelled a few miles, the pain occasioned by the motion of the horse was less acute; and by having recourse to a calabash of vinegar and water whenever I was likely to faint, I supported myself wonderfully well. —On reaching Calera, we found that Puente del Arzobispo was the place of destination for the sick; which occasioned my journey that night to be four leagues farther. The other wounded men had got so far a-head, that I was several times near being lost on the heath, and with difficulty reached Arzobispo by eleven o'clock. The people were gone to bed, and only one light was to be seen. The *Alcálde* (or Constable) was soon found, who, after an apparent altercation with a woman, desired me to go into the cabin containing the light, and went away. On my approaching the door, the *heroine*

at me like a tigress, with a *Patriot* in

her rear to support her. She positively refused admission, though she saw me in a fainting state, and knew my request was only for permission to lie on some straw in the passage.—During this squabble my head turned giddy, and had not my man supported me, I should have fallen off the horse. At this moment a dragoon came up, who, having his hands disengaged, soon put the *Patriot* and his *Senora* to flight, and helped me into the house. Here, laid on some straw by the side of a sick Spaniard, I remained the night. My other servants and horses were lost, and slept on the heath; but, by the greatest accident, found me out in the morning.

4th.—I was again put on horseback, at five o'clock A. M. On reaching the further end of the town, whence the sick were expected to proceed, they had not then received instructions, and were waiting the arrival of a field officer, who was deputed to take them in charge. I then entered another house, where, with some opposition,

a mattress was got, on which I laid till a wounded officer came by, who was retreating with his family, and we proceeded together to Navallé Morelecho.

5th.—Continued our march to Lasteralia, where we rested, and had some tea.—On our way to this place the cart of my party broke down; and we were under the necessity of waiting till a car was pressed, and wild bullocks were driven from the mountains, to bring on the baggage.—All difficulties being overcome, we proceeded. Faint with the heat of the day, I was obliged to be placed in a calêche; and the road being one of the roughest that ever wheels travelled, I was in torture the whole way. The hip bone, which a rifle-ball had gone through and shattered, and the muscles of my back, where it was then lodged, were bumped with the greatest violence against the hard sides of the carriage; and my riding on horseback again that day was totally out of the question, as the pain suffered already had made me so weak I could not have sup-

ported myself.—At last, we reached a village, the name of which (I believe) is Moyathis. Here we passed the night.

6th.—The carriage-road extending no farther than this place, my friends were obliged to return all the way back to Arzobispo; and were almost in the face of the French videttes, who very soon after drove the Spaniards from that place. I determined on continuing through the mountains, and travelling (so long as life permitted me) on a small mule. My object was to make for Truxillo: as, if the army were suffered to retire unmolested; or, on the other hand, held the enemy in check; the odds were, that, by a forced march, I could reach the point before them: and if compelled to a precipitate retreat, I must at all events be made prisoner.—I then started, taking my chance whether Truxillo would be found occupied by French or British troops.

This day (being joined by a wounded officer of infantry) we began to encounter the passes of the Guadaloupe Mountains.

Here we went sometimes over solid rocks, where our mules were every moment stumbling; and at others over the roughest stones, interspersed with deep holes: then down descents of heights, where the animals could scarcely keep on their legs: and occasionally travelling the sides of precipices, by the mere pass of a goat-track:—a pleasant situation for a man with an empty stomach and broken bones!!! — We had a guide, or never should have been able to make out the passes; and the whole country being uninhabited *, we could have found no one to direct us.—After a broiling and exhausting march, we late at night reached Allia; where we had to wait a long time before there could be got a billet.

7th.—Continued our march to Logrosan; and on the 8th to Solita. Here they would neither give nor sell us any thing, till we made them understand that I was a Brigadier of Cavalry, and that my troops were

* A region destitute of every living creature, *except a number of Spanish cavalry*, by whom we were nearly rode over.

coming in the next day; who, if our requisitions were refused, I would order to take the *Alcálde* prisoner, and send him to England.—On this we had brought us the produce of the village, with a thousand apologies, and benefited by a great deal of *pressed* civility.

9th.—Arrived at Truxillo, where we were cheered by the sight of English soldiers, and found ourselves two leagues in *rear* of the *British* army.

This town brings you again into the road from Madrid to Lisbon. It is a large place, torn to pieces by the French: has some good houses; and is famous for having given birth to Pizarro.

During our pass through this desert country, we were literally starving, and had the utmost difficulty in procuring bread, even at an *imposing price:* as to wine or spirits, they were not to be heard of; and there was scarcely a bit of meat to be bought. Our horses and mules, which were chiefly

fed with stale chaff, were nearly famished, as well as ourselves. For my own part, I believe my life was owing to the *goats*: their owners, *the Patriots*, refusing to *sell me a little milk*, I contrived to get this nourishment by stealth; making the guide fill my bottle every day, when we came to a herd of these animals. — To complete this wretched retreat, we were every where annoyed with fleas, bugs, and body lice.

10th. — Proceeded on my journey, passing through Santa Cruz; and, after a hard and hot day's march, arrived at Meajados; where, what with fasting and fatigue, I was ready to drop from the mule. We found the people in this place (if possible) more uncivil than at others*: my servants were

* A brother officer, who was dangerously ill of a fever brought on by travelling with a severe wound, was here laid on the floor of a room, while his servant went for medical assistance. The man, having no safer place to deposit his master's baggage, laid it somewhere near him: the *Patriots*, taking advantage of the man's absence and the officer's situation, carried a great part of it off; robbing him, not only of his helmet and appointments *(the very articles used in defence of their country)*, but of several things which, from being a

an hour before they could get a billet; during which time I was laid on the pavement, where the *Patriots* refused me even a pillow, and with the greatest reluctance brought out a little water. A mob had soon assembled round me, poking in their stinking heads as if a basket of cheap fish were selling in the street.—At last I got into the house of one of the Junta, who .... *fully answered my expectations!*

11th.—At seven in the evening, having hired mules to carry my men, two of whom had been forced to walk the whole journey with their feet quite raw, I continued my march; and by three in the morning reached Santo Padro; where I saw a light at a post-house, begged admission, and was laid on a mattress for an hour.—Having then sufficiently recruited myself, I started for Merida, and arrived at seven o'clock; making my march exactly twelve hours.

On entering this place, the traveller is

cripple, he more particularly required.—The same officer met with similar treatment at other places.

presented with fine ruins of an aqueduct; near which there is, still passable, a Roman bridge.—Merida contains an ancient temple, formerly dedicated to Mars, but since devoted to Christian worship; also a subterraneous tunnel, leading from the river.

I was here billeted in the house of a Donna, who told us she was the wife of a Brigadier. Being in much want of sleep, I was immediately put to bed; but had scarcely got warm, when myriads of—I knew not what—were crawling over me. By making a great effort, I raised myself sufficiently to throw off the bed-clothes, and found them to be *bugs.* Being unable to help myself, I began bawling, and *at last* was heard; taken out of bed; and *stuck up* in an arm-*chair*, till another *camâ* was provided.

13th.—We rested here during this day; but not wishing to pass another night in the place, I purposed starting in the cool of the evening. Finding myself very weak, from excessive fatigue and having my rest inter-

rupted, I attempted to hire a car, but without success. My *landlady*, who showed a great deal of pretended civility, and affected to pity me extremely, assured me there was no sort of conveyance to be had, and expressed her regret at having nothing of the kind to offer. Shortly after, a large car, with two fine mules, came to the door, and was unloaded of sacks. In the mean time my fellow-traveller hobbled off to the Alcálde; got a warrant to press the same; and we detained it in our possession. This machine proved to be the property of the old woman, who became so enraged, that her palavre burst into the furies of a vixen.—We then procured asses for our men, and at eleven at night *gót our convoy under weigh:* at one, in the afternoon of the 14th, we arrived at Badajos. Having got into a billet, I sent for the car-driver, to remunerate him for his trouble, and pay for his expences back to Merida; but he had saved me this cost, by decamping with his car and mules the moment my men had left him — I suppose, through *fear* of his getting pressed into Portugal.

My situation prevented me from seeing any thing of Badajos, or indeed of other places, further than what was presented to my view while I passed by. This city I observed to be eminently situated, and on the south of the Guadiana: it is strongly fortified, and the frontier town next Portugal; to reach which you pass the Guadiana by a fine Roman bridge considerably more than one-third of a mile in length.

15th.—Hired a calêche, and went to Elvas *. — On our entering Portugal *from Spain,* the sudden transition from haughtiness to civility is scarcely to be credited. On being interrogated by the guard, which is usual in a frontier town, I remained in the street, while my servant went to General Leita, the Commandant and Governor, to inform him who I was, and explain my situation. He immediately sent down his

* This city, with its grand aqueduct and cistern, fortifications, convents, academy, churches, &c. I regret having been unable to survey; and have here again to apologize for the deficiency of my narrative; for I am particularly unwilling to supply the defect of my own observation by reference to travels or history of the country.

Brigade-Major, with directions to assist me, and to show me every kind of attention.— I was conducted to a princely billet, in the house of a *Donnana Fortunata;* where I received great kindness, and had every luxury brought to my bed-side, with the attendance of two servants.

The General did me the honour to send his nephew, with his compliments, offering any thing I might want: and on hearing I had expressed a wish to hire a conveyance for the next day, he insisted on my taking *his carriage,* and using it as far as I thought proper;—*a liberality of conduct perfectly according with General Leita's well-known character.*

On the morning of the 16th, the carriage and four, with three servants, drove up to the gate, while we were partaking of an excellent breakfast, which had been prepared for us before day-light. — About half past five we started; and while passing out of the garrison the respect paid us was very entertaining. By natives hat in hand, and

guards turning out, we received every mark of honour that could be shown a Prince.

We soon reached Estramos, where we were received by a Portuguese orderly, whom the General had sent on to provide a billet.

17th.—Being greatly recruited by our comparatively easy mode of travelling the preceding day, we took leave of our fine equipage, and proceeded to Arrayolos.

18th.—Passed Monté Mornovo, and reached Vendas Novas: where, at first, we could get no cover for ourselves or horses—the *juis de foro* (or constable) being at Lisbon, and the natives refusing to admit us without an order. We soon settled this point, by selecting the best *cazá* we could find, and *forcing* a billet. The house we were in was contiguous to a long range of buildings which formed an ancient *royal residence. This,* we were told, the Prince Regent occasionally used as a hunting seat.

19th.—Went through Peagones and Rilvas, and arrived at Aldea Galega; where we most heartily rejoiced, having accomplished the *last stage* of our truly miserable and tormenting journey.

20th.—We embarked in a large boat, which, in an hour and a half, sailed across the Tagus, and brought us to the quay at Lisbon.—The man we had sent forward to provide for us, having been so long on short allowance, that, according to the *old* excuse, *half a pint got in his head*, was neither to be seen nor heard of.—After lying for three hours in the boat, and being surveyed by a staring multitude (like a fresh-caught sturgeon by the Cockneys, on the banks of the Thames), I gave up entering a billet for *that* day, and was taken to Owen's hotel.

Our happy transmigration, which we performed in eighteen days, amounted to eighty-eight leagues.—Their leagues are rated at about four and one-fifth English miles, though many of them far exceed that distance.

The number of leagues between each place are as follow :—

SPAIN.

		Leagues.
From	Talavera de la Reyna to	
	Puente del Arzobispo	7
	Navalle Morelecho	2
	Moyathis	4
	Allia	5
	Logrosan	5
	Solita	4
	Truxillo	5
	Meajados	6
	Merida	8
	Badajos	9

PORTUGAL.

	Elvas	3
	Estramos	6
	Arrayolos	6
	Vendas Novas	7
	Aldea Galega	8
Passage to	Lisbon	3
	Total	88

On the great road from Madrid to Lisbon. (Truxillo to Aldea Galega)

Probably I should never have surmounted this journey, had it not been for repeated fomentations of hot water on my first arrival at each place; which, by counteracting any additional inflammation that might have been brought on from exertion, enabled me to proceed. The pain, nevertheless, was incessant; and, from being teased with flies by day and vermin by night, I could not get the necessary rest even for a person in health. This, added to the scarcity of almost every thing I could eat, had reduced me to a perfect skeleton.

22d.—I was removed to an excellent billet.

In a few days after, all these exertions began to operate on my health; and the heat of the season greatly tended to increase the illness. The weather, which had for some time been intensely hot, then became intolerable; and the evenings so close as to be quite oppressive. We were obliged to remain almost suffocated, from having the

windows shut, to avoid letting in myriads of gnats and other insects, that would have tormented us during the night. My sickness soon increased to that degree as to prevent my taking any nourishment; and my wound became so incessantly painful as, in spite of opiates, to deprive me of sleep almost every night.

I lodged in the house of a lady of distinction, to whom I consider myself much indebted for her most polite attention. It was the study of this lady to make me as comfortable as my infirmity would admit of, and procure for me every thing I could wish: in *both*, she amply succeeded, having an establishment where nothing could be wanting.

September 14.—Continued very ill. After losing a fortnight of my leave, waiting for a conveyance to England, I learnt that a fleet of empty transports were ordered to sail for Portsmouth, under convoy of the Emerald frigate. I had the good fortune to get a passage; for procuring which I am under

many obligations to my hostess, and also for the kindest exertion on the part of the British Minister. Having my choice of the fleet, I fixed on a ship which had good accommodation for myself and horses, and, *what is not readily to be met with,* a very pleasant and obliging man for a captain.

15th.—Being informed that the convoy were likely to sail early the next morning, at two this afternoon I dispatched a soldier with baggage, in a Portuguese boat.—This man was directed to bring back with him, immediately, the ship's long-boat, so as to embark my horses before sun-set; but he never returned; and I, expecting him every moment, delayed sending after him till it was too late to get a boat. The night was thus passed in suspense.

16th.—Early this morning I was roused out of bed, by being told that the fleet were on the point of sailing, and the ship's boat was waiting for me. I was carried out, half undressed, and, when in the act of getting

into the boat, with my mind made up to the *loss of all my baggage*, the dragoon who had taken it made his appearance, informing me it was safely deposited on board. —It seemed this man had had a narrow escape. On his returning the preceding evening, there came on so hard a gale that the boat and crew were nearly swamped, and had been drifted to the opposite side of the Tagus, where they lay out all night. I then had my horses gallopped to Lisbon, directing the men who went with them to offer any price for a boat, and attempt (what I despaired of) getting them on board. This was so well managed, that they arrived almost immediately after me, and were embarked when we were in the very act of getting under weigh. I then, notwithstanding this hurry, brought off every thing, but my stock of live poultry, which was left behind through the stupidity—or, perhaps, *kept behind*, through the *cunning*—of a blundering Irish dragoon.

About eleven o'clock we sailed out of the

Tagus with a northerly breeze, working to westward for a good offing and the chance of another wind.

17th and 18th.—The wind continued unfavourable.

19th.—This day, when finding myself almost *at the point of death* for want of surgical assistance, there occurred *for me* a most providential circumstance:—It suddenly came on so calm, that boats could pass from ship to ship, and the Commodore very kindly came along-side, to offer any thing he had that I might want. I requested the attendance of his Surgeon, who was immediately put on board. After examining my wound, he sent the boat back for his Assistant and instruments, and opened the muscles of my back, where it was probable a mortification would speedily have taken place; and had not this operation been performed, I should have died on the voyage.—I became so faint that they were obliged to postpone doing any thing farther that day:

from what was effected, I found almost immediate relief.

In the evening there came on a light breeze, fair for England.

20th.—The Surgeons came on board again, and with some difficulty extracted the ball, which had been considerably flattened by passing through the muscles and bone.

The kindness of our Commodore cannot pass unobserved, and will by me be ever remembered with gratitude. In addition to every possible attention paid me during the voyage, he sent over sea-stock enough for half the ship's company, begging me to ask for any thing I might happen to fancy.

21st.—The wind increased, and blew directly fair for England.—We this day entered the Bay of Biscay, where we ran nine knots an hour, during the night, under very little sail.

22d, 23d, and 24th.—The wind continued very fair.—In order to keep well clear of Ushant, we *steered a westerly course*, sailing some distance in the Atlantic.

25th.—Opened the Channel; and at nine o'clock A.M. the ship's carpenter got his glass of grog, for first discovering the Lizard Point.—We soon passed Falmouth, briskly scudding up Channel.

26th.—We had very little wind till the afternoon, when a fine breeze sprung up, and soon brought us in sight of the Isle of Wight; and about eight that evening we dropped anchor at Spithead.

It blew a hurricane all night, and we were at one time in great danger. A large ship, having broke her cable, came down with wind and tide, and got foul of us about midnight.

Diary of our Passage from Lisbon to Spithead.

From mid-day on Saturday to	Miles in 24 hours.
Mid-day on Sunday 17th	81
18th	83
19th	61
20th	93
21st	51
22d	138
23d	168
24th	151
25th	162
26th	140
Total made good	1128

N. B. Taking the chart in a direct line crossing Cape Finisterre, we made the distance 704 miles.

27th.—It blew so hard all the morning, that even the sailors would not venture in a boat. I remained imprisoned in the cabin, with stale provision, tantalised by viewing *the Land of Luxury* from the window; and with so little hope of getting on shore, that my mind was reconciled to lying with my sore sides another night on hard boards. In the evening, however, though still very rough, the wind rather abated, and I was determined to complete my emancipation. The ship continued rolling to that degree it was impossible to let me down along-side; but I was *lowered aft, in the stern-boat,* which I expected every moment would turn up-side down, and empty out me and my personal property, like the contents of a *Lisbon garret-pail.* However, as in other narrow escapes, I came off well; and, having surmounted every danger and difficulty with the most providential success, landed safe in *the most enviable Island under Heaven!*

. .

After feasting on an English dinner at Portsmouth, I set off in a chaise, which li-

terally appeared to fly, after the crawling conveyances of Spain and Portugal.

On the 28th (the very day two months from the battle of Talavera) I happily reached my final destination.

Such has been my situation, that it has necessarily occasioned me, in the foregoing pages, to appear more of the egotist than might be wished; but, for the narrative to be at all connected, it was scarcely to be avoided, and was perhaps the least evil that could be adopted.

By having recounted a few well-testified anecdotes of the Spaniards, I do not mean to assert that there are none of their nation who look upon a British soldier with esteem; but the *fact* intended to be here established

is,—that it was not *my* good fortune to behold any trace of kindness towards us: on the contrary, in *all places, apathy*; in *some, a seemingly confirmed disgust.*

FINIS.

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